WALSINGHAM;

OR,

THE PUPIL OF NATURE.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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WALSINGHAM;

OR,

THE PUPIL OF NATURE.

LETTER I.

To the Reverend ARTHUR AINSFORTH.

Aix la Chapelle, Nov. 1791.

YOU tell me to bear my misfortunes with reſignation; a parent counſels an ill-fated ſon, and he has not reſolution to obey him. The magnitude of my ſorrow overwhelms the faculties of reaſon; I cannot reflect on the paſt without agony; I have no proſpect before me, but irremediable deſpair.

I often think that I could, with fortitude, have borne any other calamity; that I could have reſiſted the fierceſt torrents of oppreſſion; ſtruggled with all the tortures of corporeal ſuffering; and bowed with reſignation to the worſt ſorrows of adverſity. Is it vanity, or want of ſelf-knowledge that miſleads me? —Both. Yet I am aſhamed of the yielding deſpondency which enervates my mind, at the ſame moment that I feel incapable of reſiſting its approaches.

What is philoſophy? What is that vaunted ſtoiciſm which experience pretends to inculcate and wiſdom eſſays to practiſe? Can it teach the tortured imagination to conjure up chimeras, whoſe potent ſkill

ſhall lull it into apathy? Can it inſtruct the ſoul to contemn the taunts of conſcience? Can it check the tear which nature impels to flow? Or has it the magical power to bid the throbbings of memory ſubſide, while the fountain of the heart is yet warmed by circulation? If philoſophy cannot enable us to brave the miſeries of feeling, as well as the viciſſitudes of fortune, what is it but an airy ſhield, mocking the vanity of human fortitude, and decorating that breaſt which it has not power to render invulnerable?

Why was I thrown upon the vaſt and troubled world, without hope, and at an age when the mind, like the tender branch, bends to the rude touch of the pitileſs aſſailant? Why was I taught to experience the anguiſh of regret, before my mental faculties were ſtrong in reaſon, and rendered capable of combating the viciſſitudes of fortune? I was born to ſorrow; I was nurſed with tears: ſolitude was the ſilent cheriſher of affliction; and I ruſhed into the buſy world trembling, fearful, ſuſpicious, and diſguſted: prejudice my companion, and wounded pride the inmate of my boſom. From ſuch a being what could be expected? The elaſtic nerve which conveys energy to the human heart, was ſtrained by perſecution till its powers of action were nearly annihilated.—I ſhrunk, I yielded, before I had learnt to exerciſe the virtue of reſiſtance.

Yet, O Truth! divine and immutable Truth! thou haſt been my guide, my monitor, when the lucid moment of reaſon triumphed over the dark and gloomy paſſions; thou haſt wrung my ſoul to agony, when I beheld the horrid retroſpect; where hatred, pride, revenge, and madneſs moved on in terrible ſucceſſion! Yet I have ſtudied thy precepts; I have practiſed them; hard taſk for one born to dependence! unwelcome aſſociate for him whom deſtiny has led through the devious paths of folly and diſſimulation

mulation; one hour pelted by the ſtorms of fortune, and the next dazzled by hopes that never can be realized. Why I have endured my miſeries and tamely lived, day after day, ſickening in one dull round of ſorrow, needs no explanation: you are not a ſtranger to the *ſombre* progreſs of my ſufferings; you will ſhortly, very ſhortly, witneſs their termination: fortitude is exhauſted: a perpetual warfare between the paſſions of the ſoul and the energies of reaſon has debilitated the latter, while the former grow into vigour, and riot over the ſubſervient ſenſes with unabating violence.

There is an evil power which attends the actions of ſome men, ſo undefinable, ſo like the potent hand of deſtiny, that reſiſtance is baffled by the deſpair to vanquiſh, and they yield to its influence merely becauſe it has hitherto been triumphant: that power has long aſſailed me: I ſought to oppoſe, I endeavoured to deſtroy it: a combat, fierce and determined, has not diminiſhed its ſtrength, though it has left my mind feeble and exhauſted: I yield, from the dreadful conviction that—I *muſt* periſh.

You counſel me to divert my mind, to reſiſt the fatigue of inceſſant rumination: if I abjure the exerciſe of thought, what is to be its ſubſtitute? Am I to waſte a few remaining days in trivial diſſipation? or to grow torpid in the perpetual ſpells of habitual apathy? Is not annihilation preferable to ſuch reſources? Can the mere powers of reſpiration be termed life, while the fibres of the heart are benumbed by a cold and creeping languor? I ſhudder, I ſhrink from inanity! Why ſhould I inhabit a ſpeck in this buſy ſphere when I ceaſe to act my part, to exerciſe my mental ſtrength, to benefit mankind, and to dignify my nature?

You know that my misfortune is not to be meliorated; all the vaunted reſolution of man cannot reverſe the dark unerring mirror, which ſhews me what

I am! Ignorance might have veiled the gloomy colour of thoſe features, which knowledge has, too late, inſtructed me to contemplate. Were my griefs remediable, I might, by progreſſive efforts, ſubdue their magnitude; but they are the hydra aſſailants which revolve with every hour; time ſickens as they paſs, while the perſpective which they leave behind only vaniſhes to return again with accumulated horrors!

I am the child of ſorrow, the victim of deception. I have been culpable, but not vicious; reſentful, but not vindictive. Mine have been the errors of a too vivid imagination; the miſeries of ſenſibility, acute, but not indiſcriminate. It is not from the multitude that I derive my anguiſh; the ſenſeleſs throng, and the gaudy ephemera of proſperous days, never had power to ſting me—for they were not my aſſociates! Cold and cheerleſs ſorrow has been my companion; and the ſhaft which pierced my boſom was winged by a reſiſtleſs hand—the hand of nature.

Since my reſidence on the continent, I have endeavoured to mingle with ſociety; I am forlorn, but not miſanthropic; dejected, but not ſplenetic; there is an infinite difference between the uncomplaining ſadneſs of deſpondency and the peeviſh inquietude of a capricious imagination. What are the ſenſations I excite? Curioſity and pity. Pity! that miſerable boon which humanity beſtows in ſilence, but which oſtentation delights in diſplaying; while all the proud indignant throbbings of the wounded heart unite to repulſe the arrogant intruder. If there be a pang more terrible than death, a poiſon more ſubtle than the deſtructive aconite, a humiliation more poignant than contempt, or a torture more acute than the ſting of ingratitude, it is the agoniſing taunt which mocks philanthropy, the pity of the cold and oſtentatious boſom.

If I ſometimes ſteal from the ſocial ſcenes of life, it is owing to my dread of diffuſing a gloom over the

the aſpect of ſurrounding objects: the pale and ſickly hue of melancholy muſt be obtruſive where all elſe is vivid, animated, glowing! I feel, yes, I feel that I am fit only for myſelf!

Your letter of introduction has procured for me the attentions of Mr. Harland and his amiable family. Roſanna is a being of the very firſt order! Senſible, ingenuous, and unaffected.—There is a pleaſing penſiveneſs in her manner, which acts in uniſon with the preſent temper of my mind, and by congeniality of ſentiment, alleviates that which never can be wholly cured. Oh, Memory! buſy, barbarous demon! reſtleſs, inexorable tormentor! when wilt thou let me ſteal a moment from myſelf and thee?—Never!

Farewell! Heaven bleſs you!

WALSINGHAM AINSFORTH.

LETTER II.

Mrs. HARLAND *to* ARTHUR AINSFORTH.

4th Dec. 1791.

YOU deſired me, my dear ſir, to receive and to conſole your ſon; the feeling heart ſhrinks not when merit and affliction unite to claim its ſympathies, its affections: I lament that Mr. Ainsforth's ſtate of mind requires the aſſiduities of either.

Since his arrival in Germany, his dejection of mind has rather augmented than decreaſed. His ſenſes ſeem tinctured with that poiſonous melancholy which, I fear, neither time nor ſociety will have power to remove. What is to be done? Such a being muſt not be loſt: I know not how to ſolace his deſpair; and I tremble while I anticipate the termination of his ſorrows.

When I behold the ill-fated Walſingham, I am almoſt induced to indulge that ſcepticiſm which

would diſpute the juſtice of Heaven. Gifted with all the graces of nature, young, enlightened, amiable, and humane, punctilious in honour, poliſhed in manners, generous almoſt to prodigality, and brave even to romantic enthuſiaſm; yet perſecuted with a rigour unexampled, and bowed even to the grave by ſorrow! Are theſe the rewards of virtue?

You ſay that he is the victim of deception; is it poſſible that a mind ſo cultivated ſhould turn from that reaſon and that philoſophy which preſent their united powers of reſiſtance? It cannot be: checked in the warm purſuits of youthful animation, a temporary gloom may darken his preſent proſpects, but the miſt will fade before the eye of reſignation, and he will be tranquil, if not happy.

Mr. Ainsforth ſets out to-morrow for Luxemburg; he talks of important buſineſs which demands his attention; we are only anxious to ſooth his afflictions; to interrogate, would be to irritate their poignancy. I dare not queſtion him on the ſubject of his journey; the griefs of ſuch a ſufferer, while they wring his boſom, are its ſureſt ſafeguards againſt the touch of perſecution. To-morrow I will conclude my letter.

5th Dec. 1791.

Half an hour only has elapſed ſince Mr. Ainſforth's departure. He has left us, lamenting his abſence and adoring his virtues! His laſt words faultered on his lips, and he trembled as he bade us farewell. The myſtery which envelopes his ſorrows, diffuſes over them an accumulated ſhade that makes conjecture painful: whatever the cauſe may be, the boſom which would not participate in its effect muſt indeed be torpid. Adieu.

JEMIMA HARLAND.

LETTER

LETTER III.

ROSANNA *to* WALSINGHAM.

6th January 1792.

A MONTH has paſſed ſince you left us, and yet we have received no tidings of you! The intereſt which I take in your happineſs or miſery will not ſuffer me to remain ſilent any longer. The cold faſtidious boſom may condemn me; but while I feel ſelf-acquitted, I dare look beyond the cenſure of the ignorant, and own, that your virtues and your miſfortunes demand my admiration and my tears.

Ten ſhort weeks have animated my boſom with all the proudeſt energies of friendſhip. I am not apt to form opinions haſtily, and I know that attachments which are not founded on the firm baſis of reaſon, are ſeldom permanent: yet, I can venture to eſteem you, though ſcarcely known; nay more, dare tell you ſo; and the purity of my heart feels no diminution while I make the avowal.

I have, of late, paſſed all my hours in your ſociety; I have accompanied you in your walks; I have endeavoured to ſhare your inquietude; to read your thoughts, and to divert them from their ſtrong propenſity to ſadneſs. I have watched the ſtruggling emotions that perpetually preyed upon your heart: I have marked the involuntary tear ruſhing to your eyes, and trembled when your pale quivering lip betrayed the anguiſh of your boſom. Yet, I have never attempted to diſturb the ſacred ſilence of ſorrow; I have never breathed a wiſh that could ſcrutinize beyond the ſpontaneous confidence of eſteem and friendſhip.

You are now eſtranged from me; you are wandering, alone; perhaps vainly endeavouring to overtake the flattering phantom, hope; or, what is far

more painful, cheriſhing in your boſom the ſcorpions of deſpair. Oh, Walſingham! whether will your ſorrows lead you? In what lonely corner of the habitable globe would you ſeek an aſylum? Can the dark and noiſeleſs ſolitudes of Ardenne, afford a ſweeter ſolace than the tear of ſympathy; a more tranquil ſhelter than the habitation of virtue? Return; accept the aſſiduities of friendſhip, the conſolations of reaſon:—look forward to happier days, when the ſtormy paſſions ſhall own the magic of reflection; ſubdue the reſtleſs demon that deſtroys you; call to your aid the pride of virtue, the conſciouſneſs of truth, the dignity of reaſon. The hour of mental triumph will arrive; for time will not ſtrew perpetual thorns on the boſom of ſenſibility. without ſome flowers to hide the wounds which they occaſion.

As ſoon as your carriage was out of ſight on the day of your departure, I haſtened to the library, where we had paſſed the preceding evening. Every object is dear, which reminds the feeling heart of paſt felicity; and there are even melancholy pleaſures, which ſometimes charm, more than the ſtrongeſt faſcinations of delight. On entering the ſcene of our frequent ſtudies, my ſteps for ſome minutes were arreſted, by a ſenſation, which ſeemed undeſcribable: it was mournful, but not unpleaſing;—it awakened all my regrets; a tear ſtole down my cheek;—it was a tribute to the memory of paſt happineſs, and I could not repel it.

The chairs which we had occupied, till midnight, ſtill remained near the table. The books which you had turned over, for you were too unquiet to be conſtant in your ſtudies, preſented an intereſting confuſion, which ſeemed the epitome of your mind. The volume which had concluded our reſearches, lay where you had thrown it; the leaf was folded down;—with a trembling hand I opened it, and read, *Ecris-moi cependant; ecris-moi tout ce que ton cœur reſſent encore;*

*core ; que j'uniſſe mes douleurs aux tiennes, et que je rende ſoupirs pour ſoupirs**. I recollected your having pointed out the paſſage;—I ſhuddered;—I lamented your departure with a new ſenſation of fear and regret, and would have given worlds, had I poſſeſſed them, once more to have recalled you. Wherefore ſhould I confeſs my folly? Yet, if you do not applaud the ingenuouſneſs of my heart, you will perhaps ſmile at its weakneſs; and ſhould even my tears, my anxieties, irradiate your countenance but for a moment, I ſhall remember, with a mournful ſatisfaction, the ſenſation which produced them.

Walſingham, adieu! If your ſorrows can find alleviation in ſilence, ſtill keep them ſacred,—and allow me only to lament, that they are of a nature which requires concealment; but, if I can participate in your grief, I charge you to be explicit.

ROSANNA.

LETTER IV.

WALSINGHAM *to* ROSANNA.

Luxemburg, Feb. 1792.

THE raſh mortal, who in this world of anguiſh voluntarily relinquiſhes a ſource of conſolation, muſt be either a maniac or a miſanthropiſt. What then will you denominate one, who has flown from your ſociety, to wither in a dark and cheerleſs ſolitude, where hope is a ſtranger, and where memory will corrode the heart, till the powers of ſenſation are annihilated?

You have often queſtioned me, why I ſhrink from the ſolace of congenial minds: why I court the gloom which feeds my ſorrow, and cheriſh in my

* *Lettre d' Heloiſe et d' Abeilard.*
"Yet write, oh write me all," &c.
POPE.

breaſt the anguiſh that will deſtroy me? I will briefly anſwer you: 'tis fit that I ſhould ſuffer.

The packet which accompanies this letter will unfold the myſtery of my misfortunes: I confide them to your gentle boſom, with various papers which form parts of the narrative. The events attending the earlieſt hours of my life were, at different periods, communicated by thoſe who witneſſed the progreſs of my deſtiny: it will perhaps remain for you to be my future hiſtorian.

Amiable Roſanna! ſomething like compunction ſtrikes upon my heart, while I anticipate your ſenſations at the diſcloſure of my diſaſtrous ſtory: you have commanded—I muſt obey; and, whatever my fate may be, it will be my laſt and only ſolace, that, in this world of perſecution, I found one pure and generous boſom which throbbed in uniſon with mine; which participated in my griefs; lamented my frailties; and promiſed, by all the ſenſibilities of virtue, to ſhed a tear on the grave that ſhall conceal them.

CHAPTER I.

THE dawning hours of my life were marked by ſuch gloomy proſpects, that I will begin my ſtory with the origin of my misfortunes. As it is to the events of my childhood that I owe thoſe indelible prejudices which have attended me, from hour to hour, each darker than the former, I will not omit the ſlighteſt incident that may ſerve to prove, how ſtrongly the earlieſt impreſſions take hold on the ſenſes; and how powerfully they influence the mind, during our weary journey of exiſtence.

I was born in a ſmall village on the borders of South Wales: my father was a poor curate; my mother the deſcendent of an ancient, but ill-fated family; ſhe was a great-grand daughter of Sir Sidney Walter, a gallant general, who loſt his life on the

ſame

ſame day and in the ſame cauſe as the immortal Hampden. From that memorable epoch the name had gradually ſunk into decay, till the parent of my mother was reduced to the humble occupation of a country ſchoolmaſter.

Mr. Waller, in whoſe breaſt the pride of independence glowed, even when affliction wrung it in every fibre, no longer able to ſupport an empty title, proved his wiſdom by relinquiſhing that which could not add conſequence to virtue; though in the abode of adverſity it might have expoſed him to ridicule and contempt.

My grandfather was a man of profound erudition; illuſtrious in mind, and philanthropic in all the ſenſations of the heart! He laboured with the reſignation of virtue, and even his poverty was dignified by an elevation of ſoul, that mocked the pageantry of exterior greatneſs. Retired, amidſt the ſolitude of mountains, and only known in the abodes of thoſe who had ſcarcely diſcrimination to eſtimate his worth, his patient toil was never interrupted by an expreſſion of diſcontent, while he experienced no pleaſure like that of cultivating truth, and exemplifying virtue.

My mother, who was but ſparingly gifted with perſonal graces, was amply endowed with every mental perfection. She was not the only offspring of Mr. Waller; he had another daughter, one year younger, beautiful as nature, and ambitious as beautiful: her name was Frances, my mother's Penelope. They were the joy of their father's boſom; the ſolace of his cares; he educated them with unremitting attention; he laboured to ſupport them, (for their mother died when they were too young to be ſenſible of their loſs,) and his laſt moments were embittered by the reflection, that his children would be left portionleſs and unprotected.

On the death of Mr. Waller, his daughters, the eldeſt then only ſixteen years of age, became the objects

jects of univerſal pity and admiration. The fame of their father, at length, reached the neighbouring county, and every heart commiſerated their misfortunes. Among the many who offered them an aſylum, Lady Aubrey was the moſt zealous: ſhe was a widow, rich, haughty, and oſtentatious: the ſiſters were highly accompliſhed; their patroneſs wanted ſociety in the lonely manor-houſe of Glenowen, and, a ſhort time after my grandfather's death, the diſconſolate orphans repaired to their new habitation.

The change in their proſpects ſeemed to promiſe every felicity, when time ſhould obliterate their deep impreſſion of ſorrow for the loſs of ſuch a parent. But they were not conſcious of the anguiſh which originates in dependence, neither did they know the vaſt difference between a fond father's love and a proud woman's oſtentation. Frances was conſtantly employed in reading, working furniture for the ancient apartments at Glenowen, and viſiting ſuch of the neighbours as Lady Aubrey's pride condeſcended to acknowledge; while Penelope was engaged in a ſeries of humbler occupations: it was her taſk to ſuperintend the houſehold, to diſtribute the ſcanty pittance, which blazoned the name of her protectreſs more than it cheered the hearts of the afflicted; to preſide over the dairy, and to regulate the book of family accounts.

Sir Edward Aubrey, the ſon and heir of the deceaſed baronet, had been educated at Glenowen:—left at the age of ten years to the care of his mother, he had been the ruler of his family, and the terror of the country. Violent, bold, overbearing, and ignorant, he was the little tyrant of the mountains: time did not poliſh the rude work of nature, but, in proportion as he became conſcious of power, he dealt, with a mercileſs hand, every ſpecies of oppreſſion.

It was the fate of Frances Waller to awaken the only tender ſentiment that ever honoured the boſom of

of Sir Edward; and, a ſhort time after ſhe became the inmate of Glenowen, they were married: while the more homely but amiable Penelope was conſigned to the ſober affections of Arthur Ainsforth, Lady Aubrey's domeſtic chaplain.

This union of my parents was the cauſe of many pangs and heart-burnings in the domeſtic circle of Glenowen; for, Mr. Ainsforth, by the meekneſs and piety of his doctrines, had made an indelible impreſſion on the heart of Mrs. Judith Blagden, Lady Aubrey's waiting woman, a perſon who will act a principal part in my eventful hiſtory.

My father, whoſe attachment was pure and ardent, received the hand of Penelope with gratitude and affection. He not only knew how to appreciate her mental qualifications, but aſſiduouſly embraced every opportunity of affording them additional cultivation. My mother was prudent, ſtudious, meek, and indefatigable in her reſearches after knowledge; an able ſcrutinizer of the human heart, and a correct commentator on whatever ſhe thought worthy of obſervation. Among the peaſantry in the vicinity of Glenowen, ſhe was conſidered as the oracle of truth, while all her days were devoted to the graceful taſk of inculcating moral virtue.

The beautiful Frances was in very few inſtances the reſemblance of my mother: vanity was her predominant failing, though ambition and a love of wealth often ſtruggled for pre-eminence. She had ever been volatile, trifling, and capricious; to ſee and to be ſeen, to triumph and to reign over every contemporary, were her firſt, and moſt indefatigable purſuits; and ſo prepoſſeſſing are the graces of form and feature, that from every little circle ſhe bore away the palm of victory, while the mild, intelligent, and unaffuming Penelope was often ſcarcely noticed.

Sir Edward Aubrey was rather robuſt than handſome; his manners were coarſe, without that blunt

ſincerity

ſincerity which is often the aſſociate af an ingenuous and noble nature. He could ſwear, drink, and follow the hounds, with any man in his county: boiſterouſly gay when ſober; and peeviſhly arrogant when intoxication gave him courage to aſſert his opinions. His wealth was almoſt countleſs, owing to its vaſt accumulation during his minority, and his mother's diſpoſition, which was penurious, even to a vice. Such was the huſband of the beautiful, the vain, the young, and ambitious Frances.

Two years after Sir Edward's marriage, the dowager Lady Aubrey expired in a fit of apoplexy, and, as her ſon's emancipation from the mountains which nearly encircled the manor-houſe had been retarded by her parſimonious counſels, her remains were ſcarcely depoſited in the family vault, when a journey to the metropolis was meditated, and reſolved on. Frances was delighted with the proſpect of emerging from obſcurity, and her heart palpitated with the anticipation of triumphs, to which ſhe had hitherto been a ſtranger.

From the moment that the expedition was firſt mentioned, all her ideas ſeemed to expand. The manor-houſe appeared more gloomy than ever; the mountains aſſumed, to the eye of fancy, a more ſtupendous and barren appearance; while ſhe conſidered herſelf as a ſtar, too long obſcured in the miſt of oblivion, and at laſt deſtined to illumine the world of ſplendour and animation.

My mother bade adieu to Lady Aubrey, with a painful reluctance, which ſuperſtition would have converted into a preſentiment of future events:—ſhe knew that the affections of the heart had no ſhare in the motives which united her to Sir Edward; and ſhe trembled while reaſon preſented the infinity of dangers which ſhe was deſtined to encounter. Young, handſome, lively, and inconſiderate; reared in the calm ſecluſion of humble ſolitude, accuſtomed

to

to flattery, fond of pleaſure, and habituated to ſway, in the narrow limits of ruſtic ſociety, her peril was imminent: Penelope ſaw it; and her gentle boſom ached with apprehenſion.

The ſeparation which occaſioned ſo much pain to my mother was ſcarcely felt by Lady Aubrey; ſhe had other events of more importance to occupy her mind; her very dreams were replete with anticipated delights; ſplendour, diſſipation and conqueſt embelliſhed every ſcene which was preſented by her exhilarated fancy, while the pureſt affections of the heart were ſubdued by the ardour of ambition. A cold embrace abſorbed the tear of regret which gliſtened on my mother's cheek, and the giddy Frances departed from Glenowen, almoſt overpowered with joy and expectation.

On Sir Edward's arrival in London, a magnificent houſe was hired for his winter reſidence. Lady Aubrey was preſented at court; her beauty rendered her conſpicuous, her ſplendours were the ſubject of univerſal converſation. She darted forth, in the ſphere of gaiety, like an effulgent orb, eclipſing every leſſer object, and enlivening the ſcenes around her by an unexampled brilliancy. She exhibited her love of profuſion, by the richneſs of her liveries, the number of her carriages, the value of her jewels, and the luxuries of her table. Lady Aubrey's manſion was the abode of the graces; Lady Aubrey's aſſemblies were the rendezvous of taſte and faſhion; Lady Aubrey's beauty was blazoned in every diurnal publication; her portrait embelliſhed the gallery of every painter; the forms, and even the colours of female decorations were named after her; while her matrimonial appendage was as little known, and as little talked of, as though he had inhabited the wilds of Arabia. Days flew like moments; every man was the adorer of Lady Aubrey; every woman was the friend: her houſe was the temple of intrigue;

trigue; and her companions the votaries of diſſipation.

It has been ſaid, that the froſt of avarice, if once permitted to thaw, overwhelms all the barriers of prudence and conſiſtency. The fortune which Sir Edward's mother had hoarded with indefatigable parſimony was ſcarcely ſufficient to ſupply the prodigality of her ſucceſſor: and even the little which her oſtentation beſtowed among the mountains of Glenowen, was withheld by the weary hand of profuſion, or indiſcriminately laviſhed on fools and ſharpers, in the circles of faſhion, or the vortex of the gaming table. Charity was a cold and cheerleſs counſellor, who pointed towards the dark abodes of poverty, where modeſt merit pined in obſcurity; while pleaſure led her thoughtleſs pupil to ſcenes replete with ſplendours; where fortune ſmiled on the vicious, and infamy concealed her features, beneath the ſpecious maſk of reputation. Too refined to be reaſonable, too lovely to be wiſe, too wealthy to be ſuſpected, and too giddy to be admoniſhed, the beautiful Frances commenced her career, with an *eclat* unprecedented; while all the deſpicable herd of knaves and flatterers, who live upon the follies of their patrons, thronged to that polluted temple, which preſented her as its ſupreme idol.

Sir Edward had few opportunities of converſing with Lady Aubrey, and the ſhort intervals which the multiplicity of her occupations allowed him were generally productive of ſpleen and altercation. The ſyſtem of œconomy which had been invariably adopted by Sir Edward's mother, ſerved, by contraſt, to render his wife's extravagance doubly conſpicuous: but he was told that a faſhionable huſband had no right to govern; that a woman of ſpirit could not tamely ſubmit to the goading trammels of matrimonial tyranny. Examples were ſet before him, wherein the lord of the creation was nothing more than a paſſive, conve-

convenient, domeſtic animal; whoſe only merit was complacency, and whoſe unremitting taſk was the ſtudy of obedience: even the ſplendid habitation which Sir Edward's munificence provided was not allowed the ſanction of his name; while *Lady* Aubrey's ſovereignty was univerſally acknowledged.

At the moment when the high tide of prodigality threatened to overleap the boundaries of reaſon, Sir Edward's health began viſibly to decline: pent up in the unwholeſome atmoſphere of the metropolis; deprived of that ſpecies of exerciſe which was natural to his conſtitution; devoting every vacant minute to the bottle, and condemned to reverſe the accuſtomed hours of reſt; his temper became irritable, his mind enervated, his language querulous, and his purſuits unintereſting: ſpleen engendered diſguſt; indifference, contempt; till a decided hatred embittered every moment of exiſtence.

Sir Edward's ill-humour and uncouth manners afforded an inexhauſtible ſource for ridicule to the ſarcaſtic aſſociates of Lady Aubrey, whoſe mind was but too readily prepared to receive an unfavourable impreſſion. The malevolent induſtry of her female friends, was indefatigable in promoting domeſtic uneaſineſs; they envied the luxury which they participated, and ſtill more, the reputation which, amidſt all the temptations of faſhionable life, and all the pernicious examples before her, Lady Aubrey had ſtill preſerved unblemiſhed: this pre-eminence was not to be ſupported: the inſolence of virtue was too formidable to be tolerated by thoſe, who had abjured its dominion; and a mighty phalanx conſpired at once to annihilate her fame, fortune, and domeſtic happineſs.

With a mind poiſoned by the evil inſinuations of artful counſellors, Lady Aubrey lamented her haſty marriage; and did not heſitate to believe, that had ſhe been permitted to emerge from obſcurity, ſhe might

might have formed an alliance among the higheſt orders of ſociety. She beheld many inſtances of the caprice of fortune; many brows, decorated with the ermine of nobility, which were wrinkled with age, and marked with inſignificance: ſhe ſaw women, who had outlived the memory of their juvenile follies, aſſuming all the dignity of virtue; and, equally forgetful of their origin and their indiſcretions, arrogating to themſelves the moſt inſolent ſuperiority. The diſguſt, which was the offspring of diſappointment, wholly obliterated thoſe impreſſions of gratitude, which reflection ſhould have rendered indelible, and Lady Aubrey, at the very moment when ſhe was envied by all the world, would, with delight, have flown from it for ever. Thus weary of every object which preſented itſelf, in the gaudy *routine* of prodigality, ſhe looked in vain for conſolation; flattery poured its poiſon into her mind, while the phantom of domeſtic happineſs became every hour more faint, till it faded into nothing. At all public places of entertainment Lady Aubrey was ſtill the planet round which the leſſer conſtellations moved inceſſantly, borrowing a reflected light from her ſuperior ſplendour; all of real bliſs gradually vaniſhed; while the deceptive blandiſhments of falſe conſequence, augmented, in proportion as her judgment became inert, till the gay and giddy Frances ſhrunk into one of thoſe trifling mortals, who cheriſh exiſtence, long after they become incapable of appreciating its value.

CHAP. II.

SIR Edward's health rapidly declined as Lady Aubrey's intercourſe with folly augmented. Her inattention kept pace with his iraſcibility, till at laſt, unable to bear either her inſolence or neglect, ſhe was peremptorily commanded to quit the metropolis. Frances had long been weary of every ſurrounding object, (for

(for even the moſt delightful ſcenes produce ſatiety,) and would have become a voluntary recluſe, had it not been the will of her huſband that ſhe ſhould be diſſipated no longer. She had been taught to reſiſt every ſpecies of oppreſſion, and the idea of yielding to the authority of her wedded tyrant was replete with horrors. She conſulted her female friends; they ridiculed the injunction, as barbarous and abſurd: but Sir Edward was inexorable, and notwithſtanding all the energy of prayers, tears, and intreaties, the lovely Lady Aubrey was again condemned to waſte her days in a ſolitude which was abhorrent to her nature.

Sir Edward had a younger brother, who at a very early age entered the army; his choice of a profeſſion had been contrary to the wiſhes of his mother, and, for an act of diſobedience which ſhe deemed impardonable, he had not only been entirely eſtranged from the family, but excluded from any participation of the father's property; the whole of which had been left at the diſpoſal of the deceaſed Lady Aubrey. This neglected brother was brave, amiable, and enlightened: Sir Edward had often heard his military reputation extolled; and, as his health gave ſymptoms of diſſolution, frequently mentioned the injuſtice of his fortune. The eſtate of Glenowen, notwithſtanding the cruelty of his unkind mother, was his by right, in caſe Sir Edward died without iſſue male, together with the title, deducting only twelve hundred pounds *per annum*, as Lady Aubrey's marriage ſettlement.

On the day preceding that which was fixed for their departure, Frances ſickened of the ſmall-pox; the diſorder was of the moſt dangerous kind, and the graces of her countenance yielded to its malignity, while her reaſon and her life were, for a time, menaced by its violence. Lady Aubrey recovered, but exiſtence was no longer deſirable, ſince the powers of faſcination

faſcination had vaniſhed for ever. Her beautiful features were changed and diſtorted, and the mirror which reflected her deformity looked like the fiat of total annihilation. Retirement was now the laſt refuge from complete diſgrace. The old manor-houſe of Glenowen was the only ſpot on the habitable globe where Lady Aubrey hoped to find conſolation; and without a murmur of regret ſhe departed from that ſcene where ſhe had been, ſucceſſively, the victor and the vanquiſhed.

There is no ſituation in life more completely wretched than that of a faded beauty, who, in the hours of univerſal conqueſt, neglected that cultivation of mind which can enliven the winter of age, and preſent a pleaſing ſubſtitute for the moſt gratifying purſuits. Lady Aubrey had long eraſed from her memory the precepts of her father; and looking only for the enjoyments of the preſent moment, wholly forgot that they were "though ſweet, not "laſting." The ſource of rapture, the idol of adulation being deſtroyed, every hour preſented a mournful vacuum, which ſeemed eternal; and the ſolitude to which ſhe was haſtening was in no reſpect calculated to ſolace her affliction. Sir Edward was more than ever the object of her averſion; every ſmile which the hope of regaining his long-loſt repoſe excited, ſeemed to inſult her ſorrow, and to evince his triumph.

Though Frances had been three years abſent from Glenowen, my mother had never once been remembered; ſhe had frequently written to inquire after her beloved ſiſter, but no notice had been taken of her letters. Penelope's mind was formed in nature's moſt perfect mould; it was compoſed of the pureſt paſſions, the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility; ſhe harmonized the ills of life by the affections of the heart; ſhe could bear the humiliations of fortune, but not the neglect which is too often their attendant. Reared

from

from her infancy in the ſociety of one dear aſſociate; one companion, whoſe age, ſtudies, and amuſements had been nearly ſimilar to her own; conſcious of never having deviated from the fondeſt affection, and pining under the ſeverity of undeſerved contempt, ſhe lamented in ſilence, and devoted her thoughts to the moſt profound melancholy. It was in vain that my father counſelled her to bear with patience the cold unnatural conduct of Lady Aubrey; Penelope's heart was ſtung to its innermoſt receſſes—it was wounded not only deeply, but incurably.

After a tedious journey, Lady Aubrey once more beheld the miſty mountains of Glenowen lifting their bare ſummits above the venerable trees that embowered the manor-houſe, and forming a diverſity, at once ſoothing and pictureſque. The next object which arreſted her attention was the parſonage, the reſidence of my father, ſituated in the front of a beautiful thicket, and preſenting its white-waſhed walls decorated with vine and jeſſamine, and ſkirted with a little garden,

Not idly gay, but elegantly neat.

Reflection now ruſhed through the heart of Lady Aubrey; ſhe recollected her unkindneſs towards the moſt amiable of women, and dreaded the moment which was to prove her own inferiority. On entering Sir Edward's eſtate, ſhe quitted her carriage, and proceeded on foot acroſs the upland meadow, towards the parſonage. The church-yard path led to the little garden, which was ſheltered from the northern wind by a barren and ſtupendous mountain; on one ſide a ſmall meadow was covered with new-mown hay—and the ſun's laſt beams blazed on the reflecting caſements of every window. As ſhe ſtrolled penſively along, ruminating on the dreadful change her external form would preſent to every beholder, her eyes were faſcinated

faſcinated by a neat and ſimple grave-ſtone, on which, while her blood almoſt congealed with horror, ſhe read the following lines:

O thou! whoſe cold and ſenſeleſs heart
Ne'er knew affection's ſtruggling ſigh,
Paſs on, nor vaunt the ſtoic's art,
Nor mock this grave with tearleſs eye.

For oft, when ev'ning's purple glow
Shall ſlowly fade from yonder ſteep,
Faſt o'er this ſod the tear ſhall flow,
From eyes that only wake to weep.

No wealth had ſhe, no power to ſway,
Yet rich in worth and learning's lore,
She wept her ſummer hours away;
She hears the wintry ſtorm no more!

Yet, o'er this low and ſilent ſpot
Full many a bud of ſpring ſhall wave,
While ſhe, by all, ſave *one*, forgot,
Shall ſnatch a wreath beyond the grave.

Lady Aubrey had not reſolution to read the inſcription a ſecond time; ſhe ſaw the name of Penelope, and with tottering ſteps haſtened towards the parſonage. The day had been ſultry and glowing; the ſhades of twilight ſtole over the mountains; the ſpire of the village church was reddened by the warm rays of the weſtern horizon, and the brown woods of Glenowen ſeemed to aſſume a deeper ſhade, as if to ſmite the ſoul with the anguiſh of compunction: it looked like the mourning of nature, while its more gaudy trappings were fading to oblivion.

Lady Aubrey entered the garden; the flowers which Penelope had planted were covered with dew; the bower which her hand had twined was dark, but not deſerted—for a nightingale had fixed its abode among the branches, and was ſinging its evening ſong, in notes ſoothing though melancholy. She proceeded towards the parlour, which opened to the ſweet and ſimple *parterre*, and on paſſing the threſhold,

threſhold, diſcovered me, ſleeping on the carpet: I had made myſelf a pillow of new hay, and, weary with the playful toil of infancy, was "lapped in "Elyſium." She knelt, and kiſſed me; ſhe bathed my glowing cheeks with a torrent of tears; my mother's virtues recurred to her memory, while a thouſand agonizing ideas combined to reproach her. At this moment my father entered the parlour; I awoke; the ſight of a ſtranger aſtoniſhed me; Lady Aubrey ſnatched me to her boſom, and cheered me with careſſes; my ſenſations were undeſcribable—I ſighed and trembled, I knew not wherefore.

From my father's reſpectful demeanour, and the appearance of Lady Aubrey, whoſe habit was richly trimmed with gold, according to the faſhion of the time, I believed the viſitor to be ſomething almoſt ſupernatural. When ſhe ſpoke of my mother, her words were accompanied by a profuſion of tears; I wondered at her emotion: I knew that my dear parent was ſuddenly eſtranged from me; but of death,—irrevocable death,—I had not the ſmalleſt comprehenſion.

From that hour I became the inmate of the manor-houſe. The laſt ſigh of my departed mother cloſed a fervent prayer that Lady Aubrey would adopt and protect me. She knew that the curacy of Glenowen was ſmall, and barely ſufficient to ſupport my father; ſhe loved me with a degree of fondneſs bordering on enthuſiaſm; her fleeting breath bleſſed her ill-fated offſpring; and as her feeble arm preſſed me to her boſom, the tenderneſs of maternal love beamed in her languid eyes, till they were cloſed for ever.

Sir Edward's health continued declining, and the only pleaſure which he ſeemed to enjoy, was that which he derived from my ſociety: my playful gambols amuſed him when every recreation failed; and I loved him, notwithſtanding his uncouth manners, beyond

beyond all other objects. I was frequently Lady Aubrey's companion, when ſhe wandered about the woods, and to the church-yard, which was the ſcene of her unavailing ſorrow. Many an evening, as the moon roſe above the neighbouring eminences, have I played round the narrow heap of mould which concealed the aſhes of Penelope, unconſcious that it was the dark cold bed of the ſaint that gave me being.

Every day ſeemed to augment my power over the affections of Sir Edward and Lady Aubrey; I became the little ſovereign of Glenowen; every wiſh was anticipated, every word was law: I traverſed the domains of my patron, uncontrolled, exulting, happy!—The dawn broke on my ſmiles; and the cloſe of day invited me to reſt. Through Sir Edward's intereſt my father obtained a living of three hundred pounds *per annum*, in Glouceſterſhire, and I was, at two years of age, left under the protection of my aunt. The whole family conſidered me as Sir Edward's repreſentative, and every individual ſeemed to feel pleaſure in obeying me, except Mrs. Blagden, whoſe invincible hatred towards my mother was transferred to me as her offspring, and the epitome of my father. Every opportunity was embraced by my enemy to taunt and affront me; every little error of childhood was magnified into an unpardonable offence, and nothing but Sir Edward's increaſing affection could have reſiſted her malice, or inſured me an aſylum in the manor-houſe of Glenowen.

As Lady Aubrey's diminution of perſonal graces precluded every idea of viſiting the metropolis, her chief delight was that of improving the grounds and embelliſhing the family manſion, where ſhe was deſtined to do penance for her paſt folly. The ſurrounding ſcenery was beautifully picturesque, and richly adorned, by hills and vallies, woods and water, diverſified with all the luxuriance of nature. In addition

addition to theſe, every thing that fancy could deviſe, or ingenuity invent, was procured at an inordinate expence, to decorate the ſituation. Lady Aubrey's apartments were more coſtly than convenient; more magnificent, than taſteful; but to excel, to reign, to aſtoniſh, had ever been her delight; and ſhe reſolved to command that admiration from the rude children of nature, which was no longer to be expected from the pupils of diſſimulation.

In every plan of improvement, my health and recreation were conſidered as objects of the firſt importance. Plantations were incloſed for my hours of exerciſe; a winding path was made to the ſummit of a mountain, that I might enjoy the ſalubrious breezes of morning as ſoon as the ſun roſe; a ſmall river was diverted from its courſe, in order to form a ſhallow limpid bath, whoſe ſalutary effects might tend to invigorate my conſtitution; a paddock was fenced round, and a groom was conſtantly in waiting, to attend my rides; ſeveral ſmall ponies being trained for my uſe, and kept entirely at my diſpoſal. Ah, Roſanna! theſe my infant pleaſures were the origin of all my ſorrows! The tender plant, which has been raiſed by the tranſient warmth of ſpring, too often ſhrinks from the nipping blaſt, and dies before it bloſſoms.

The ſnow-drop, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life bedew'd with tears;
And flings around its fragrance mild,
And where no rival flowrets bloom,
Amidſt the bare and chilling gloom,
A beauteous gem appears!

All weak and wan, with head inclin'd,
Its parent breaſt, the drifted ſnow;
It trembles while the ruthleſs wind
Bends its ſlim form; the tempeſt lours,
Its em'rald eye drops cryſtal ſhow'rs
On its cold bed below.

Poor flow'r! On thee the ſunny beam
No touch of genial warmth beſtows;
Except to thaw the icy ſtream
Whoſe little current purls along,
Thy fair and gloſſy charms among,
And whelms thee as it flows.

The night-breeze tears thy ſilky dreſs,
Which, deck'd with ſilv'ry luſtre, ſhone;
The morn returns, not thee to bleſs,
The gaudy crocus flaunts its pride,
And triumphs where its rival died,
Unſhelter'd and unknown!

No ſunny beam ſhall gild thy grave,
No bird of pity thee deplore;
There ſhall no ſpreading branches wave,
For Spring ſhall all her gems unfold,
And revel 'midſt her buds of gold,
When thou art ſeen no more!

Where'er I find thee, gentle flow'r,
Thou ſtill art ſweet, and dear to me!
For I have known the cheerleſs hour,
Have ſeen the ſun-beams cold and pale,
Have felt the chilling wint'ry gale,
And wept, and ſhrunk like thee!

CHAPTER III.

I HAD ſcarcely attained my third year, when Lady Aubrey gave hopes of preſenting Sir Edward an heir to his eſtate and title. From this period her fondneſs for me evidently diminiſhed; my artleſs and lively manners began to fatigue her; I was too boiſterous to remain long in her preſence, and too wild to be truſted where her eyes did not perpetually follow me: not ſo much on my account was ſhe watchful, as on her own: the idea of any accident was terrible in Lady Aubrey's precarious ſituation, and I was deprived of every pleaſure, in order to enſure her ſafety.

Sir Edward was ſtill fond of my company; and we often walked and converſed together, when driven from Lady Aubrey's ſociety either by caprice or ill-humour.

humour. The change in my ſituation afforded no ſmall degree of exultation to my adverſary Mrs. Blagden; a fallen favourite ſeldom meets a friend; for the humiliations of innocence are the triumphs of malevolence.

Sometimes, when I was permitted to remain with Lady Aubrey, I obſerved her converſation with the neighbours who came to viſit her; it frequently turned on the delight which would fill every heart in caſe Providence ſhould bleſs her with a ſon. My little boſom ſwelled with grief, while the bath, the paddock, the plantations, and the ponies, were by anticipation beſtowed on the expected heir of Glenowen, and, for the firſt moment in my life, I began to feel the miſeries of dependence.

With devouring eyes and a throbbing breaſt did I witneſs the ſplendid preparations for the eventful period which was to decide my future fortune. The cradle, covered with white ſatin, and the coſtly baby-linen, were to me ſources of unutterable anguiſh. Nothing was talked of but the little ſtranger, the young Lord of Glenowen, who was expected to be more wiſe and more beautiful than any thing mortal. I longed, yet dreaded to behold this wonder, who had cauſed ſuch magnificent arrangements. I had been accuſtomed to hear my features praiſed, my underſtanding commended; every thing I ſaid excited a ſmile of approbation, till this wonderful ſucceſſor was named; the change was terrible; I felt it, and trembled to look forward.

One day, paſſing with Lady Aubrey through the apartment where the much-talked-of miracle was deſtined firſt to behold the light, I could not refrain from tears, as I kiſſed the hand which led me.

"Walſingham, why do you weep?" ſaid my aunt.

"For whom have you made this bed?" ſaid I, putting forth my trembling hand, to touch the cradle.

" For a young ſtranger, who will be your companion; and whom you muſt love."

" What! whether I will or no?" ſaid I.

" He will be your friend, and you muſt learn to pleaſe him," continued Lady Aubrey.

" *Muſt* learn!" repeated I. " Why muſt I? for what does he come here?"

" To be my ſon."

" Then what ſhall *I* be?"

" His friend; and if you prove worthy, he will provide for you." This anſwer was delivered with a tone of haughty ſuperiority, to which I had, till that moment, been a ſtranger. I felt an indignant glow ruſhing to my cheek: " Shall I never be able to provide for *myſelf?*" ſaid I." " Sir Edward wants nobody to provide for *him.*"

" Becauſe Sir Edward is rich;" anſwered Lady Aubrey with increaſed coldneſs.

" And why am not I rich? I am as pretty and as good, as Sir Edward."

" All are not born to proſperous fortune," replied Lady Aubrey ſternly: " ſome are wealthy, and others poor."

" Am I one of the poor ones?" was my next queſtion. Lady Aubrey could not anſwer it. The memory of my departed mother arreſted the power of ſpeech, and the converſation ended.

Roſanna! ſuffer me to pauſe a moment; the recollection of my paſt and melancholy days bewilders every faculty; from the glowing proſpect of my earlieſt hours, I trace the deep gloom which has ſucceeded; I look back to years, darkened by perpetual ſorrow; to hopes, awakened but to periſh! The prejudices of infancy contributed greatly to check the young bloſſoms of affection which nature would have cheriſhed: I was taught to hate my little couſin, before I had ever ſeen him: the domeſtics at Glenowen irritated my mind, and hourly mingled gall

gall with " the milk of human kindneſs," which was the natural inmate of my boſom. I was taunted with menaces that my reign would ſoon be over; I was told by Mrs. Blagden, that my father's infidelity to her would draw down a curſe upon me; the young baronet was to keep me in ſubjection; and I ſhould " find a vaſt difference, when my Lady had a ſon, who would be the rightful heir to Glencwen." Such were the pernicious doctrines of degenerate minds: I conſidered my couſin as my tyrant, before he was yet born; and all the gentle touches of ſympathetic fondneſs were loſt in one important ſtudy, the ſtudy to reſiſt, to vanquiſh my oppreſſor.

From the happieſt, the gayeſt of human beings, I became the moſt dejected and forlorn: the gradual neglect which I experienced from Lady Aubrey, ſerved as an example for the whole family. I was ſnubbed and contradicted by every individual. My dreſs was leſs attended to; my meals leſs regularly ſerved; a nurſery in a remote part of the houſe was fitted up for my reception; it was dark and gloomy, and had been during the laſt twenty years uninhabited. A thouſand idle tales were circulated reſpecting this ſolitary apartment; and, till I was deſtined to be its tenant, no ſervant would venture to viſit it. To increaſe my chagrin, I was placed under the care of Mrs. Dickens, the houſe-keeper, whoſe temper and appearance completed my diſtreſs, and deprived me of every conſolation.

Lady Aubrey's neglect at laſt ſunk into total indifference. I was not permitted to ſee her, during ſeveral ſucceſſive days; and when an audience was granted, I was never allowed to ſpeak, leſt I ſhould derange the nervous ſyſtem, and diſcompoſe her ſpirits. Sir Edward was more kind; he often led me about the plantations, and to the ſummit of the mountains; but it was to ſhew me the woods, the

ſtreams, the lawns, the meadows, which were to enrich the little ſtranger,—the unborn object of my hatred.

I had ſo often heard my ſucceſſor's name mentioned with exultation, that at length the ſound became inſupportable. I vented my little rage in the bittereſt terms of abhorrence, and uttered many threats of vengeance whenever it ſhould be my deſtiny to meet him. Mrs. Dickens, whoſe taunts provoked my violence, did not fail to repeat every expreſſion, with additional terms of acrimonious malice; and, to complete my diſgrace, Mrs. Blagden was deputed by the houſehold, to repreſent my rebellious conduct to Lady Aubrey. Their machinations prevailed, and from that hour I was baniſhed from her boſom, as a monſter of arrogance, ingratitude, and deceit: I was deemed criminal before I knew the meaning of the word; and every breaſt was armed againſt a being, whoſe innocence prevented the poſſibility of offending. Unhappy Walſingham! thy hand trembles, thy heart bleeds at the recollection!

CHAPTER IV.

DURING Lady Aubrey's ſituation of hope and ſolicitude, an event took place as terrible as it was unexpected. Sir Edward by a fall, during a fox-chace, was thrown over a ſteep and craggy precipice, from whence he was conveyed, mangled and lifeleſs, to Glenowen. I remember the grief and terror which wrung my heart, when I beheld his livid ghaſtly features, as he lay in ſtate in the gothic hall, decked with all the pompous abſurdity of armorial ſplendour. Lady Aubrey's affliction was of that ſpecies which does not kill; the idea of a funeral was too diſtreſſing for her feelings, though they could reſiſt the pang of loſing an indulgent huſband; and, the day previous to Sir Edward's interment,

Lady

Lady Aubrey and Mrs. Blagden departed for Briſtol.

Mrs. Blagden was one of thoſe fawning ſycophants who wind about the heart of the credulous and unſuſpecting; who are all humility till they poſſeſs the maſter-key of domeſtic ſecrets; and, in proportion as they are admitted into confidence, become arrogant and overbearing. Lady Aubrey was a pliant ſubject for the machinations of ſuch a being—vain, though no longer beautiful, and proud, without a claim to ſuperiority, her weak mind languiſhed for adulation, and her imperious boſom panted for dominion: Mrs. Blagden was the flatterer who poured forth the one, and the agent who promoted the other. She was at once Lady Aubrey's counſellor, confidant, and friend; the abettor of her follies, and the director of all her actions.

I was, on their departure, left at Glenowen. Every thing looked melancholy; the woods, the mountains, the apartment which contained the portrait of Sir Edward, were, by turns, the objects of mournful contemplation. I wandered about, forlorn and dejected; inquired after Lady Aubrey; talked of Sir Edward; grew every hour more ſorrowful; refuſed my uſual portion of nouriſhment; and at laſt, pined myſelf into ſickneſs. The ſenſibility of my heart excited no commiſeration from the domeſtics; whenever I ſhed tears, I was reproached with ill-humour; and when I was ſilent, my taciturnity was placed to the account of pride. My mind was perpetually agonized by recollections of paſt happineſs; and every delicious retroſpect was darkened, by the anticipation of new miſeries.

Three weeks after Lady Aubrey's departure, a letter arrived from Mrs. Blagden with the joyful intelligence that a ſon was born, to inherit the rich domains of Glenowen. A ruſtic fête was given in the park; the peaſantry aſſembled from all parts of the country; and feaſting and revelry were diſplayed in

the villages round the manor. Every heart was bounding with rapture; every cheek exhibited ſmiles of ſatisfaction, except mine: I conſidered myſelf as an outcaſt, equally eſtranged from the ſunſhine of fortune, and the tranquil ſhades of domeſtic felicity. I ſighed, moped, and wept inceſſantly. Often did I contemplate the hatchment, which diſplayed the pomp of ſorrow, on the walls of the manor-houſe, and trace with an unfeigned regret the ſame heraldry, as that which emblazoned the eſcutcheons, when Sir Edward's corpſe lay in the great hall. I recollected his looks when living; his ſmiles; his expreſſions of fondneſs; and when I was informed that I never ſhould either ſee or hear him more, my grief was vehement and ungovernable.

Lady Aubrey's health demanding change of climate, it was determined that ſhe ſhould immediately depart for Nice. She had never viſited Wales ſince the birth of the infant Sir Sidney, and the news of her intention did not reach Glenowen, till ſhe had landed on the continent. I heard the letter read by Mr. Martlet, the ſteward; it concluded with theſe words: "Take proper care of poor little Walſingham, and teach him to reſpect and to love his couſin. The ponies may be ſold, as the period of my return to Glenowen is very uncertain." This laſt article of intelligence ſeemed like an overwhelming ſhadow, vanquiſhing all my hopes, and darkening all my proſpects.

Three years paſſed, and Lady Aubrey ſtill reſided at Nice. My education was entirely neglected, and I wandered about like a wild inhabitant of the mountains. The chilling dew and the ſcorching ſun were alike familiar to me; and I began to cheriſh that love of ſolitude, which rendered me, almoſt, an infant miſanthrope. Mr. Martlet and Mrs. Dickens were the only inmates of our lonely habitation beſide myſelf; the former, ſavagely auſtere; and the latter, peeviſhly

peeviſhly contradicting. I ſlept alone in my dreary chamber; and, whenever I dared to remonſtrate, I was told that Sir Edward would come and chaſtiſe me. The idea filled my mind with undeſcribable ſenſations; wherever I wandered, I fancied that I beheld him pale, mangled, and ghaſtly, as he appeared in his coffin. My ſpirit was depreſſed; my heart was almoſt broken; many a night did I watch the moon-beams as they entered the long caſement of my chamber, while imagination conjured up a thouſand phantoms to intimidate my ſoul, and ſicken it with horrors.

The ſolitude in which I was condemned to waſte my infant hours, implanted the firſt roots of that melancholy which has never ceaſed to be the prominent characteriſtic of my nature. For nothing can be more certain, than that the general tenor of the mind through life faſhions its bent from the impreſſions of that period, when reaſon begins to dawn, and memory takes root in the young and opening fancy. The images which are then ſtamped upon the brain can ſcarcely be eradicated; and I believe that, could we trace the origin of cowardice, deceit, and ſuperſtition, it would be found, that they were inculcated by the babbling tales of goſſips, and the pernicious maxims of ignorance and folly. That ſuch impreſſions are dangerous, cannot be denied; that they are often indelible, is equally certain: for we frequently forget events which take place at advanced periods of life; though the moſt trivial circumſtances which occurred during the earlieſt hours of infancy, are freſh and clear even to the laſt moments of exiſtence.

Mr. Martlet conſtantly wrote to my father, informing him that I was well and happy. I had no means of convincing my parent that the information was erroneous; and my intreaties to be permitted to viſit him, only excited the indignation of my companions. Mrs. Dickens, to a temper fretful and perſecuting,

united a countenance, that " might appal the devil!" Whenever my glances encountered hers, I trembled; and frequently, amidſt my ſolitary walks, the echo of her voice has made me ſhudder. I was neither watched nor cheriſhed, but permitted to ſtroll wherever my inclinations led me. Many a time was I brought home by the peaſantry, who found me ſleeping on the margin of the rivér, whoſe rapid current foamed along the valley, or wandering on the ſteep ſides of the mountains in the vicinity of Glenowen. The recollection of theſe my early days has frequently led me to bow before the muſe, who has been my only conſolation, when the cold, unfeeling world, frowned upon my ſorrows. With a mournful exactitude I recollect the earlieſt occupations of childhood; they were romantic, almoſt to incredibility.

Ne wealth had I; ne garland of renown;
Slow paſs'd the minutes thro' the live-long day,
Till from the upland mead, and thiſtled down,
I watch'd the ſun's laſt luſtre ſteal away.
And if perchance my little heart was gay,
It beat to hear ſome merry minſtrel's note,
Or goat-herd, carolling his roundelay
On craggy cliff; while, from the linnet's throat,
Full many a winding trill on airy wings wou'd float.

For oft, upon the brow of mountain ſteep,
As ſlow the landſcape faded from my view,
With devious ſtep I wander'd far, to weep,
While all around the ſultry vapours flew,
Heedleſs of with'ring bolt, or drizzly dew,
And, as the giant ſhadows vanquiſh'd day,
Veiling the woodland dell in duſky hue,
By the ſmall tinkling ſheep-bell wou'd I ſtray,
And, like to Elfin ghoſt, bemoan the hours away.

Or, when the wint'ry moon, with cryſtal eye,
Above the promontory bleak 'gan ſail,
Shrouding her modeſt brow in amber ſky,
While ſhrill the night-breeze whiſtled o'er the vale;
Oft did I pour my melancholy tale,
By ſome clear ſhallow ſtream that wander'd ſlow,
Liſtleſs and weary, indolent and pale,
My boſom ſwelling high with bitter woe;
Which none but luckleſs wight, with tender heart can know.

And

And oft, to other's plaints did I give heed;
For all that griev'd my boſom learnt to figh,
I could not ſee the fleecy victim bleed,
Ne ſnare the freeborn tenant of the ſky:
Nor leſſer wight ſhould fall when I ſtood by;
For vile oppreſſion rous'd my little rage;
In combat fierce the younker to defy,
I would with breathleſs ire my limbs engage,
While neither threats nor pain my anger could aſſuage.

With ebon locks unkempt and mean attire,
A mountain weather-beaten wight was I;
And paſſing meek, ſave when reſentful ire
Bade from my glance the living light'nings fly,
To think that vice ſhould virtue's place ſupply.
For though no claſſic knowledge grac'd my mind,
From legends old, or feats of chivalry,
Still round my heart the wond'rous inſtinct twin'd,
Which throbb'd through ev'ry vein, the love of human kind.

Another winter elapſed when a letter arrived from Lady Aubrey, intimating that ſhe meant to remain ſome time longer in the ſouth of France; and deſiring Mr. Martlet to find a careful perſon, in whom he could confide, and who might, without delay, conduct me to her. My joy was boundleſs. I forgave all her former unkind treatment, and only looked forward to the hope of reinſtating myſelf in her good opinion; but my rapture was checked, my boſom chilled, my pride humbled, when Mr. Martlet read aloud the concluding lines of Lady Aubrey's letter---"Sir Sidney will want a companion to attend him; and I dare hope that Walſingham will prove worthy of his protection by a reſpectful demeanour, and a proper ſenſe of his own ſituation." Theſe were her words; they ſunk deep into my heart—I never ſhall forget them.

The day was fixed for my departure; a young man, who was the ſon of my father's ſucceſſor in the curacy of Glenowen, was the perſon ſelected to be my companion and protector. He was amiable, enlightened, and had been claſſically educated by his mother's relations, who were rich and reſpectable.

Mr.

Mr. Hanbury was delighted in having an opportunity of travelling; and, early in the ſpring, we ſet out together. Never did the tenant of a beamleſs dungeon feel more delight in emancipation from miſery, than did I in eſcaping from the tyranny of Mrs. Dickens; and my joy was infinitely augmented by the proſpect of felicity, which the conciliating and poliſhed manners of my new aſſociate preſented to my imagination.

Before my departure I wandered over all my native haunts; explored every path, and gazed wiſtfully at every favourite tree; for, having nothing human on which I could beſtow my affections, they had, imperceptibly, attached themſelves to inanimate objects. I walked round many of them, and meaſured their circumference, in order to aſcertain their enlargement, whenever fate ſhould reconduct me to Glenowen. With a boſom ſympathetically ſad, I ſtrolled to the mountain where I had ſo often wandered with Sir Edward; from the bleak and barren ſummit I contemplated the tranquil ſcene below; the winding river, the ſmooth and glaſſy lake reflecting the evening ſky, and enlivening the valley by a diverſity, pleaſing but not gaudy. The roof of every little cottage ſeemed an object of the tendereſt intereſt; while the village church, whoſe whitened ſpire roſe above the foliage of a venerable wood, reminded me of my loſt patron, whoſe cold remains were mouldering within its hallowed precincts. Such were the occupations of the laſt three days; they awakened my regret; they diffuſed a glow of ſenſibility through my heart; the trees, the plants, the ſmalleſt mountain flowers, were greeted with a ſilent tear; and I fancied that the objects of my attention, as though grateful for my pains, looked more freſh and lovely by every ſigh that eſcaped from my boſom.

It was not till the carriage came to the manor-houſe, ſoon after day-break, that I had reſolution to viſit the apartment which contained the portrait of Sir Edward. I longed, yet dreaded to behold it: I opened the door with a trembling hand, I entered cautiouſly; every thing around me was ſilent, damp, and gloomy: the windows, ſtill dim with the morning dew, ſhed a cold and melancholy light, which ſeemed congenial to the temper of my mind and the taſk I was about to execute. I advanced a few paces within the apartment—ſtopped—ſhuddered—looked back towards the threſhold, half fearful, half determined—again ſtepped forward, and ſtood for ſeveral minutes gazing on thoſe features which I had kiſſed a thouſand times with the moſt ardent affection, ſcarcely able to refrain from addreſſing the ſenſeleſs canvaſs, and telling it that I was about to quit Glenowen. Something like an adieu faultered on my lips, when I fancied that the countenance bore *traits* of tender reproach; I climbed a table which ſtood beneath the portrait—the eyes ſeemed full of tears—I kiſſed the cheek—it was cold and humid; my boſom thrilled—I deſcended haſtily—the eyes appeared to follow me—I ruſhed out of the apartment overwhelmed with terror and diſtreſs.

Mr. Hanbury met me at the door, and led me through the great hall towards the park: on the ſteps ſtood Mr. Martlet and my tyrant Mrs. Dickens; they overpowered me with careſſes: I ſhrunk from them with abhorrence: all their paſt inhumanity ruſhed into my mind; I looked at Mr. Hanbury with an indignant ſmile, while the ſhe-dragon endeavoured to drop a tear, which nature denied, becauſe it was ſummoned by hypocriſy.—"We ſhall break our hearts at loſing our little maſter," cried Mrs. Dickens; "for," continued the ſhrewd diſſembler, "we love him very dearly."

"Since

"Since when?" ſaid I, in a tone of reſentment which interrupted her. Mr. Hanbury reproved my ungracious manner, while I darted into the carriage, which, as ſoon as my new aſſociate had taken his ſeat, proceeded along the park. As we loſt ſight of Glenowen, my companion endeavoured to divert my mind, by anticipating the ſcenes through which we were deſtined to paſs, during our long journey; yet my fancy lingered on the portrait of Sir Edward; and I thought that, could it have been the partner of our travels, I ſhould have felt completely happy. I recollected that it was left with the crabbed houſekeeper; and, knowing that it had not the power to complain, I concluded that it would be entirely neglected.

I am minute, amiable Roſanna, even to the moſt trivial circumſtance; not becauſe I ſuppoſe that the propenſities, thoughts, and feelings of an infant can intereſt you ſtrongly; but in order to extenuate the errors of a more advanced age, by proving that the miſeries of this ſublunary journey in a great degree depend on our commencement of it. You will be convinced at leaſt, that it was ſo with me, by the diſaſtrous events which compoſe my melancholy ſtory.

It is impoſſible to delineate the impreſſions which my mind received from the variety of wonders which preſented themſelves as we advanced on our *route*; the beauties of nature charmed me, almoſt to ecſtaſy; glowing, luxuriant, and perpetually changing. The rich diverſity on every ſide aſtoniſhed and delighted: for I had, till that period, believed that the old manor-houſe of Glenowen was the largeſt in the world; and that every object, rich or faſcinating, was confined to the ſcene which had witneſſed my raptures and my tears.

Mr. Hanbury, who, from the commencement of our journey, denominated himſelf my tutor, obſerved

ſerved the animation of my heart, and hourly enlightened my dawning reaſon by the mildeſt precepts of philanthropy, while the love of human kind was pourtrayed in colours ſo bewitching, that I felt my boſom glow even to enthuſiaſm.

Lady Aubrey had, in her letter to Mr. Martlet, deſired that, excluſive of the money allowed for our travelling expences, one guinea ſhould be preſented to me for the gratification of my childiſh propenſities. It has been a ſubject of obſervation to me through life, that no circumſtance more decidedly marks the bent of young and opening minds than the manner of expending the trifling ſums which are generally allowed for the recreations of infancy. Nothing expands the heart like the conſcioufneſs of independence; and no ſenſation ſo deeply implants the virtues in the human breaſt, as the pleaſure of doing a benevolent action: why then is infancy to be deprived of a gratification which would, by exerciſe, become habitual? Every faculty of the ſoul is delighted by the power of doing good; a power, which cannot be permitted too early, or practiſed too often.

On the morning of our departure from Glenowen, for the firſt time in my life, I felt rich and independent. The guinea which Mr. Hanbury preſented to me ſeemed ſufficient for every worldly gratification; I gazed on it with rapture.—"Is it my own?" inquired I, with a voice rendered inarticulate by ecſtaſy.

I was anſwered in the affirmative.

"Can I do whatever I like with it?"

I was told that I could.

"And am I *obliged* to love you, and to obey you, becauſe you gave it to me?"

"Certainly not," replied my tutor.

"Then I *will* love you and obey you too," ſaid I, ſnatching his hand, and embracing it with affection.

Here

Here, Roſanna, let me apologize for that egotiſm which is unavoidable. I am delineating a portrait from nature; my hand is guided by the ſacred impulſe of truth; and if the earlieſt outlines are advantageous, you will alſo find that the darker ſhades ſhall not be tinted over by the touches of a flattering pencil. We do not create ourſelves; Nature is a liberal parent; and were not her children the ſlaves of prejudice, or the dupes of their own paſſions, the circle of enlightened humanity would enlarge, till vice and folly would be extinguiſhed in its luſtre.

CHAPTER V.

AT the cloſe of our firſt day's journey, aſcending a ſteep hill, I could not help remarking the exertions of the horſes, and condemning myſelf for ſitting contentedly while they were obliged to perform ſuch painful labour. I propoſed quitting the chaiſe, and walking to the ſummit of the acclivity; Mr. Hanbury acceded to the ſuggeſtion, and, with eager alacrity, I leaped from the vehicle, which ſeemed conſiderably lightened by the ſtep which I had taken. The poſt-boy thanked me; and as we continued to aſcend, the converſation became general; the lad, though of ſimple manners, evidently poſſeſſed a mild and compaſſionating heart. He lamented the ſufferings of animals, whoſe weary limbs could ſcarcely perform the taſk allotted them*. "This beaſt," ſaid he, pointing to the ſhaft-horſe, "has won many a plate at Newmarket, and had grooms to attend him; and, in his young days, was the pride of his pedigree. Poor fellow!" continued the poſt-boy, "he is

* The miſeries of that noble and uſeful animal the horſe have frequently excited the pity of humane and thinking minds; but no one has more pathetically deſcribed its ſufferings than Mr. Pratt, in his charming volumes of "Gleanings."

out

out of favour now, and forced to put up with hard uſage."

"Is he *forced* to bear it?" ſaid I, with an indignant ſenſation, which never failed to attend the idea of compulſion.

The poſtboy ſmiled in pity. "His labours will ſoon be finiſhed," anſwered he; "for my maſter only keeps a limited number of horſes, and he bought a ſucceſſor for poor Match'em this morning."

"What! is *another* coming to take his place?" ſaid I, while tears guſhed from my eyes; tears impelled by the ſtrong power of ſympathy. "Where will he go? what will become of him? Will you ſell him for a guinea?"

"I dare not diſpoſe of my maſter's property," replied the lad; "but a guinea is as much as he is worth: his old bones have ſcarcely fleſh to cover them; though I warrant his coat was once as ſleek as the doe." Here the poſt-boy gently ſmoothed the panting ſide of the meagre animal, who, turning his head round, with ſpeaking eyes ſeemed to thank him for his kindneſs.

"Perhaps he will get well again, and be happy," ſaid I.

"Not in this world!" anſwered the poſtillion.

"Will he in the next?" inquired I.

Mr. Hanbury ſmiled. "His deſtiny will end with this life," ſaid my tutor. "He has not an immortal "ſoul, as you have."

"How are you certain of that?" cried I, ſtill watching the exhauſted poſt-horſe.

"Reflection tells me ſo," replied Mr. Hanbury. "Brutes have only inſtinct; man has reaſon."

"And has not this poor old fellow *feeling* as well as I?"

"Unqueſtionably."

"Then is not the man who can treat him ill as great a brute as he?" Mr. Hanbury ſighed, but made

no

no anſwer. I continued, " It is very hard to endure a life of toil in this world, and to have no hopes of reward in the next. Where will he go when he dies? —Will Mrs. Dickens be happier than he? I am ſure he never did half ſo many wicked things."

" Poor Match'em will go to the kennel," ſaid the poſt-boy; " and the hounds will have but a ſcanty meal neither." The idea electrified my heart, and rouſed all its ſenſibilities. I threw myſelf on a bank by the road ſide, and wept aloud. It was in vain that Mr. Hanbury reproved my conduct, called it childiſh, and conjured me to be more a man. The impreſſion was deep and indelible—ſupplanted by another—driven from every happineſs—ill-treated—condemned to miſery. The fate of Match'em bore too ſtriking a ſimilarity to my own to be paſſed over in ſilence: my grief was inordinate; and, as neither art nor perſuaſion could tempt me to enter the carriage, we proceeded the remainder of the ſtage on foot; the horſes following ſlowly by the path ſide.

On our arrival at the inn I ſtole from my tutor, who was engaged in paying the poſtillion and ordering ſupper, and followed Match'em to the ſtable-yard. I waited while he was rubbed down and watered; I remained by till his feed was ſet before him: but he was too weary and feeble to eat; his hollow eyes were glazed with the film of age; his meagre ſides ſeemed to pant for a ſhort hour of wretchedneſs, and he ſunk on his litter, wholly exhauſted. I knelt on the ſtraw, and endeavoured to cheer him by many ſoothing expreſſions; I ſtroked his lean lank cheek repeatedly: he looked at me with an expreſſion that wrung my heart in every fibre. " Poor Match'em!" ſaid I, " if thou wert mine thou ſhouldſt never toil again: thou ſhouldſt have green meadows and clear ſprings to comfort thee. No new favourite ſhould ſupplant thee in my affections;

affections; I would love thee for thy paſt merit, and thou ſhouldſt die calmly and contentedly." I thought he ſighed and ſhuddered.

A young horſe ſtood in the adjoining ſtall; for a moment I quitted my ſituation and viewed him attentively. He was in perfect condition; his eyes ſparkled with the fire of youth; his coat was ſmooth as the roe-buck; his limbs were firm and ſinewy; he reared his head, as if triumphant; he breathed animation. This, thought I, is the fellow who is come to ſupplant poor Match'em. I turned away with diſguſt; and, as I again bent my boſom over the worn-out ſufferer, a tear fell on his innocent face, which relieved a heart that was overcharged with pity.

At this moment the maſter of the inn entered the ſtable.

"What are you doing here, young gentleman?" ſaid he; "your companion has been looking after you this half hour." He took my hand, and would have led me out of the ſtable, but I reſiſted firmly.

"What do you want?" cried the inn-keeper.

"To buy this old horſe," ſaid I.

"Lord love your heart," continued the hoſt, "what can you do with him?"

"Any thing but kill him," anſwered I with emotion, ſomewhat expreſſive of anger at the idea.

"What will you give for him?" cried the inn-keeper.

"A guinea;" and the piece of gold was out of my pocket in an inſtant.

"You ſhall have him for two," ſaid the hard dealer.—"His hide is worth the money: indeed I have bargained for as much; but as you ſeem ſtruck with the poor beaſt, you ſhall have the preference."

Bargained

Bargained for as much! thought I. Inhuman, ſordid man! was it for ſuch a vile return that he has toiled and worn his wretched limbs even to the very bone? Has he run his race and ended his career of triumphs, to be at laſt ſo baſely bartered for? Would not his few ſhort days, the remnant of a weary life, paſſed in ſome calm and ſilent valley, have repaid thee tenfold for thy pity? Thou unkind maſter! Cannot his meagre form, his dim, yet ſpeaking eyes, move thy unfeeling boſom to mitigate his ſentence? "Thou ſhalt not periſh!" exclaimed I, as the inn-keeper led me acroſs the threſhold. I broke from him, and flew to Mr. Hanbury. I told him how, and where I had paſſed my truant moments—he had not reſolution to condemn me.

Encouraged by his forgiveneſs, I ventured to urge my ſuit. I poured forth the ſorrows of my boſom in all the genuine eloquence of nature; the guinea was ſtill clenched in my hand; when looking round with a countenance of deſpair, my eyes were faſcinated by an engraving, which hung over the chimney: it was the portrait of Match'em.—He was there pictured in all his vigour, youth, and beauty, his groom attending him. Mr. Hanbury read the lines printed beneath the plate; they told his pedigree—they recorded his triumphs. I could only articulate, "look at him!" when the power of ſpeech was ſubdued by the exceſs of ſorrow.

Mr. Hanbury ſent for the inn-keeper; as he entered the room my heart throbbed with hope and apprehenſion. He had a ſcowling brow, and his features ſeemed caſt in the iron mould of ſeverity. The portrait of Match'em lay on the table before me. With what tender commiſeration did I behold his taper limbs! his eyes, whoſe animation was ſo well delineated by the nice touches of the artiſt. I fancied that I ſaw him flying over the extenſive downs with the ſwiftneſs of the wind, and diſtancing

tancing his bold competitors, while every artery in his fine form ſeemed new-ſtrung by the conſciouſneſs of victory. My mind was rapt in meditation, when Mr. Hanbury demanded, "Will you ſell old Match'em?"

I repeated his words inſtantaneouſly. The innkeeper was too expert in the way of traffic not to make his advantage of our humanity. Five guineas was the ſum demanded; not without many encomiums on the good qualities yet remaining, to authoriſe the price.—"The horſe, ſir, is a good horſe, and with a little care may yet do many a day's hard work. I have no great mind to part with him at all; but as you ſeem to have taken ſuch a liking to him, to oblige the young gentleman—"

Mr. Hanbury interrupted him by offering four guineas. The hoſt concluded the converſation by accepting the ſum, and we ſat down to ſupper equally well pleaſed with the adventure of the evening.

Mr. Hanbury's father had already one old penſioner, who merely retained ſtrength to carry him to the neighbouring villages, himſelf being infirm. The venerable ſervant had the range of a ſmall meadow belonging to the parſonage; and it inſtantly occurred to my benevolent tutor, that Match'em might be the companion of his age's ſolitude. The ſuggeſtion made my boſom glow with new delight: we roſe early in the morning to witneſs his departure: I kiſſed his meagre ſhoulder—bade him be ſtout—and told him that the freſh breezes from the mountains of Glenowen would cheer his poor old heart: and that when I returned again I ſhould ſee him well and happy. I thought he underſtood me: a lucid drop rolled down his face; I wiped it off, and turning to my tutor exclaimed, "How merry he will be when he finds that he has nobody to control him!" The groom ſmiled at my ſimplicity.

It

It was the unſophiſticated touch of nature, harmonized by pity. From that hour my affection for Mr. Hanbury was firmly rooted in my mind: the ſtrong cords of congeniality united us: he had gratified the firſt wiſh in which my heart had felt a ſerious intereſt; and by enabling me to indulge a benevolent propenſity, had taught me to know the value of exiſtence.

I walked with my tutor to the ſummit of a ſteep hill, and watched the reſcued Match'em as the groom led him acroſs an extenſive common towards Glenowen. My ſenſations were undeſcribable: he became every moment leſs and leſs diſtinct, and when I totally loſt ſight of him, I could not ſuppreſs the involuntary exclamation, "Thank God! Mrs. Dickens will have nothing to do with him!"

The ſpark of celeſtial ſympathy which has ſince kindled affections, glowing, vivid, agonizing, and fatal! ſeemed from that period to warm my heart: and however trivial ſuch events may appear to the frozen eye of ſtoiciſm, the feeling boſom will allow their claims, and confeſs, that they were the ſure prognoſtics of a life of ſorrow.

CHAP. VI.

MR. HANBURY took more than ordinary pains to expand my thinking faculties; unfolding, by the eloquence of truth, the many worldly cares which humanity is deſtined to encounter: he taught me to explore the page of nature with more than childiſh avidity, and thereby awakened that glowing enthuſiaſm which has been the ſource of all my anguiſh. Events which commonly paſs before the eye of youth like fleeting ſhadows, were to me penetrating and important: for I conſidered the world as a vaſt and varying theatre, where every individual was deſtined to play his part, and to receive the applauſe

plauſe or diſapprobation of his ſurrounding contemporaries.

In our *route* towards Dover, we ſtopped two days in the metropolis; Mr. Hanbury had ſome commiſſions to execute for Lady Aubrey, and a draft to receive at her banker's for the expences of our journey. As it was too late on the afternoon of our arrival to tranſact buſineſs, my kind and indulgent tutor propoſed paſſing the evening at the theatre. The play was King Lear. The miſeries of the venerable parent, and the barbarity of his "pelican daughters," by turns riveted my attention, and penetrated my boſom. The frantic Edgar intereſted me powerfully, till Mr. Hanbury informed me that his frenzy was aſſumed, for the purpoſe of deceiving. Hypocriſy, in whatever ſhape it preſented itſelf, never failed to awaken my abhorrence; to feign was, in my opinion, to be both mean end criminal. The indifference with which I contemplated the pretended maniac, only afforded additional vigour to thoſe feelings which were excited by the neglected father, whoſe injuries, complaints, and unprotected age ſeized on my ſhuddering heart-ſtrings. I trembled, ſighed, and wept, through all the progreſſive ſcenes of his humiliations, till I beheld him, wild and bare-headed expoſed to all the "pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm." The ſhock was electric; my ſwelling breaſt could not ſuſtain its conflicts; I ſprung from my ſeat, and cried aloud, "Give him my guinea, and ſend him to Glenowen."

The laugh, which this ſpontaneous outrage occaſioned, diſconcerted me. Still my hand graſped the guinea, and my deſire to throw it on the ſtage was with difficulty conquered. Mr. Hanbury had often charged me never to check the divine impulſe of humanity. The ſcene which I contemplated was new to me, and the effect which it produced upon my ſenſes will never be forgotten I watched my tutor's

tor's countenance, and to its unbending gravity, alone, I attribute the decorum which marked my conduct during the remainder of the evening. A thouſand times, notwithſtanding the conſtraint placed upon my actions, did my eyes glance alternately at thoſe of Mr. Hanbury and my unpocketed guinea, till the curtain dropped, and my ſpirits were entirely exhauſted.

On the following day we ſet out for Dover: the journey was pleaſant, and my curioſity inordinate; every hour paſſed in queſtions on one ſide, and explanations on the other; for my tutor deemed no leſſon of information too trivial, where a ſtrong deſire after knowledge animated the mind of his pupil. Every moment preſented ſome new wonder; but when the wide and troublous ocean opened to our view, my agitation was infinite. I gazed, mute and immovable during ſeveral minutes; my eye-lids never winked, leſt I ſhould loſe ſight of the object which awakened my aſtoniſhment; while the large, complicated, and moving bodies ploughing through the limpid element, and approaching rapidly towards that part of the liquid plain which ſeemed eternal, produced an awful conſternation, and with a tremulous voice I inquired, "Whither are they going?"

"Far beyond the edge of yonder horizon," replied my tutor.

"Will they never return? Have they no home? Who will take care of them?" were the next queſtions.

"That Supreme Being," replied Mr. Hanbury, "who can command the winds and waters! who can lift the waves like mountains, and queli the loudeſt howling of the tempeſt! He, who harmonizes the varying ſeaſons; regulates the planets, and gives the wondrous faculty of thought which animates the mind of man!"

"Where

" Where does he dwell?" ſaid I, with fearful veneration.

" Every where," replied my tutor. " He knows the ſecrets of all hearts. His power is infinite; his will, omnipotent! we are but creatures formed to obey him;—yet there are thoſe who dare rebel, and—

" How can we offend him, ſince he has power to command our actions and our thoughts?" interrupted I. Mr. Hanbury made no anſwer, but changed the ſubject, by remarking the beauty of the outſtretched ocean, faintly tinged with the crimſon light which glowed along the weſtern horizon. It was the cloſe of evening; the ſoft and refreſhing breeze ſeemed to whiſper over the gently bounding waters, as if fearful of diſturbing nature, then ſinking to repoſe. I returned to the inn, deeply ruminating on the new wonders which I had contemplated.

Early on the following morning we embarked for France. My ſenſations were inconceivable when I found the veſſel buoyant on the waves, and, as I thought, turned adrift, at the mercy of a tremendous element. The land, as it ſeemed to recede, acquired an intereſting ſomething, which awakened my affections, and blended with them a regret that was poignant. My tutor watched the riſing emotions of my mind, and was delighted with them. He ſaw my eyes ſuffuſed with tears, my boſom ſtruggling with half-ſtifled ſighs;—I could not conceal my ſenſations;—the love of my country glowed in every vein, the ſtupendous cliffs, extending their white ramparts round my native iſland, led back my thoughts to the breezy mountains of Glenowen: the recollection, after ſeven mournful years had elapſed, produced the following

STANZAS.

Farewell, dear Glenowen! adieu to thy mountains,
Where oft I have wander'd to welcome the day;
Farewell to thy foreſts, thy cryſtalline fountains
Which ſtray thro' the valley, and moan as they ſtray.
O'er wide foamy waters I'm deſtin'd to travel,
A poor, ſimple exile, forlorn and unknown;
Yet while the dark fates ſhall my fortune unravel,
My thoughts, my affections ſhall ſtill be thy own.

Thy cities, proud Gallia, thy wide-ſpreading treaſures,
Thy vallies, where nature luxuriantly roves,
May bid the heart, dancing to fancy's wild meaſures,
Forget, for a moment, its own native groves:
But where is the boſom that ſighs not in ſorrow,
Eſtrang'd from dear objects, to wander alone;
Still counting the moments, from morrow to morrow,
A poor weary traveller, loſt and unknown?

Sweet viſtas of myrtle, and paths of gay roſes,
And hills deck'd with vineyards, and woodlands with ſhade,
Freſh banks of young violets, where fancy repoſes,
And courts gentle ſlumbers her viſions to aid;
The dark ſilent grotto, the ſoft flowing fountains,
Where nature's own muſic flow murmurs along;
The ſun-beams that dance on the pine-cover'd mountains,
May waken to rapture their own native throng.

But thou, dear Glenowen! canſt bring ſweeter pleaſure,
All barren and bleak as thy ſummits appear;
And tho' thou canſt boaſt of no rich gaudy treaſure,
Still memory traces thy charms, with a tear!
The keen blaſt may howl, o'er thy vallies and mountains,
And ſtrip the rich verdure that mantles each tree;
And winter may bind, in cold fetters, thy fountains,
And ſtill thou art dear, O Glenowen! to me

After a voyage of four hours we landed at Calais. The manners of the people, their dreſs, and their language, which was to my ears an unintelligible jargon, faſcinated my attention, till we reached the hotel; the hoſt met us at the outward gate, and conducted us to the beſt apartments. I was now addreſſed by the title of *Monſieur*, and ſometimes of *Milor*:—every body ſeemed to pay court to me; and I began to imagine that there was an air of importance

portance about my perſon, which demanded their reſpect. Indeed a youth, of ſcarcely ſeven years old, attended by his tutor, and already commencing his travels, was no common object, and Mr. Hanbury's manners, united to an exterior of the firſt order, gave me a conſiderable degree of conſequence. Vanity, notwithſtanding, induced me to believe, that my own qualifications afforded me an excluſive right to that admiration, which was merely the effect of adventitious circumſtances.

The firſt idea that ſtruck my mind was the diſplay of my riches; and while Mr. Hanbury ordered dinner, I propoſed to the maſter of the hotel to change my guinea. Three French crowns, and a few pieces of non-deſcript copper, bearing neither date nor impreſſion to aſcertain their country or their value, were returned for my mine of gold, and I thought myſelf the happieſt of beings.

We dined luxurioufly; our deſert was profuſe and delicious: I had never before taſted wine, and I drank with ecſtaſy. My tutor, ſoon after dinner, quitted the room, to attend the debarkation of our luggage: during his abſence the glaſs was not idle: ſeated at the head of the table with ſuch a repaſt before me, I fancied myſelf an immortal. I touched every thing, I taſted all; again, and again, the exhilarating nectar ſparkled in its "cryſtal bounds;" and I began to think that I had never exiſted till that moment.

Animated by the juice of the grape, I ſallied forth, and knew not whither I was ſtraying till I found myſelf on the pier. I ſat down on a parcel of goods which had been recently landed, and began to ruminate on what had paſſed ſince my departure from Glenowen. The portrait of Sir Edward, and the worn-out Match'em divided my reflections, when a youth advanced to the extremity of the pier, leading a beautiful ſpaniel, round whoſe ſoft and ſilky neck

a cord was faſtened, at the end of which I obſerved a large ſtone, placed there in order to facilitate his ſinking.

I ruſhed forward, and, juſt as the lad was about to plunge the unoffending victim into the deep and turbulent abyſs, ſeized the cord, and grappling with the deſtroyer, demanded to know the cauſe of ſo barbarous an action. The boy did not underſtand my language, neither was I acquainted with his. My diſtreſs was infinite, when a revenue officer, who was waiting to inſpect a veſſel juſt entering the harbour, undertook to be our interpreter.

I ſoon learnt that the ſpaniel belonged to an Engliſh woman of faſhion, who had that day landed at Calais; and who, having purchaſed a French lap-dog, to be the partner of her journey to the South of France, had cruelly condemned her faithful companion to a watery ſepulchre. All the energies of my ſoul were rouſed to arms at the recital. What! deſerted for *another*, thought I: doomed to periſh in order to make room for a *new* favourite! I could not bear the idea.

The clear and ſparkling eyes of the beautiful animal ſeemed to implore my protection. He licked my hand; and again his looks were meekly perſuaſive. The boy informed me that he was to receive half a crown for the deſtruction of an inoffenſive creature, whoſe appearance convinced me that he had *once* been a favourite. I ſighed;—conviction ſtruck upon my heart, and told me that *my* fate was not ſingular: that to be beloved one day, and deſerted the next, were no new inſtances of the inconſtancy which debaſes the human mind. The lad informed me that he was in haſte, as the lady waited to reward him for his trouble. "For," continued he, "ſhe thought it better to let him die, than to leave him to the mercy of a new maſter."

There

There was ſomething like pity in this; and yet, that he ſhould be diſcarded at all, was inhuman. While this reflection ruſhed acroſs my mind, my hand inſtinctively fathomed my treaſury, and double the ſum which was offered for his death was tendered as his ranſom. Our interpreter was not to loſe his time, or waſte his words without a recompence; he hoped that "my Lord would be pleaſed to remember him," and his hopes were gratified; a crown was beſtowed as a reward for his ſervices; and Heaven can bear witneſs, that I never ſhall forget him!

Language cannot deſcribe what I felt, when I beheld the ſtone looſened from the cord, and diſappearing in the ocean which was ſo near being the grave of the deſerted favourite. How fondly did I ſtroke his gloſſy coat, beautifully variegated with white and yellow, while he gazed in my face, and, jumping to my breaſt, by a thouſand dumb, yet eloquent emotions, evinced his gratitude. I have often remarked, that the inſtinct of brutes diſplays thoſe meek affections, that pure and gentle fidelity, and that noble ſenſe of benefits received, which might ſpread the bluſh of ſhame over ſome of our moſt enlightened philoſophers, and even authoriſe the doctrines of Pythagoras.

The day began to cloſe, and I to think of Mr. Hanbury, when, to my infinite joy, I obſerved him haſtening towards me. He reproved me for quitting the hotel, and for wandering alone, without his permiſſion. But when I explained the cauſe of my remaining ſo long abſent, his attention was transferred to my *protegée*, and my fault was entirely forgotten.

We returned to the hotel, where, on my relating the adventure, I was informed, that the unkind miſtreſs of *Chance*, for ſuch was the name which I gave the ſpaniel, had departed more than half an hour

with her new companion. I inquired her name, and found that it was Lady Emily Delvin, a young and beautiful widow, who was making the tour of France and Italy, in ſearch of conqueſt.

We continued our journey: Chance, by inceſſant attentions, every hour ſeemed to attach himſelf more firmly: I talked to him on every ſubject, and fancied that he comprehended every queſtion. Mr. Hanbury encouraged my affection for my dog, becauſe he conſidered it as a trait of univerſal benevolence. Alas! why are we born with feelings that deſtroy us? Why is the human breaſt ſo ſenſitively organized, only to cheriſh ſorrow, and to ſhrink with torture from the touch of perſecution? What is that pleaſing, painful, undefinable ſpell, which faſtens round the heart, and preſſes to the palpitating fibres, an unremitting ſenſe of miſery? Is it virtue? Is it nature? Tell me, my gentle friend, for thou haſt a ſoul alive to all the throbs of ſympathy and feeling!

CHAP. VII.

MY affection for my faithful Chance was commended in the warmeſt terms by my amiable tutor. As a domeſtic animal the dog has ever been my favourite; and it has never been a matter of ſurpriſe to me, that thoſe creatures, whoſe ſagacity frequently approaches to reaſon, have been mentioned by the moſt celebrated writers of antiquity.

Plutarch, in relating the departure of the Athenians from Athens in the time of Themiſtocles, deſcribes, with benevolent energy, the cries and melancholy howlings of the dogs they left behind. One, in particular, was the theme of his panegyric: the faithful animal followed his maſter acroſs the ocean as far as Salamis; when he died, the Athenians honoured him with a tomb; and the part of the iſland

where

where his bones were depoſited, was called the Dog's Grave, in commemoration of his fidelity.

My love for animals was ſedulouſly cultivated by Mr. Hanbury, who upon all occaſions expatiated on the enormity of exerciſing cruel propenſities. He conſidered the conduct of children towards the brute ſpecies, as the ſtrongeſt prognoſtic of their affections for their own. The ſmalleſt inſect was not too mean for his obſervation or his ſympathy; and he often repeated the beautiful lines of the immortal bard:

" The poor beetle that we tread upon,
" In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great,
" As when a giant dies."

Mr. Hanbury was not ſingular in his opinion, reſpecting the care which ought to be taken, during our childhood, to cultivate humanity, and to awaken its fineſt feelings for every thing that lives; for Locke commends that mother who rewards or puniſhes her offſpring, in proportion as they are kind or ungentle towards the dumb creation.

We travelled without interruption till we came within a few poſts of Nice. The ſhort period which had elapſed ſince I quitted my native mountains, had completely metamorphoſed my outward appearance; and no leſs expanded the powers of mental cultivation. I ſtudied in the ſchool of nature! I ſaw the ſofteſt ſhowers invigorate the opening buds of ſpring I beheld them burſting forth to imbibe the ethereal diſtillations. I remarked them as they unfolded their leaves, exhaled their perfumes, flaunted their variegated colours, and, by progreſſive warmth, were nouriſhed to perfection. The lofty foreſt trees ſeemed like the lords of the vegetating world; and yet I ſaw them levelled to the duſt, and wither, like the moſt obnoxious weed or ſimpleſt flower. Theſe obſervations were encouraged by Mr. Hanbury, whoſe

method of inculcating knowledge was, by convincing arguments, conveyed in the pureſt language of truth. He often repeated a maxim of an ill-fated boy*, (whoſe death will ever ſtigmatize his nation,) that "every thing was within the power of man, if he would but ſtretch forth his arms to reach it."

The kindneſs of Lady Aubrey, in drawing me from the deep ſolitude in which I had been obſcured from my birth, filled my boſom with unbounded gratitude: all her former neglect was forgiven, in the hope that my vexations were at an end, and the dawn of happineſs at length opening on my proſpects.

It is impoſſible to give you any idea of my agitation, when Mr. Hanbury informed me, that in a few hours I ſhould embrace Lady Aubrey, and my little couſin Sir Sidney. A mixture of pride and affection ſtruggled in my breaſt, when I recollected that the latter had been the origin of all my humiliations. I queſtioned my tutor, whether I ought to love Sir Sidney as dearly as though he had never been my enemy. "Love him, in proportion as he is deſerving," replied Mr. Hanbury; "and, above all things, be careful not to form a too haſty opinion. An exterior will often deceive the moſt minute obſerver; and the fineſt faculties of the ſoul will ſometimes lie dormant, for want of circumſtances to call them into action. The diſtributed portions of intellect are more equal than ſome philoſophers will acknowledge; and half the powers of mind that have illumined the habitable globe, owe their diſplay to the combinations of chance, and the poliſh of education."

"Shall I ever be as great as Sir Sidney?" ſaid I.

* Chatterton.

Greater

" Greater, if you are more wiſe and virtuous," replied Mr. Hanbury.

" Then he will not govern me?" ſaid I, ſmiling.

" That does not follow," anſwered my tutor. " The moſt deſerving are often under the control of the moſt vicious."

" Then what are the advantages of being good?"

" The reward will be beyond the reach of oppreſſion: it will centre in the mind!" replied Mr. Hanbury.

" Then the virtuous mind is ſure of happineſs?" ſaid I.

" Not always," replied my tutor, ſighing; " the world is ſwayed by powers, which conſiſt of many evils; inordinate wealth, ambition, pride, and arrogance frequently triumph over the moſt tranſcendant virtues; yet they find their votaries; while modeſt merit is condemned to pine in anguiſh; ſcoffed at by the ignorant; and perſecuted by the vicious."

" How ſhall I eſcape the enemies of virtue?" ſaid I, earneſtly.

" By arming your mind with fortitude; and meeting their injuſtice with contempt. If you would bring a villain to ſhame, repay his injuries with ſcorn. Evince the proud ſuperiority of rectitude, by pity; and leave it to the mirror of reflection, to diſplay that deformity from which conſcious innocence ſhrinks with abhorrence." Here the converſation ended.

The laſt day's journey ſeemed the moſt tedious I had ever known. The beauties of nature could not intereſt a mind poſſeſſed by thought, and agitated by expectation. I anticipated the affectionate embraces of Lady Aubrey, and the welcome ſmiles of my little couſin. I was delighted, almoſt to ecſtaſy! What vivid, what ſpontaneous joys quickened my pulſes,

and increaſed the glow of circulation! I was, by turns, animated by hope, and intimidated by apprehenſion. Alas! from the period that reaſon begins to ſhoot, the mind of man is a chaos of perpetual warfare; the affections of our early days combat with the propenſities of nature, and ſtruggle in the fetters of contradiction. The paſſions ſucceed; the ſtormy paſſions! pride, ambition, *love!*

Oh! memory! Here let me drop the pen, leſt I ſhould blot the melancholy record with a tear that would unman me.

CHAP. VIII.

THE carriage ſtopped at the gate of Lady Aubrey's hotel, and we were uſhered into a ſplendid ſaloon, which was prepared for an aſſembly. The ſervant informed us, that Lady Aubrey was engaged at her toilette, and that Sir Sidney had already retired to reſt: for day had cloſed ſome time when we reached the end of our journey. The domeſtic, who though a Gaſcon ſpoke Engliſh fluently, entered into converſation with us, in a tone ſo conceited and familiar, that I was at a loſs to diſcover his meaning; "You are the little boy whom my Lady has ſent for, to wait on Sir Sidney," ſaid he, looking down on me with a contemptuous ſmile. I made no anſwer.—

"Poor fellow!" continued he, "you muſt mind how you conduct yourſelf in this family, for my Lady is very difficult to pleaſe, and hates all children, excepting Sir Sidney."

"This character does little credit to your Lady's heart," ſaid Mr. Hanbury ſternly.

"Why as for that," continued the coxcomb, preſenting his ſnuff-box to my tutor, "my Lady is a little comical, to be ſure; but women are ſtrange creatures, and have odd fancies. Lady Aubrey has but one favourite in the world, beſides Sir Sidney; and

to

to ſay the truth, her attachment has lately become perfectly ridiculous."

"Puppy!" exclaimed Mr. Hanbury in a half whiſper.—The flippant valet reſumed the converſation.

"For my part, I am abſolutely jealous of my Lady's partiality for an object unworthy of her regard; and I have not heſitated to acquaint her ladyſhip with my ſentiments on the ſubject."

"Your Lady has, at leaſt, one virtue," ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"And what is that?" cried the valet.

"Patience."

"Why, faith, I think ſo," anſwered Lafond, "for ſhe endures the ſhackles of a tyrant with a degree of forbearance that is aſtoniſhing."

"Indeed!"

"Oh! quite notorious! all Nice talks of it."

"So much the worſe!" cried Mr. Hanbury gravely.

I am weary of ſeeing things as they are," ſaid Lafond; "and if they do not mend, I ſhall move my quarters very ſpeedily."

So much the better," replied my tutor haſtily. Lafond proceeded:—

"And yet I ſhall be ſorry to leave Lady Aubrey, for I am the beſt friend ſhe has in the family."

"So I perceive," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, ſmiling.

"But if ſhe will diſgrace herſelf by ſuch an attachment, in defiance of reaſon and good counſel, ſhe muſt expect nothing but contempt from thoſe, who know how things ought to be. I often tell my Lady, that ſhe ſhould not countenance impertinent adviſers."

"Indeed! and how does ſhe take it?"

"A little peeviſh for an hour or two, and then, all is forgotten."

"'Tis

" 'Tis a pity that ſhe ſhould forget ſuch wiſe counſel," ſaid my tutor contemptuouſly; " or that a woman ſhould be peeviſh towards one one who is ſo tenacious of her reputation."

" There is the miſchief," replied Lafond. " If ſhe would but remove one perſon from her affections, ſhe would ſtop the current of abuſe that flows from as black a heart as ever diſgraced the human breaſt."

" Granted," ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

" You ſeem to be a man of good underſtanding," continued Lafond, again tendering his enamelled ſnuff-box; " and I ſhall be glad to ſee you exert your intereſt with my Lady, for the removal of her enemy."

" You may depend upon my zeal on the occaſion," replied my tutor, looking ſternly at Lafond. " Her enemy ſhall be removed; and, if ſhe has an atom of pride or reſentment in her nature, that very ſhortly."

" You will do her a kindneſs which never can be ſufficiently repaid," cried the Gaſcon, not comprehending Mr. Hanbury's meaning.

" I am of your opinion," ſaid Mr. Hanbury ſharply. " He who ſees a ſerpent winding round a ſleeping victim, and forbears to wake him, is anſwerable for the miſchiefs of its ſting."

" Very well deſcribed! very well indeed!" anſwered Lafond. " You are a man of ſome knowledge, I perceive."

" Not much, and yet I know a ſcoundrel when I ſee him." The tone and look, with which this laſt remark was uttered, left no room to doubt its application. Lafond hummed a tune, and quitted the apartment.

" A lover! a favourite! living under the roof with Lady Aubrey," cried my tutor, " what can it mean? This event will account for her long abſence from

from her native country;---for her neglect of thee, my poor ill-treated boy." He walked about the ſaloon agitated and amazed; frequently gazing on me, with a mixture of pity and affection.

We had remained more than an hour in the ſaloon, when Mrs. Blagden, whom we found in the character of Sir Sidney's governeſs, entered, and immediately conducted us to Lady Aubrey's dreſſing-room. She received us politely; but there was a reſerve in her manner which was chillingly repulſive. After thanking Mr. Hanbury for the trouble which he had taken, ſhe added, glancing at me for the firſt time, "Poor Walſingham! why he looks like a wild inhabitant of the Welſh mountains! I hope, notwithſtanding, that he will prove worthy of my favour; though" added ſhe, after a ſhort pauſe, during which ſhe adjuſted her head-dreſs, "we ſeldom find much gratitude from poor relations." I turned my eyes towards Mr. Hanbury, who, perceiving my mortification, preſſed my hand affectionately. Lady Aubrey continued:

"I hope, Sir, you have taught this child to know his ſituation."

"I have, Madam; and to know *himſelf* alſo," replied my tutor.

"I don't perceive the leaſt family likeneſs," ſaid Lady Aubrey, looking at her glaſs and me, alternately.

"Not the leaſt," rejoined Mr. Hanbury emphatically.

"I ſuppoſe the poor thing is terribly ignorant," continued Lady Aubrey; "he has been very much neglected."

"He has indeed!" replied my tutor ſighing.

"I think he is very lucky to be taken care of at all," cried Mrs. Blagden, with a malicious ſneer that made me ſhiver. "As for education, it would only be

be thrown away upon him; for he ſeems to be but a ſtupid dolt, only fit to live in obſcurity."

"Well," ſaid Lady Aubrey, "it cannot be helped; we muſt ſee what can be done with him. I dare ſay he will be quite poliſhed enough for the rank he will hold in ſociety."

"He has intellects of the firſt order," cried my indulgent and partial tutor.

Lady Aubrey ſhook her head and continued: "You have not ſeen Sir Sidney; he is quite a miracle! So beautiful! ſo clever! all the world talks of him."

I was aſtoniſhed, when ſhe made this aſſertion, that, during our long journey, we had never once heard his name mentioned. At this moment the door was opened, and a young man of faſhionable appearance entered. On perceiving ſtrangers, he ſtarted back, and would have retired, but Lady Aubrey informed him, in a loud whiſper, that we were "people of no conſequence, and would be diſmiſſed in a few moments."

To bear, and to forbear, is the province of humble worth: yet the conſciouſneſs of innate virtue, oppoſed to the emptineſs of pride and inſolence of power, makes the ſcale of juſtice even; and amply recompenſes the enlightened mind for the deficiencies of fortune. Mr. Hanbury repaid the arrogance of Lady Aubrey with a ſmile of commiſeration, as he roſe to quit the room, when the young viſitor taking my hand exclaimed, "Where the devil did you come from? Upon my honour, I never ſaw any thing half ſo comical!"

"I came from Glenowen," ſaid I, bluſhing and mortified.

"From Glenowen!" cried the inquiſitive ſtranger; "I ſhou'd rather have conjectured that thy tawny phyſiognomy had firſt met the light in the wilds of Otaheite. What is thy name, my man of copper?"

"Walſingham

" Walſingham Ainsforth," anſwered I, reddening and confuſed.

" And who is this?" continued the bud of nobility, turning towards Mr. Hanbury, who was mute with aſtoniſhment.

" My tutor," replied I.

" Thy tutor, boy!" exclaimed the viſitor; " and what does he teach thee? to yell the war-whoop, or to hunt the wild bear?"

" Not exactly either," interrupted Mr. Hanbury. " The knowledge I wiſh to inculcate, is more rational, though not leſs perilous."

" And pray, Sir, what ſpecies of knowledge may that be?" ſaid the lordling, ſmiling at Lady Aubrey.

" To chaſtiſe the inſolence of pride, and to make folly feel its own inſignificance," replied my tutor.

" An occupation of infinite toil," cried the ſtranger: " pray did you ever practiſe the leſſon you inculcate?"

" I never felt an inclination to try the experiment, till you ſuggeſted its neceſſity," ſaid Mr. Hanbury. " But if I ſhould find an occaſion which will benefit ſociety, I do not fear the reſult, either morally or religiouſly."

" A very refined hypotheſis!" cried my adverſary. " It ſeems you are a profound logician."

" I am fond of exploring truth," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, " and no leſs eager in condemning folly."

" And what is the puniſhment you generally inflict?" inquired the viſitor.

" Contemptuous ſilence," anſwered my tutor.

" Pray, my dear Lord," interrupted Lady Aubrey, " do not waſte your words in altercation with a pedant; Mr. Hanbury is an adept in the mazes of controverſy; for he and I have not agreed on any one point, ſince the firſt moment we met."

" A proof

" A proof of his ignorance, that admits of no denial," ſaid Lord Linbourne, bowing affectedly to Lady Aubrey.

" Say rather of my ſincerity," cried Mr. Hanbury: " my reſpect for Lady Aubrey will never induce me to flatter her opinions, where I believe them to be erroneous."

" You will have ſome difficulty in convincing me that Lady Aubrey can err," replied Lord Linbourne.

My tutor ſmiled, " Lady Aubrey is mortal," cried he.

" Impertinent!" exclaimed her ladyſhip, " I never heard ſo rude a remark." At this moment Lady Aubrey firſt diſcovered my dog Chance, who had followed me into her dreſſing-room. " I hope that animal does not belong to you?" ſaid ſhe, addreſſing Mr. Hanbury with evident diſguſt.

" He belongs to Mr. Ainsforth, Madam."

" Mr. Ainsforth ſhould know, that he is not authoriſed to bring a dog-kennel into my family," ſaid Lady Aubrey. " It is a ſufficient proof of my humanity that I receive *him*."

Mrs. Blagden was now deſired to drive my faithful friend out of the apartment. I graſped her arm, and ſtruggled to ſubdue her; but in vain: he was kicked into the gallery, and I followed, where, ſeating myſelf on the ſtairs with my diſgraced companion, I ſought relief from a deluge of tears. Better, thought I, would it have been, to have periſhed in the ocean, than to live at the mercy of ſuch a tyrant. Mr. Hanbury remained with Lady Aubrey, and I heard a warm altercation, which concluded by his abruptly quitting the apartment.

" Unfeeling woman!" exclaimed my liberal tutor, taking my hand and leading me down the ſtairs: again we entered the ſaloon; he threw himſelf on a ſofa, and remained ſilent during ſeveral minutes; at length, with ſome heſitation, he addreſſed me: " My dear

dear boy," ſaid he, " you are very young, but you are already capable of diſcrimination. You ſee that Lady Aubrey is proud and ungentle; endeavour to treat her with reſpect; and, if you are not happy in a very ſhort time, you ſhall return with me to Glenowen."

This ſoothing language conſoled my unutterable affliction, and my full heart repaid him with a ſigh of gratitude. Lafond now informed us that the company would ſoon aſſemble; and requeſted that we would remove to the apartment of the *maitre d'hotel.* Mr. Hanbury roſe, and we followed, ſilent and aſtoniſhed. Here a new ſcene of humiliation ſucceeded: every individual of the houſehold entered the room, one after the other, to gaze at us, and to make obſervations. They were all foreigners; and though I did not underſtand their words, I could diſcover by their geſtures that I was an object of univerſal commiſeration. The upraiſed eyes and ſignificant ſhrugs of the curious commentators mortified me ſeverely; while Mr. Hanbury, who was perfectly acquainted with the French language, was ſcarcely able to ſmother his indignation. He obſerved me, as I ſat motionleſs, and the ſmile of approbation ſtruggled with a tear of humanity.

Mrs Blagden broke in upon our reverie, by informing my tutor, that Lady Aubrey was ſorry ſhe had not an apartment to offer him in her hotel; " but," continued ſhe, " I have made up a bed for the boy, and my Lady deſires that he may not ſit up late." Mr. Hanbury preſſed my arm, and wiſhed me a good night: as I turned from him to attend Mrs. Blagden, he whiſpered, " Do not forget Glenowen." I comprehended his meaning, for his kind promiſe inſtantly darted acroſs my mind; while it cheered my ſpirits, and reconciled me to our ſhort ſeparation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Blagden conducted me to my cloſet, for it had neither chimney nor window: we had paſſed through a magnificent chamber, where the bed-curtains were drawn cloſe, and every thing was ſilent. On Mrs. Blagden's leaving me in total darkneſs, ſhe charged me, on pain of Lady Aubrey's diſpleaſure, not to ſpeak, or make the leaſt noiſe, in the morning, leſt I ſhould diſturb Sir Sidney. At the ſound of his name, the palpitation of my heart quickened. I could not cloſe my eyes till near day-break. I liſtened inceſſantly, to hear if my couſin was ſtirring: Mrs. Blagden ſlept in his apartment, and my buſy mind was occupied by a variety of intereſting ruminations. I recollected the rich cradle which I had ſeen at the manor-houſe, and compared it with the coſtly ſilk bed which was now allotted to the happy Sir Sidney. The only conſolation which my heart experienced was derived from the conſciouſneſs of my perſonal ſtrength; I felt, that, though I might not be allowed to chaſtiſe an inſult, I was at leaſt enabled to reſiſt oppreſſion. It was but an unpropitious omen, that my earlieſt thoughts were engaged in forming plans to ſubdue that being, who was ordained to intereſt every moment of my exiſtence.

CHAP. IX.

EARLY in the morning, Mrs. Blagden awoke me, and bade me dreſs myſelf, in order that I might paſs through the adjoining apartment, before Sir Sidney was ſtirring. With lingering eyes, and loitering ſteps, I croſſed the chamber, eager and longing to behold that *rara avis* about whom "all the world" was talking: but the curtains were ſtill cloſed, and his governeſs having previouſly commanded me to tread ſoftly, kept her finger on her lip to remind me of her injunction. I deſcended to the

maitre d'hotel's room, where Mr. Hanbury waited to receive me.

At length the awful moment arrived when we were to meet Sir Sidney Aubrey. We were conducted to his mother's *boudoir*, where we found her reclined on a ſofa, at breakfaſt: my little couſin was ſitting on a cuſhion by her ſide: he was, indeed, beautiful! His countenance was freſh and animated; his perſon well formed, and his eyes expreſſive of ſenſe and benevolence. He was dreſſed in a veſt and pantaloons of blue ſilk, which added much to the clearneſs of his complexion; while the glow which mantled over his cheek was contraſted by a profuſion of dark auburn hair, falling in natural ringlets on his ſhoulders. I viewed him with aſtoniſhment, till, glancing at a mirror which was placed over the back of the ſofa, my admiration was converted into chagrin, for there I beheld myſelf; clad in a ſuit of brown fuſtian, with locks ſhort and jetty; and a complexion, as dark as the tablet of my fortune.

My pretty couſin, ſpringing from his ſeat, on tiptoe ſtretched his arms about my neck, and cordially embraced me: his kindneſs cheared my ſinking ſpirits, and reconciled me to myſelf. He addreſſed me in French; I could not anſwer him: Lady Aubrey's emphatic ſarcaſm ſeemed the oracle of truth, and I began to think myſelf "terribly ignorant." At the moment when I was almoſt ſuffocated with confuſion, Sir Sidney ſpoke to me in my native language, and I began, once more, to breathe freely.

Lady Aubrey paſſed the breakfaſt hour in converſation with Mr. Hanbury; and in making remarks, which, in ſpite of the playfulneſs of infancy, perpetually attracted my attention. She lamented that I was "ſo clumſy and unfaſhioned," and was "certain that nobody would believe I was one of the family;" "though," continued Lady Aubrey, he is very

very like his mother, who had a decided antipathy to the graces."

"I have always heard," replied Mr. Hanbury, "that Mrs. Ainsforth was a good and an enlightened woman."

"Poor Penelope!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey, while a ſudden and unexpected gloom overſpread her features; "you cannot conceive how prettily Walſingham could once recite her epitaph: we uſed to ſit by her tomb whole hours together, and there I taught him to repeat it."

My mother's tomb! Oh God! what a train of melancholy ideas darted athwart my young mind, at that moment! My mother's tomb! thought I; was it over the very boſom which nouriſhed me into ſtrength, that I uſed to ſport, and play, and frolic, unconſcious that ſhe was mouldering beneath my feet? Did I repeat her eulogy with the vacant ſmile of inſenſibility; and was the ſpark of nature extinct within my breaſt, that my eyes beamed gladneſs, when her's were cloſed in death? The dark cold grave was her ſilent reſting-place, while her poor offspring bore the buffetings of fortune, and ſhrunk beneath the tyranny of perſecution! I had never known a mother: I had been thrown on the wide world, like a garden flower, tranſplanted to a deſert; all around me was barren, or overrun with weeds! The ſtorm beat heavy on me; I had no ſhelter but amidſt thorns, which, while they ſcreened me from the tempeſt, wounded and oppreſſed me! I had never taſted the balmy kiſs of maternal fondneſs, except when I was incapable of appreciating its value. I could not help exclaiming, "Happy, happy Sir Sidney! I wiſh I had a mother!" when my tears arreſted the powers of articulation.

"Whatever is, is right," cried Lady Aubrey, who had watched the emotions of my mind, as they were

were pictured in my face. "If your mother had lived, ſhe would only have made you a pedant."

"Is Sir Sidney a pedant?" ſaid I, with earneſt curioſity, "for I ſhould like to be what he is."

"I dare ſay you would," cried Lady Aubrey; "but you muſt not encourage ſuch aſpiring ideas. They will only, by raiſing your hopes above your fortune, render your humiliation the greater. I wonder," added ſhe, looking at Mr. Hanbury, "who has taught the child ſuch pernicious nonſenſe."

"I never have been taught at all," ſaid I, ſighing deeply.

"So much the worſe," replied Lady Aubrey, for "arrogance is a thriving weed—"

"Which generally grows in a barren ſoil," interrupted Mr. Hanbury.

My aunt, though ſomewhat diſconcerted, continued:—

"And pray, Walſingham, why would you like to reſemble Sir Sidney?"

"Becauſe he is happy," anſwered I, "and treated kindly."

"You have had a ſubtle tutor," ſaid Lady Aubrey, "and have learnt your leſſon admirably!"

"Mr. Hanbury is my tutor," anſwered I.

"Indeed!" cried my aunt, addreſſing herſelf to my kind and generous friend, "you are likely, Sir, to have but an unprofitable ſituation, in being the preceptor of a poor dependant: for I wiſh you to underſtand, that I ſhall not be anſwerable for his education."

"To the little I can teach him, he is welcome," replied Mr. Hanbury, "and I only lament that my powers are ſo limited."

"I hope you will inſtruct him in the art of pleaſing," ſaid Lady Aubrey, "for without much complaiſance, he is likely to make but a tardy progreſs in the faſhionable world."

"I do

" I do not comprehend your ladyſhip," replied Mr. Hanbury: " if you mean by the art of pleaſing, the fawning, ſycophantic, ſervile adulation, which only knaves beſtow, and none but fools delight in; I truſt, he will avoid that complaiſance which will debaſe his nature."

Lady Aubrey, piqued at the ſincerity of the retort, continued:—

" What maxims would you wiſh to inculcate, where want of fortune is want of every thing? where poverty ſhould place a curb on the imagination, leſt it ſhould run wild beyond the boundaries of prudence?"

" The unperiſhable maxims of truth," replied Mr. Hanbury.

" Antediluvian!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey. " Why, you ſhould have been preceptor to the patriarchs. I am ſorry for your ſake that this converſation was ſtarted, for I had ſome idea of making you private tutor to Sir Sidney:—but I ſhould expire, to ſee a youth of his fortune and faſhion uſhered into the great world, like a black-letter edition of Chaucer, for few people to notice; and for nobody to underſtand."

" Surely, ſincerity cannot be incomprehenſible," ſaid Mr. Hanbury. " It is only deception that is myſterious."

" That may be true," replied Lady Aubrey; " but one likes ſometimes to be agreeably deceived. Sir Sidney was born to move in the higheſt ſphere, where he will have no occaſion for the unadorned qualification of ſincerity."

" True," anſwered my tutor, laconically.

" Beſides," continued Lady Aubrey, yawning with *ennui*, " I ſhould not permit him to deſtroy his health by poring over books, which ought long ago to have been buried with their authors. Sir Sidney is of a delicate conſtitution, and could not ſupport the

the fatigue of ſtudy. It is for this reaſon that I have choſen Mrs. Blagden for his governeſs, till he is capable of deciding for himſelf. There is nothing ſo dangerous as curbing the ſpirit of youth: and I am determined that no perſon ſhall ever contradict Sir Sidney. Nature ſhall take her courſe; ſhe ſhall unfold his mind progreſſively: wealth and power will attend his footſteps, and he will find the world ready enough to obey him."

I liſtened with earneſt attention; and longed to contradict my couſin by way of experiment.

"Will not a female preceptor be ſomewhat ſingular?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"Not at all," replied Lady Aubrey. "It is only by the ſociety of women that men become poliſhed and enlightened: I hate your dull ſcholaſtic pedant; your animal made up of muſty rules, and obſolete opinions;—the very gleaner of ſcattered maxims, either diſowned by their originala uthors, or condemned, for their inſignificance, to moulder in obſcurity."

"What do you call a pedant?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"Why, in the modern acceptation of the word," anſwered Lady Aubrey, "a being, who by his taciturnity conceals his ignorance; and by lining his library with black-letter editions, fancies himſelf a very Mæcenas."

"Is there no medium between the pedant and the blockhead?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury; "and is it not better to be moderately wiſe, than ſingularly dull?

"Oh! I doat on ſingularity!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey. "I would not have my child reſemble any thing living for the whole univerſe!"

"Then let him reſemble ſome of the ancients," ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"No; by woman alone can man be rendered amiable," replied my aunt.

"Perhaps

" Perhaps your ladyſhip approves the doctrines of Cheſterfield ?" cried Mr. Hanbury.

" Not altogether," ſaid Lady Aubrey. " The precepts of Cheſterfield are generally either uſeleſs or criminal. With reſpect to the manners of a well-bred man, he inculcates nothing more than every well-bred man already practiſes. As to his ſyſtem of gallantry, I deem it the moſt profligate, unprincipled, and prejudicial that ever diſgraced the republic of letters. A man, completely faſhioned after the model of Cheſterfield, muſt be the bane of ſociety; a mere fluttering painted fly, that buzzes in the atmoſphere of a court, to dazzle with its gaudy colours, and to ſting the unſuſpecting fool, who is faſcinated by its beauty. No; man only can be poliſhed by woman."

" But not by every woman," ſaid my tutor. " I confeſs there are ſome, whoſe judgment and accompliſhments qualify them for the important taſk of unfolding the young mind; but Mrs. Bladgen does not exactly anſwer this deſcription."

" That may be true," replied Lady Aubrey; " but I am determined that Sir Sidney ſhall be an unſhackled being. Many a wiſe head has been ſpoiled by curbing the exuberance of fancy."

" But not by improving the heart."

" O! the heart is of little conſequence," ſaid my aunt; " nothing is ſo eaſily moulded."

" Then do you not dread the impreſſion of a coarſe and vulgar model? Do you not tremble," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, " while you commit the precious yielding compoſition to the hand that will diſtort its beauty ?"

At this moment Mrs. Bladgen entered the room; and, by her glances of indignation, it was eaſy to diſcover that ſhe had heard the converſation which had paſſed. The aſcendancy which ſhe had acquired over the mind and actions of Lady Aubrey, was menaced by Mr. Hanbury's rational opinions. She beheld in him a powerful rival; her envy was only to be

equalled

equalled by her malice, and ſhe determined on revenge, whatever conſequences might attend it. A ſervant announced Lord Linbourne, when my tutor, taking my hand, excuſed himſelf and departed. Sir Sidney and Mrs. Blagden went airing in Lady Aubrey's carriage, while Mr. Hanbury ſtrolled with me and my dog Chance, towards the environs of Nice.

CHAP. X.

WE aſcended a beautiful eminence, at the ſummit of which we took our ſeat on the turf, to contemplate the ſurrounding ſcenery, and to converſe on what had paſſed ſince our arrival. "Walſingham," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, with a grave and penetrating tone, which vibrated on the heart, "I fear that our ſituation in Lady Aubrey's family will be wholly inſupportable. Diſtance is the ſtrongeſt bond of attachment, to minds tinctured with pride, and apt to ſicken under the fatigues of hoſpitality; removed from Lady Aubrey's preſence, ſhe will, perhaps, remember you with compunction; and compunction may rekindle in her boſom the latent ſpark of affection, which now ſeems almoſt extinguiſhed. We will return to Glenowen;—we will not ſtoop to the caprice of Lady Aubrey. I will educate you with the zeal of a brother; and wherever my future deſtiny may lead me, you ſhall be the partner of my fortune."

Never did accents meet my ear ſo ſweetly harmonious! We roſe, and continued our walk: I had never, till I met Mr. Hanbury, converſed with any man, except Sir Edward and Mr. Martlet. The boiſterous manners of the former, and the terrifying auſterity of the latter, formed a ſtriking contraſt to the wiſdom and urbanity of my new aſſociate. "Remember, you are a man," was his conſtant leſſon. Every mean and diſhonourable propenſity was delineated in ſuch hideous colours, that to know

them was a ſufficient warning to avoid them; while truth! ſublime and immutable truth! was unfolded to my young imagination in all her beautiful attractions! I loved her; ſhe was my firſt love: Oh! how many pangs has my enthuſiaſm cauſed me! How often has my heart bled with anguiſh, when I have ſeen my idol inſulted by ſcorn, or wounded by duplicity.

Mr. Hanbury perceived that his voluntary kindneſs powerfully impreſſed my mind. I had ſcarcely language to thank him, and I was ſilent, leſt I ſhould ſhed tears, which I began to conſider as a proof of weakneſs, incompatible with the true dignity of fortitude. We continued our walk; after a ſhort pauſe, we converſed on various ſubjects: the beauties of nature; the wiſdom and benevolence of that Power, whoſe omnipotence filled my boſom with affections infinite! The wonders of the creation, as they grew familiar to my eyes, produced leſs vivid emotions, while, by degrees, they formed a ſource of ſettled calm delight, which is the baſis of knowledge and the triumph of philoſophy.

"With you I ſhall be happy?" ſaid I chearfully.

"Your happineſs will depend upon yourſelf," anſwered my tutor. "There is nothing perfect, nothing permanent in the lot of humanity. That which we denominate the pain or pleaſure of exiſtence, originates in the tenor of the mind, which calculates the inſtability of either. Wiſdom cannot eſcape the caprices of fortune; beauty is not ſecure againſt the poiſon of adulation; nor can proſperity defend its poſſeſſor from the attacks of corporeal ſuffering. The ſhafts of viciſſitude are perpetually flying round us; virtue and truth may form a ſhield, but it will not prove invulnerable, unleſs they are unmixed with the ſofter affections; for life is an ever-varying ſcene, where the actor alternately demands our ſmiles and tears. But pity, that is awakened indiſcriminately, degrades the human mind below itſelf, and becomes, at laſt, a plea for puſillanimity and folly."

"How

"How am I to know when I ought to pity?" ſaid I. "Muſt I not pity the unhappy.

"Explore the cauſe, before you ſuffer the effect to influence your judgment or penetrate your heart," replied Mr. Hanbury. "There are events which, being inherent in our natures, mock the powers of reſiſtance, and convince the wiſeſt of their own fallibility. An enlightened author ſays, "Let us impoſe an equal temper on our minds, and pay, without murmuring, the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we muſt freeze. The ſummer returns with heat, and we muſt melt. The inclemency of the air diſorders our health, and we muſt be ſick. Here we are expoſed to wild beaſts, and there to men more ſavage than the beaſts: and if we eſcape the inconveniencies and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water, and perils by fire. This eſtabliſhed courſe of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to aſſume ſuch greatneſs of mind as becomes wiſe and virtuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourſelves to the order of nature, who governs the great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations*."

"Is it the order of Nature that Sir Sidney ſhould be happier than I?"

"Time only can elucidate that myſtery," anſwered my tutor. "High fortune is as often productive of miſery as happineſs. The conſolations of life wholly reſt on the powers of appreciating events, and of diſcriminating between real and imaginary bliſs. It is therefore a matter of doubt with me, whether you will not feel more pure and gratifying delight amidſt the ſolitudes of Glenowen, than Sir Sidney will experience in the higheſt circles of falſe refinement."

This ſuggeſtion aſtoniſhed me. I found a glow of

* Bolingbroke.

ſatisfaction mantling through my heart, which almoſt inſtantaneouſly reconciled me to my fortune. Mr. Hanbury had inſpired me with that confidence in his underſtanding, which brought with it an implicit reliance on whatever he aſſerted. He aſſured me that I ſhould be more happy in retirement, than in the din and turmoil of life; and he was not capable of miſleading my hopes, or bewildering my fancy. He had inculeated truth with the gentleneſs of a friend; it ſtole into my heart like a kind and welcome gueſt; it was not forced upon my mind, with an auſterity which would have diſtorted its beauty, and rendered it rather a tyrant than an aſſociate.

From the period of this converſation I began to anticipate the calm and unconſtrained delights which I ſhould enjoy among my native mountains. There, thought I, ſhall I inhale the healthful breezes of morning; wander, uncontrolled, over meadows painted by ſpring, and perfumed by her own ſweet breath; loiter beneath umbrageous woods, and muſe on the margin of the brook, as it courſes ſwiftly down the rude and craggy ſlope; there did I hope, in ſoothing dreams, to behold an opening proſpect where all ſhould be richly coloured by the hand of Nature! "When, when ſhall we return?" interrupted the delicious reverie.

"As ſoon as we can form a deciſive opinion reſpecting Lady Aubrey's intentions," replied my tutor. "Nothing that is done raſhly can be done well: we muſt examine her mind; and draw our inferences from its prominent features. In the mean time let it be your taſk to treat her with reſpect, becauſe ſhe was your mother's ſiſter, and your earlieſt friend." I promiſed to obey.

On our return to the hotel, we found a tailor waiting to provide me ſuch clothes as would be proper for the *protégée* of Lady Aubrey; though I obſerved that the patterns were of an inferior quality to thoſe worn by Sir Sidney. As Mrs. Blagden was giving orders, my

my aunt entered the apartment. "Why, Walſingham! you will not know yourſelf!" exclaimed ſhe, as the tailor preſented the pattern-card: "What will you do to repay me for all this kindneſs?" continued my aunt, in a tone of protection that made me bluſh, though her cheek diſplayed no conſcious ſuffuſion. I could have burnt the patterns, and annihilated the tailor, when with a ſignificant ſhrug he ſighed, "*Pauvre petit! eſt il malheureux?*" Lady Aubrey, by a glance of contempt, acknowledged his ſuggeſtion, which did not offend her pride, becauſe it was proof againſt pity. After a ſhort pauſe ſhe continued: "Mind, Walſingham, that you take care of your clothes; and recollect that you cannot have a wardrobe like Sir Sidney: you are not among the mountains now, child."

"I wiſh I were!" ſaid I, interrupting her and ſighing, "I ſhould then be happy!"

"You ſee, my Lady," cried Mrs. Blagden, "what ſort of return you are to expect from ignorant and ſelfiſh minds. Theſe are leſſons of Mr. Hanbury's preaching; he has taught the boy, already, to rebel againſt your counſel."

"I hope not," ſaid Lady Aubrey, looking earneſtly at my tutor, who only anſwered with a ſmile of diſdain, which was clearly underſtood by Mrs. Blagden.

"I am ſure," cried the duenna, "that my Lady is impoſed on, for I do not think that this boy at all reſembles the child whom we left at Glenowen." Lady Aubrey ſtarted.

"Don't you remember, my Lady, how pretty and lively and entertaining little Walſingham was? Why he was no more like this vulgar brat, than I am like your ladyſhip," ſaid Mrs. Blagden. "You are impoſed upon, cheated, and cajoled by ſome artful deſigning perſon, who, having heard of your ladyſhip's generoſity, wiſhes to make a fool of you. Look at the boy," continued ſhe, turning me round con-

temptuouſly, "has he an air of gentility? does he look like your nephew? Can any thing be more clumſy or more common than this face and figure? You are deceived, entrapped by artifice; and if you don't take care, will be the laughing-ſtock of the whole world."

"It muſt be ſo!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey, "and I am the dupe of my own benevolent heart. The child I loved ſo fondly, and nurſed with ſuch attention, was beautiful and animated. I *am* deceived—this is *not* Walſingham."

"Indeed I am Walſingham," ſaid I, taking her hand and preſſing it to my lips. "Look at me; you will, you muſt remember me. You ſaid but yeſterday, that I was like my mother;—have you forgot her too?"

Lady Aubrey's heart ſeemed to ſhiver at the queſtion, while tears guſhed from my eyes involuntarily.

"A cunning ſtory, learnt by rote," exclaimed Mrs. Blagden; "and I am now more fully convinced of the impoſture than ever." She endeavoured to ſeparate me from Lady Aubrey, whoſe hand I graſped with convulſive agitation.

"Do not ſend me from you," ſaid I, "at leaſt till you believe that I am Walſingham." I fell upon my knees, and held her by the gown; ſhe endeavoured to go; I ſtill hung about her.

"Grieve not, my dear boy," cried Mr. Hanbury; "tears cannot penetrate through hearts of adamant, and innocence contaminates itſelf, by ſoliciting favours from the unworthy. Leave your proud aunt to her mean inſidious counſellor, and know how to eſtimate your own worth, by deſpiſing the baſeneſs of your enemy."

Lady Aubrey quitted the room, followed by Mrs. Blagden and Sir Sidney, who, as he paſſed me, took my hand, and ſhook it. I revived, as ſuddenly as I had become ſorrowful. Oh! how vivifying! how grateful

grateful to the heart are the ſympathies of benevolent minds! Roſanna, to you I need not make the comment.

"Am I not Walſingham?" ſaid I, turning towards Mr. Hanbury as they quitted the apartment. "Am I not Lady Aubrey's nephew? the couſin of Sir Sidney? Why am I diſowned? what have I done, that they acknowledge me no longer? is it becauſe I am not ſo handſome as Sir Sidney?"

My tutor could not anſwer me: his heart was burſting with rage, and throbbing with ſenſibility, when Lord Linbourne abruptly entered the room.

"Where is Lady Aubrey?" inquired his lordſhip, with an air of ſuperiority, which Mr. Hanbury's feelings at that moment could not endure.

"Do you hear me?" repeated Lord Linbourne; "where is your Lady?"

"*My* Lady," cried Mr. Hanbury; "thank Heaven! ſhe is no Lady of *mine!*"

"The chance is an hundred to ten, that you never ſerve her equal," ſaid Lord Linbourne ſneeringly.

"Granted; becauſe it is a million to one," replied Mr. Hanbury, "that ſhe is *unequalled;* for, if the human heart was ever impregnated with the malice of a fiend, it is the heart of Lady Aubrey."

"Sir! I do not comprehend you," ſaid Lord Linbourne, reddening with the ſpirit of knight-errantry.

"Shall I repeat my words?" cried Mr. Hanbury calmly; "ſhall I add my reaſons for entertaining ſuch an opinion?"

"I cannot hear Lady Aubrey ſlandered," replied Lord Linbourne, "and ſhall uphold her conduct at all hazards."

"Whether ſhe be right or wrong?" interrupted my tutor, with contempt; which mortified the young champion of folly.

" Unqueſtionably," ſaid he reddening.

" On what plea, my Lord?"

" By the laws of good breeding," anſwered the angry boy; " a woman of Lady Aubrey's rank in ſociety, has a right to do whatever ſhe thinks proper; ſhe is not amenable to the vulgar, and I will defend her at the peril of my life."

" In violation of juſtice and humanity?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury, ſmiling.

" Thoſe are matters of future conſideration," replied Lord Linbourne. " Any man that preſumes to calumniate Lady Aubrey, muſt draw up his charges with the point of his ſword; and, as for juſtice and humanity, we will leave them to the laws and the ſurgeon, for the benefit of the ſurvivor."

" Do you addreſs this jargon to me, my Lord?" cried Mr. Hanbury gravely.

" To every man breathing," replied Lord Linbourne, " who attaches diſgrace to the name of Lady Aubrey."

" Then I pronounce her, infamous!" exclaimed my tutor; " the moſt unfeeling, the moſt tyrannical, the moſt unnatural of women! One, who diſclaims the innocence that would honour her name, at the ſame time that ſhe upholds the wretch who will damn it to poſterity."

" Give me ſome proof," cried Lord Linbourne; " I ſhall not credit mere aſſertion."

" Here is a living proof, my Lord," anſwered Mr. Hanbury, taking my arm. " This boy, the only child of a dear dead ſiſter; thrown on the world, without fortune, and deſtitute of friends; bred in ſolitude; wild, innocent, and gentle, as you ſee him, came hither to receive her friendſhip; to deſerve it; and—"

" What, ſir?"

" She diſowns him," replied my tutor, endeavouring in vain to ſmother his emotion. " She ſpurns the little

little fugitive, and mocks his innocent appeal to her humanity with the moſt remorſeleſs cruelty. Am I the calumniator of Lady Aubrey? My lord, can you defend her conduct?'

Lafond at this inſtant ſummoned Lord Linbourne to Lady Aubrey's dreſſing room: as ſoon as he was gone, the inquiſitive valet again entered into converſation with Mr. Hanbury, not without laughing heartily at the chagrin he obſerved in his countenance. "You are, I ſee, on the black liſt already—one of the proſcribed," ſaid Lafond; "my lady's favourite is offended, and a thouſand prieſts will not be able to pray you out of purgatory." Mr. Hanbury, equally amazed at the effrontery, and bewildered by the incomprehenſible language of Monſieur Lafond, made no reply; encouraged by his ſilence the valet proceeded—"You are incredulous as to the conduct of Lady Aubrey; now, if you have a mind to be convinced, I will bring you to the proof of her folly, and you ſhall hear her full conviction from her own lips. In a ſmall *boudoir*, adjoining her bed-chamber, you may conceal yourſelf when ſhe retires to reſt. Her favourite is her conſtant companion, and ſhe never fails to unboſom all the ſecrets of her heart before ſhe lays her head upon her pillow."

"What! become a liſtener! a mean and cowardly ſpy upon the actions of an abandoned woman!" exclaimed Mr. Hanbury; "and for what purpoſe?'

"To detect her infamy; to ſhame her into juſtice; and to relieve the little Walſingham from her perſecutions," replied Lafond. "Laſt night by accident I overheard a ſecret of the moſt important nature—Sir Sidney is not——." As Lafond uttered theſe words, Lady Aubrey entered the room; we ſeparated, and the converſation ended.

CHAP. XI.

DURING the remainder of the day my tutor's mind was agitated in the extreme; a variety of painful ſenſations, all of which were tinctured with reſentment and augmented by curioſity, told him, that there was ſomething ſtrangely myſterious in the conduct of Lady Aubrey, and the language of Lafond. At one moment he reſolved to avail himſelf of the ſituation in which he might convict my aunt from her own mouth; but honour and the laws of propriety condemned the ſuggeſtion; and he had not reſolution to act baſely, even in the cauſe of virtue and humanity.

I was ordered to bed at an earlier hour than uſual, and Mr. Hanbury took his leave of Lady Aubrey. The words which Lafond had uttered ſtrongly impreſſed my imagination; and I reſolved, if poſſible, to diſcover their tendency. For this purpoſe I ſtole from my cloſet, paſſed Sir Sidney's apartment, and, unſeen, arrived at the *boudoir* which led to Lady Aubrey's chamber. I now began to reproach myſelf for the mean and degrading curioſity which brought me thither; but it was too late to retreat, and the idea that I ſhould diſcover that which would "reſcue the little Walſingham from perſecution," reconciled me to my ſituation, and augmented my impatience.

Shortly after I had taken my ſtand near the door of Lady Aubrey's apartment, I heard her enter with Mrs. Blagden. My heart palpitated with fear and expectation, when they began to converſe on the various occurrences of the day. "Why did your ladyſhip ſend for the child at all," cried Mrs. Blagden; "even ſuppoſing that he is your nephew?"

"To place him in ſome obſcure part of France," replied my aunt; "it was dangerous to leave him at

at Glenowen; his mother's virtues are ſtill freſh in memory, and the world will at leaſt expect ſome degree of attention on my part to the only child of ſuch a ſiſter. Here he will be unknown; and as he does not bear the name of the family, he can never diſgrace it."

"But the paper which is of ſo much importance—" cried Mrs. Blagden.

"Is ſafe in my ivory cabinet at Glenowen," anſwered Lady Aubrey. "The haſte and perturbation with which we departed would not admit of my depoſiting it in a more ſecure ſituation; and I have never dared to entruſt my keys with any perſon who might convey it to me."

"It ſhould have been deſtroyed," ſaid Mrs. Blagden. "There is no hope of ſucceſs in half meaſures, where the origin of them is of a deſperate nature."

"Such was my meaning," replied Lady Aubrey; "but the villainy of the deed arreſted my hand, and I was at leaſt deterred from that enormity."—Her voice was tremulous, as though ſhe ſhuddered.

"Well, it is too late to think of it now!" ſaid Mrs. Blagden, ſighing—"The boy is in your power, and you muſt not part with him. But we ſhould ſpeedily contrive means to diſmiſs his inſolent companion: Mr. Martlet muſt have been either a fool or a knave to ſelect ſuch a perſon for ſuch an occaſion. He is too prying an obſerver for our purpoſe—he has an intereſt in this boy's welfare which we are not aware of."

"I think as you do, Blagden," anſwered Lady Aubrey; "but we muſt proceed with infinite caution; any violent or precipitate conduct on my part would awaken his ſuſpicion, and intereſt him more than ever in Walſingham's favour. Mr. Hanbury is a ſhrewd pedant; we are but women."

Fiends!

Fiends! Devils! thought I, trembling with agitation.

"I wiſh the boy were in heaven with his mother," ſaid Mrs. Blagden; "for he will only live to plague you, and to diſgrace her memory."

"Oh! do not name his mother," exclaimed Lady Aubrey, "leſt I ſhould forget my obligations to you, and relent in favour of her ill-fated offspring. We will talk further on the ſubject to-morrow—I am not in a humour to decide on any thing at preſent; therefore, leave me."

Mrs. Blagden muttered a reply which betrayed her diſcontent and ſilenced Lady Aubrey: they parted, and I heard the duenna aſcend the ſtairs to Sir Sidney's chamber. It was impoſſible for me to return to my cloſet without her ſeeing me; therefore I threw myſelf gently on the carpet, and reſolved to paſs the night in my place of concealment. A thouſand conſcious reproaches ſmote my heart when I recollected my ſituation; lurking like a mean and deſpicable ſpy under the very roof that afforded me a ſhelter. It was the firſt action of my life that degraded my mind, and I deteſted my own conduct, even more than I deſpiſed Mrs. Blagden's. Determining to throw myſelf on the mercy of Lady Aubrey, I roſe haſtily, and was endeavouring to find the door of her apartment, when my feet were ſuddenly arreſted by the ſound of footſteps in her chamber.

I concluded that Lady Aubrey was ſtill awake, and, led on by compunction which was poignant and irreſiſtible, I ruſhed into her apartment: but how ſhall I deſcribe my conſternation when I heard Lady Aubrey ſhriek, and beheld her ſinking, overwhelmed with confuſion, into the arms of Lord Linbourne? My ſituation was undeſcribable.

I fell upon my knees, and conjured her to forgive me; I wept aloud, and every moment expect-

ed

ed to receive my death from the Viſcount's ſword, which lay on Lady Aubrey's toilette. My ſurpriſe was augmented by the conduct of thoſe from whom I expected nothing leſs than annihilation: they ſoothed and embraced me; offered to bribe my ſecreſy; and promiſed to reward me with every kindneſs if I would not reveal what I then ſaw. "If you tell that you found Lord Linbourne in my chamber," ſaid Lady Aubrey with a faultering voice, and a countenance pale as a ſpectre; "if you reveal it, even to your tutor Mr. Hanbury, I will diſcard you for ever; you ſhall be baniſhed from my affections while living, and die at laſt a miſerable beggar." I ſhuddered, and wept more violently than before. "But," continued my aunt, "if you never diſcloſe this affair to any perſon whatever, you ſhall find me your friend, your affectionate protectreſs, till the laſt hour of your exiſtence." At this moment I heard Mrs. Blagden deſcending from her apartment, and preſently followed a gentle tap at Lady Aubrey's chamber door; Lord Linbourne concealed himſelf beneath the toilette, and my virtuous aunt, with an unruffled tone and a countenance of aſſumed ſurpriſe, demanded her reaſon for returning.

Lady Aubrey was an expert deceiver; her *fineſſe* was more than equal to the low ſubtlety of her tyrannical counſellor; an excuſe was framed, and alleged, with the promptitude of a practiſed imagination; ſhe informed Mrs. Blagden, that I had fallen aſleep in her *boudoir*; and, that, on waking, my ſurpriſe and fear of offending excited that diſtreſs which had probably drawn her from her chamber. "Here," ſaid Lady Aubrey, "take the poor fellow to his bed; for, Heaven knows, I ſincerely forgive him." I reluctantly gave my hand, and ſuffered her to lead me.

As Mrs. Blagden led me out of the apartment, I looked earneſtly towards the *toilette* which concealed

Lady

Lady Aubrey's lover. She obſerved my thoughts, as my eyes revealed them, and loaded me with careſſes till I reached the door. I had made no promiſe to keep the ſecret; but I did not love Mrs. Blagden well enough to honour her with my confidence, and we aſcended the ſtairs together in ſullen ſilence, till we entered Sir Sidney's chamber; when her patience could no longer reſtrain her indignation, and all the malice of her heart burſt forth againſt me.

"My Lady is mighty fond all of a ſudden," cried ſhe: "What artful tricks have you been playing, to win her affections ſo rapidly? Tell me the cauſe of this change in her behaviour," continued Mrs. Blagden, growing ſcarlet with anger, clenching her hands, and ſtamping vehemently.

"I will not tell you," anſwered I ſternly; "ſhe charged me to keep it a ſecret."

"What then there is a ſecret?" cried the inquiſitor with augmented rage. "Thoſe who keep ſome, ſhall in future keep all; for I will be her dupe no longer." So ſaying, ſhe whirled me into my cloſet, and left me to ruminate on the adventures of the night.

From this hour I knew that I had little kindneſs to expect from the enraged duenna; for Mrs. Blagden was one of thoſe mortals, who, living under the command of a tyrant, exerciſed a petty ſyſtem of oppreſſion on all whom chance had placed within the pale of her juriſdiction. Thus, deſpotiſm is the parent of deſpotiſm; and, from an inſtinctive love of ſway, every human being is, more or leſs, the tyrant of his fellow. Though inclination to rule is unqueſtionably a vice, when inordinately exemplified, it is certainly a vice inherent to every boſom that breathes. The beaſts, the fowl, the ſcaly inhabitants of the waters, prey upon each other; and the firſt propenſity of infancy proves, by the little

rage

rage which burſts forth on the ſlighteſt contradiction, the longing to reſiſt, and the inclination to vanquiſh.

CHAP. XII.

MY gay apparel was brought home, and I was, to uſe Lady Aubrey's expreſſion, at laſt, "fit to be ſeen." A morning concert was the theatre of my *debut*; where, as ſoon as I made my appearance, an univerſal murmur overwhelmed me with confuſion: every eye was turned upon me, and every tongue uttered an ejaculation of pity. "Poor little fellow! How kind Lady Aubrey is!" echoed on every ſide. I often directed my inquiring glances towards Mr. Hanbury, who never failed to meet them with a ſmile of encouragement. How amiable, how exalted did this unſophiſticated being appear, when placed in compariſon with the nothings that ſurrounded him! By degrees I drew nearer and nearer, till I ſeated myſelf beſide him; and while the fluttering tribes of folly buzzed their ſenſeleſs jargon, I ſtole a buſy moment, and inquired, "When ſhall we return to Glenowen?"

Lady Aubrey kept her eyes conſtantly upon me, and every word that I whiſpered, during the morning, called a bluſh upon her cheek which ſhame, more than modeſty, excited. She appeared to be the moſt miſerable of the human race; in the midſt of ſplendour, conſcious of guilt, and fearful of detection. Her countenance was agitated, her hand trembled, her lip quivered, whenever ſhe attempted to ſpeak: ſtill watching me with a mixture of apprehenſion and pride, which combined to torture her boſom inceſſantly. I could not help commiſerating her feelings; ſhe is guilty, thought I, and ſhe is ſufficiently puniſhed.

The

The muſic had long been interrupted by the trifling gabble of the company, when a new object of attraction entered the room: it was a faſhionable female, dreſſed like the high prieſteſs of a Turkiſh haram. The perfumes of Arabia ſcented the air as ſhe fluttered through the room; and the general diſplay of complaiſance which ſhe manifeſted to all, excluded every one preſent from the vanity of individual attention. She walked in a mincing ſtep; prattled in a ſmall and affected tone; ſmiled without meaning; and was grave, without being thoughtful. I had never ſeen any thing at all like her: her mien, her dreſs, and her language, were new to me. She was attended by a French girl about twelve years of age, whom ſhe had taken under her protection, to wait on her lap-dog. Mademoiſelle Julie de Beaumont was the daughter of an eminent literary character; but being left at an early age wholly under the care of a mercenary and diſtant relation, chance threw her in the way of ſeeing the world, and ſhe became the humble dependant of Lady Emily Delvin.

The young and innocent Julie attracted univerſal attention. She was gay, ſenſible, well-bred, and beautiful. Her exalted patroneſs ſeemed to envy the juvenile graces of her timid *èlevè*; and, by repeated looks of coldneſs and reproof, never failed to check the imagination and awe the boſom, which depended wholly on her ſmiles for protection and repoſe.

The little favourite, which Mademoiſelle de Beaumont carried in her arms, I inſtantly concluded to be the rival of my faithful Chance. My boſom panted with indignation; I could ſcarcely reſtrain my tongue; every nerve in my diminutive frame quivered with reſentment. Sir Sidney was ſeated on a ſofa near me, attended by Mrs. Blagden; Lady Emily was advancing towards them, when, ſeeing me, ſhe ſtarted back and exclaimed, "Heavens! Lady Aubrey, where did you find this little negro?" My

wrath

wrath began to maſter my diſcretion, when Mrs. Blagden replied, courteſying and ſmiling, " He is a poor little Welch mountaineer, my Lady; born on the manor of Glenowen, and dependent on the bounty of Lady Aubrey."

" Has the queer little wretch no relations?" cried Lady Emily.

" Yes," ſaid I, firmly. " Lady Aubrey is my aunt, and Sir Sidney is my couſin." A blow from the clenched hand of the ſtern duenna nearly levelled me with the ground, when Mr. Hanbury darted forward, and reſcued me from her violence.

" Really, madam," ſaid my tutor, " this ſeverity is ill-timed. The boy only uttered truth, and had he done otherwiſe I ſhould have deſpiſed him."

" You have made him inſolent," cried Mrs. Blagden; " and now you think it neceſſary to defend the ingratitude you taught him."

" Nothing can be more natural," cried Lady Emily, " than ſelf-love. If this be the boy's tutor, he is, in fact, the aggreſſor;—the parent of thoſe errors which his judgment is not yet capable of correcting.

" If ſincerity can be called error," replied Mr. Hanbury, " I ſhall be proud indeed, when my precepts are ſo termed. Mr. Ainsforth is a pupil that will never diſgrace his preceptor, however his poverty may mortify the pride of his family."

" Tolerably ſarcaſtic for a Welch ſtudent!" cried Lady Emily.

" Wonderfully impertinent for a dependent!" exclaimed Lord Linbourne.

" *Mais, Monſieur!*" whiſpered a French *petit maitre*, " *vouz avez tort!*"

" Sir," replied my tutor, while provocation almoſt defeated philoſophy, " if I were wrong, I am not diſpoſed to tolerate reprehenſion from thoſe whom I deſpiſe." A loud laugh followed, and Lady

dy Aubrey, whoſe rage had been with difficulty kept ſilent, requeſted Mr. Hanbury not to trouble her friends, or interrupt the muſic with his ill-judged obſervations.

" 'Tis time, indeed," added Lord Linbourne, " that we ſhould have ſomething like harmony. The muſic may begin: *I* will take care to keep the preceptor quiet.

" Place a guard upon your own tongue, my Lord," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, " if you mean to prevent diſcord." Lord Linbourne hummed the firſt movement of a concerto, but made no reply. During the muſic, Lady Emily and the Viſcount amuſed themſelves by affecting a primneſs of manner, joined to a look of demure ridicule, evidently aſſumed to mortify my tutor.

The concert being ended, Lord Linbourne approached Mr. Hanbury, and with a ſupercilious ſneer begged leave to congratulate him on his good behaviour. " Upon my ſoul, Sir, you were moſt unharmoniouſly inclined," cried his Lordſhip; " but they ſay that muſic has been known to quiet even the ferocity of brutes."

" Had Orpheus played no better than you talk, my Lord, the brutes had never liſtened," replied Mr. Hanbury.

" Muſic has charms to ſoothe the ſavage breaſt!" repeated Lady Emily.

Again a titter went round the room; my tutor grew pale with reſentment, and, with a look of marked contempt, pronounced, " *Ephemera!*"

" Ha! comical enough!" ſaid Lord Linbourne.

" Extremely conceited!" added Lady Emily Delvin.

I now heard Lord Linbourne whiſper to a ſenſible-looking man, who had juſt entered the room, and who knew nothing of the original cauſe for diſcontent, " Let us badger him."

" Badger

" Badger whom ?" cried the ſtranger.

" This young prig of a tutor," replied the Viſcount. " He has been confoundedly inſolent, and deſerves chaſtiſement."

Mr. Hanbury roſe abruptly to quit the room; as he paſſed Lord Linbourne he ſaid in a low voice, " I ſhall call on you in half an hour, to receive what I deſerve; and I requeſt you to remember, my Lord, that *I* ſhall not let you off quietly."

I accompanied my tutor to his hotel, where he wrote ſeveral letters haſtily; but before they were ſealed, a ſervant announced Mr. M'Arthur, whom Mr. Hanbury inſtantly recognized as the laſt perſon he had ſeen enter the room at Lady Aubrey's.

" Pardon me, Mr. Hanbury," ſaid the ſtranger, " if I wiſh to hear an explanation of this unfortunate miſunderſtanding. Lord Linbourne is young and volatile; Lady Aubrey vain and miſchievous; you muſt not endanger your own life, or ſtigmatize his lordſhip's reputation, for a little boyiſh raillery."

" Sir, I am very awkwardly ſituated," replied my tutor calmly; " Lady Aubrey's conduct is peculiarly indelicate."

" I comprehend you," ſaid Mr. M'Arthur, " You mean to ſay that ſhe is your patroneſs. Do you owe any ſerious obligations to her ladyſhip ?'

" Why do you aſk the queſtion ?" cried Mr. Hanbury.

" Becauſe I wiſh them to be cancelled, before I preſume to give you counſel."

" Suppoſing I have not the means," ſaid my tutor, " am I to bear the inſolence of pride, becauſe my ſenſe of injury is ſuperior to my fortune ? Or, is the memory of benefits received to deaden the heart againſt the ſtings of perſecution, till that which originates in gratitude degenerates into cowardice."

" Certainly not," replied Mr. M'Arthur; " my credit is at your diſpoſal; for, as in every other reſpect

pect you ſeem to be Lord Linbourne's ſuperior, I ſhould bluſh to behold you dependent on an enemy, who is only inveſted with power by the caprices of fortune. To be explicit, Mr. Hanbury, I came hither to ſerve you; it has been an invariable rule with me, to take up arms againſt oppreſſion; to reſiſt the arrogance of pride; and to contemn the impertinence of folly?"

"Know then," anſwered Mr. Hanbury, "that my father is under obligations to Lady Aubrey, though I am not: this youth is her nephew; I am his protector." He then related all that had paſſed previous to, and at the concert.

"You muſt not fight Lord Linbourne," ſaid Mr. M'Arthur, whom I now diſcovered to be the Viſcount's preceptor.

"No," repeated I, "he ſhall not fight him, but *I* will; and Lady Dickens's lap-dog into the bargain."

My tutor ſmiled, and bade me be ſilent. Mr. M'Arthur continued: "The Viſcount is in ſome meaſure under my guardianſhip during his travels. *I* am anſwerable for his indiſcretions: will you accept *my* excuſes?"

"On no account whatever," replied Mr. Hanbury.

"What will ſatisfy you?"

"An apology from Lord Linbourne."

"Nothing leſs?"

"Nothing, Sir," replied my tutor. "If your young friend has to boaſt ſome adventitious claims, I too profeſs a nice diſcrimination betwixt the gifts of chance and the advantages of nature. The ſenſe of honour, the proud ſuperiority of rectitude, is not to be ſubdued by the glare of falſe magnificence. Let Lord Linbourne diveſt himſelf of that haughty demeanour which tarniſhes his anceſtry, and meet me on the open ground of equality. You ſhall then judge

judge our cauſe; and I pledge my honour, againſt the Viſcount's nobility, to abide by your deciſion."

"Lord Linbourne will not apologize," replied Mr. M'Arthur. "I am certain he will not."

"Then he ſhall repair the injury he has offered to my honour, or I will periſh," cried my tutor.

"And I will be your ſecond," ſaid the liberal preceptor. "Name your hour and weapons, and ſuffer me to be the bearer of your challenge."

"You! are you not his preceptor?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"And therefore bound to reprobate his conduct," replied Mr. M'Arthur. "I travel with Lord Linbourne to cultivate his mind, and not to countenance his vices. I am his friend, and not his vaſſal; his counſellor, but not his ſycophant. I feed no deſtructive paſſions, by adminiſtering to his follies; I ſanction no crimes, by winking at their progreſs. Lord Linbourne, if he wanted a pander under the plauſible title of a tutor, ſhould have choſen one of thoſe pliant vicious reptiles who would enervate his mind by catering like a voluptuary. I cannot ſtoop to court the ſmiles of infamy; or ſtand like a coward, a tame looker on, while a fellow-creature ſinks in the vortex of diſſipation, a victim for knaves to mock, and fools to pity."

Mr. M'Arthur left the room, and Mr. Hanbury finiſhed a letter which he had begun to Lady Aubrey, recommending me to her protection. He then ſealed thoſe which he had before written, and embracing me, with tears in his eyes, deſired a ſervant to conduct me to my aunt's hotel. My fears ſuggeſted all that was terrible. I conjured him to follow ſoon; he promiſed to do what was right; and with a burſting heart, I quitted the apartment.

Lady Aubrey dined with Lady Emily Delvin. Mrs. Blagden was gone to take the air with Sir Sidney; I ſtole with my faithful Chance to my dark

cloſet

cloſet, and throwing myſelf on the bed, with my harmleſs aſſociate, relieved my afflicted boſom by a torrent of tears.

My ſituation had frequently been unſupportable under Lady Aubrey's roof, had I not found a companion in my dog Chance, whoſe inſtinct evinced a degree of attachment, doubly gratifying, amidſt the perſecutions of pride. With him I had often ſtole from the buz of unintereſting converſation, and ſported away the melancholy hours; while he played a thouſand tricks to entertain and cheer me. Next to my tutor, Chance put forward his claim to my affections, for it is not the conſequence or the ſpecies of attachment, that winds about the heart; it is the proportion in which the mind is ſolaced, that endears the comforter; and I could love that tree which ſheltered me from the tempeſt, that wave which would caſt me ſafe upon the ſandy beach, or that bank where I had repoſed and dreamed of happineſs, as though they were objects warmed by vitality, or animated by reaſon. Aſk not the ſenſual boſom, Roſanna, whether I am right: aſk not the pedant, the ſophiſt, or the philoſopher: but if you wiſh to aſcertain the truth of my aſſertion, turn from the artificial ſcenes of life,—and aſk the child of nature!

CHAP. XIII.

AS evening advanced, I ſtole down ſtairs, to the drawing-room, where I found Lady Aubrey in the moſt violent perturbation. A note from Mr. M'Arthur was ſhortly after delivered to her, informing her that the rencontre had taken place, and that Mr. Hanbury was dangerouſly wounded. The intelligence almoſt annihilated me: I entreated that ſome one might conduct me to him. "He requeſts to ſee Mr. Ainſworth," ſaid the meſſenger. Lady Aubrey conſented

conſented to my departure, and I haſtened to my tutor with all poſſible expedition.

I found him ſhot in the arm; but, as the ball had been extracted on the field, there was every reaſon to hope that the wound would not prove fatal. In the courſe of a fortnight, he was ſufficiently recovered to make Lady Aubrey's hotel his habitation; for, during his confinement, ſhe had not failed to viſit him daily, and to ſit by his bed-ſide whole hours together. Mr. M'Arthur was alſo a conſtant inquirer, from whom we learnt, that Lord Linbourne had transferred his aſſiduities to Lady Emily Delvin, and, ſince the rencontre with Mr. Hanbury, had wholly withdrawn himſelf from the ſociety of Lady Aubrey. From this circumſtance it was evident that her attentions to Mr. Hanbury were meant only to excite the jealouſy of his antagoniſt: but the gentle offices of even a feigned attachment, ſometimes prove dangerous experiments; and thoſe who have encouraged the ſentiment of compaſſion, frequently find it a term ſynonymous with love.

One day, during Mr. Hanbury's confinement, I entered his chamber abruptly, and found Lady Aubrey ſitting near his pillow. My tutor had paſſed a reſtleſs night, with ſymptoms of delirium; and his fever had encreaſed to a degree that was alarming. Lady Aubrey ſeemed wholly inſenſible of my approach, and frequently addreſſed Mr. Hanbury in terms of the moſt ardent affection. She reproached herſelf for having been the origin of his danger, and aſſured him that in caſe he ſhould recover, her conduct ſhould convince him of her ſincere contrition. Her warm and unbounded profeſſions of regard were ſealed by an unequivocal bond: ſhe kiſſed his hand, and ſighed with more than common tenderneſs. I was delighted by her kindneſs, and availed myſelf of her good humour, to demand a ſimilar proof of affection; ſhe ſtarted, and with evident confuſion complied with my requeſt.

In

In proportion as Mr. Hanbury grew into favour, Mrs. Blagden became peeviſh and diſcontented. During the periods that the invalid was deſired to ſleep, it was my cuſtom to throw myſelf on my bed, and to wait, with ſilent ſolicitude, for his hour of waking. Mr. Hanbury had been the inmate of Lady Aubrey's manſion only a few days, when, as I lay in my cloſet adjoining Sir Sidney's nurſery, I heard my aunt and Mrs. Blagden in earneſt converſation.

" Your motives, my Lady, reſpecting Mr. Hanbury are evident," ſaid the vindictive *Gouvernante*; " and I am determined not to hold a ſecond ſituation in your family. My conſcience has long reproached me, and it is time that its burden ſhould be removed."

" You are not, you cannot be capable of ſuch a deed!" replied Lady Aubrey. " You know that I have already engaged to give you five thouſand pounds, as ſoon as the child ſhall be of age; I have ſecured it to your heirs; what more can you wiſh?"

" To quit your ladyſhip's ſervice," anſwered Mrs. Blagden, " unleſs your new favourite is ſent to England: I have no idea of being governed by any one, when I conſider the right I have to be the firſt in this family."

" You ſhall be the firſt, my dear Blagden," ſaid Lady Aubrey, endeavouring to ſooth her: " Heavens knows how much I eſteem you; and how happy I ſhall be to render you every benefit in my power. But you muſt not leave me; indeed you muſt not."

" Then diſcard your new counſellor," replied the duenna; " I have a young nephew too, and your ladyſhip knows it; he wants that which you throw away upon a vagabond."

" He ſhall have any thing that I can command," ſaid Lady Aubrey. " You know, Blagden, that my jointure is not large, and that when my child ſhall be of age, I ſhall have nothing elſe at my diſpoſal. The income allowed for Sidney's education has

has been equally ſhared between us; and you have hitherto been ſatisfied."

"I muſt return to England," cried the rapacious *confidante*. "I have a brother ſettling in a profitable buſineſs; he wants four hundred pounds, and I muſt call in money, which I have placed at intereſt, to aſſiſt him."

"You ſhall have four hundred pounds," replied Lady Aubrey: "I will write to my banker, and he ſhall ſend it to your brother."

Mrs. Blagden having ſatisfied her avarice, again recurred to the firſt object of her hatred: "I hope, my Lady, that you will order Mr. Hanbury back to Glenowen without delay. The world begins to talk about your conduct; and ſome people have even ſaid that you intend to marry him. Now if that be the caſe, I ſhall not think myſelf bound to—"

"Ridiculous!" interrupted Lady Aubrey; "can you ſuppoſe me capable of ſuch folly?—Marry the ſon of a poor Welſh curate!"

"Perhaps your ladyſhip means to do worſe," ſaid Mrs. Blagden.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey; "can you entertain ſuch an opinion of me?"

"Then ſend him to England," vociferated the inveterate harpy. "He ſhall not domineer while I am preſent; I will not ſhut my eyes for every beggar to rob me of my right. I will no longer bear the degradation of ſubmitting to ſuch upſtarts."

Lady Aubrey conjured her to be patient; and conſoled her by a thouſand kind and gentle promiſes of future favour. I was aſtoniſhed at the inſolence of Mrs. Blagden, and ſtill more at the meek ſubmiſſion of the haughty Lady Aubrey: but there is ſcarcely a poiſon which has not its antidote, and guilt will never fail to find its own ſcorpion to puniſh and torment it.

They now muttered low, and I ventured forth from my cloſet: on opening the door I beheld Lady Aubrey on her knees before Mrs. Blagden. "He ſhall go, I promiſe you; by all that is ſacred, he ſhall go immediately," ſaid Lady Aubrey with earneſt agitation.—At the ſight of me they ſtarted—I took advantage of their confuſion, haſtened to Mr. Hanbury, and told him that I had found my aunt in an agony of tears, and kneeling before Mrs. Blagden. Lady Aubrey ſoon after entered the room, and the converſation was interrupted.

I drew cloſe by her chair to examine her eyes; they were red with weeping. I longed to aſk her why ſhe was kneeling to Mrs. Blagden, but the fear of offending my tutor reſtrained my tongue, and nothing further was then ſaid on the ſubject. I quitted the chamber, and flew to find the inexorable governeſs; ſhe was in the nurſery with Sir Sidney; my reſentment was not to be appeaſed; my curioſity demanded ſome explanation why Lady Aubrey, whoſe proud and overbearing mind ſpurned every other reſtraint, ſhould be the mean and crouching ſuppliant of ſuch a fiend as Mrs. Blagden. On entering the nurſery, I briefly demanded the reaſon of her conduct, and aſked her what right ſhe had to ſend my tutor back to Glenowen. "My aunt loves him dearly," ſaid I, "better than ſhe loves you, a thouſand thouſand times."——"Indeed! who told you ſo?" cried Mrs. Blagden, while her eyes flaſhed vengeance, and her cheek grew white with malice.

"Why ſhe told him ſo herſelf—I heard her—and ſhe promiſed to love him for ever, and ſhe kiſſed his hand; and ſhe kiſſed me too," ſaid I with a tone of honeſt exultation.

"Pretty doings!" exclaimed Mrs. Blagden; "it is no wonder that I am out of favour: but all the world ſhall know it." So ſaying ſhe darted out of the

the room, and left me to reflect on the imprudence of my conduct.

Though Mrs. Blagden was in a ſubordinate ſituation in the family, ſhe was, in fact, a perſonage of infinite importance. Even the reſiſting ſpirit of Lady Aubrey ſubmitted to her guidance; and the entire management of Sir Sidney was entruſted to her judgment and diſcretion. Thus have we often ſeen the mighteſt rulers governed by weak and ignorant favourites, who, by that cunning which is the aſſociate of vulgar minds, can defeat the wiſeſt counſels and over-rule the moſt enlightened opinions.

During Mr. Hanbury's ſlow recovery I was only permitted to diſcourſe with Sir Sidney at ſhort periods, and thoſe under the lynx-like watchfulneſs of the ſhe-dragon who guarded him. Even when the little hour of ſocial intercourſe was allowed, my lively effuſions were fettered by a thouſand cold and uſeleſs ceremonies, every one of which was degrading to my nature. I was deſired never to contradict Sir Sidney; never to interrupt him when ſpeaking; never to call him couſin, or to refuſe obeying whatever he ſhould think proper to command. Sir Sidney was amiable, and would have been the delight of my boſom, had nature been permitted to take place of compulſion; but the ſtern authority which enforced obedience, chilled the young buds of friendſhip and eſteem, as the nipping froſt withers the infant bloſſoms of the year, which a foſtering ſun might have nouriſhed to perfection.

It was Sir Sidney's daily cuſtom to take the air in Lady Aubrey's carriage with Mrs. Blagden. Mr. Hanbury being nearly recovered, we alſo dedicated the morning to exerciſe, leſs luxurious, and more ſuited to our fortune. It was in one of theſe rambles that we were ſuddenly alarmed by ſhrieks of diſtreſs, and, looking round, we obſerved a carriage rapidly advancing along the road without a driver. On a

nearer approach I perceived Sir Sidney extending his little arms from the window, while Mrs. Blagden uttered ſcreams that penetrated my heart. What was to be done? They were haſtening towards deſtruction! For, at the end of the lane, an abrupt angle preſented a dreadful and perpendicular precipice.

At this terrible moment I recollected a gate which terminated the road, and darted acroſs the corner of a field which led to it, with velocity ſcarcely human. But what were my horrors when I beheld the gate wide open, while the affrighted horſes purſued their career on full ſpeed. Still I flew with the ſwiftneſs of the wind; my limbs ſeemed light as goſſamer; and my heart beat time to the expedition of my feet. Mr. Hanbury kept his way along the lane in hopes of overtaking the carriage; but I reached the gate before him, juſt in time to cloſe it, and to arreſt the progreſs of the horſes. My joy was convulſive. I laughed, ſhrieked, jumped, and clapped my hands for ſeveral moments. Sir Sidney was releaſed from the carriage; and Mrs. Blagden, as ſoon as the danger was over, fainted.

I threw my arms about my little couſin, while a copious ſhower of tears expreſſed my rapture. Mr. Hanbury was pale and unable to ſpeak. My ſecondary anxiety was for the ſafety of the coachman, for Mrs. Blagden excited but little emotion in my boſom. In a few minutes the object of my ſolicitude came running towards us, having only been thrown from his ſeat by a ſudden jolt, and being entirely unhurt by the fall.

Mr. Hanbury then led me to the margin of the precipice; it was terrible to behold—ſo ſteep, ſo profound, that the cattle, grazing in the dell below, ſeemed more than half diminiſhed by the expanſe of intervening air, while every thing like ſound was loſt in the dreadful and precipitate abyſs; my head became giddy with contemplating the ſcene, my heart ſickened,

ened, my blood ſeemed to curdle in my cheek.——— "There," ſaid Mr. Hanbury, pointing to the valley, fathoms down the dreadful chaſm, "there would have been the grave of Sir Sidney, had not your courage ſaved him." I ſhuddered at the recollection of his danger; I wept tears of joy when I beheld him ſnatched from deſtruction: the ſenſations of my heart were too poignant; Mr. Hanbury perceived their conflict, and led us back to Mrs. Blagden.

We found her perfectly recovered—the coachman had reſumed his ſeat—and the terrified governeſs, with Sir Sidney, returned home to relate the adventure; my couſin requeſted that Chance might accompany him, and with ſome reluctance I conſented. The emblazoned vehicle, which had been an object of admiration almoſt amounting to envy, I now conſidered as a dangerous and inſignificant luxury. "You have witneſſed an example, my dear Walſingham," ſaid my tutor, "that the greateſt ſplendours are not always the moſt productive of ſafety." Though my own obſervation had ſuggeſted the idea, I was nevertheleſs pleaſed to hear it confirmed by Mr. Hanbury's opinion; and we converſed on the ſubject till we arrived at Lady Aubrey's hotel.

CHAP. XIV.

"WHO is there among us," ſays Cicero, "that has been inſtructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the ſight, or even the bare remembrance, of his preceptor and the place where he was taught?" Every ſentiment which memory has engraved upon my heart confirms this opinion; and, to the tutor of my infancy does that heart daily offer up a prayer of gratitude and affection. Deprived of one dear parent, and eſtranged from the other, deſerted by Lady Aubrey, ſnarled at by the domeſtics at

Glenowen, I was a ſtranger to happineſs till Mr. Hanbury afforded me his protection. In his kindneſs I found the affections of a parent, the zeal of a friend, and the aſſiduity of a preceptor. I felt a combination of gratitude and reſpect interwoven with every fibre of my heart; and though the gaudy ſcenes of life have paſſed before my eyes, like the warm tints of declining day, and, like them, faded to oblivion; the earlieſt dawn of reaſon, though clouded by misfortune, remains freſh in my memory, as though it were ſtill preſent. I remember its dark and lowering aſpect; and that the only ray of conſolation which gleamed through the ſombre perſpective originated in the warm and foſtering ſmiles of my benevolent tutor. To his enlightened maxims I owe the few flowers which nature implanted, but which he called forth to decorate my boſom. Alas, Roſanna! they only bloomed, like all my vain deluſive hopes, to periſh.

The pleaſure which I felt in reſcuing Match'em and my faithful Chance, could ſcarcely be termed a ſenſation, when compared with the delight of having ſaved a fellow-creature from deſtruction. Yes, my gentle friend, before I had ſtrength or thought to act in my own defence, I had preſerved the life of Sidney Aubrey! The recollection would have cheered my path through this wilderneſs of ſorrow—would have proved an antidote to all the poiſons of a contaminating world—could I have whiſpered to my lacerated boſom, I preſerved him to be happy!

Lady Aubrey received her child with rapturous affection. She claſped him to her heart, and kiſſed him with all a mother's fondneſs. But the joy which palpitated in her boſom ſcarcely allowed her the power of reflection, when, turning towards me, ſhe exclaimed, "cruel and unnatural boy! what had your little couſin done to provoke ſuch malice? Had not you frightened the horſes, my Sidney's life would

not

not have been endangered." It was in vain that Mr. Hanbury explained the nature of the accident; in vain that I assured Lady Aubrey of my innocence: Mrs. Blagden had suggested the idea, and her voice was considered as the oracle of wisdom.

"Yet hear me, Lady Aubrey," said Mr. Hanbury

"It is to no purpose that you endeavour to exculpate the cruel monster," interrupted Mrs. Blagden: "I am certain that my lady will not dispute my word: if I am not to be believed in such a trifling matter, the sooner I quit Lady Aubacy's family the better."

"Do you call that trifling, which endangers one person's life and wounds the feelings of another?" said my tutor. "Do you call that truth or justice which would stigmatize an innocent boy, and estrange him from the bosom that is bound to foster him?"

"By what law is Lady Aubrey bound to provide for a beggarly relation?" cried Mrs. Blagden.

"By the law of nature," replied Mr. Hanbury; "where that relation is an honour to his lineage, and promises to be the pride of humanity. But," continued my tutor with stern indignation, "I can pity Lady Aubrey, when I recollect that she is under the control of such a monitress!"

"My Lady! do you authorise this upstart to insult me?" vociferated Mrs. Blagden. "Is this the treatment I am to experience, for having so long——"

"No, no," interrupted Lady Aubrey, trembling and alarmed, "I do not authorise any one to affront you; and I am sure that Mr. Hanbury is too liberal to insult a woman."

"Well!" exclaimed the governess, "was there ever the like? to defend the insolent wretch who has disputed my word, and called me infamous names! But I see how it is, my Lady; therefore, let those

who give you counſel keep your ſecrets; and ſince you do not credit my aſſertions——"

"I do; I do credit every thing you ſay," replied the intimidated Lady Aubrey, taking her hand, and ſoothing her.

"Is it poſſible?" cried Mr. Hanbury.

"It is more than poſſible," ſaid Mrs. Blagden; "it is certain. The little devil had his motives. He always envied his beautiful couſin, and hoped by this experiment to deſtroy him."

I ſtood like one that was thunderſtruck! My conſternation took from me the powers of ſpeech.

"See how he ſtands, petrified with conſcious guilt!" continued my accuſer. "He would have been happy had he murdered his poor couſin."

I ſhrieked, and throwing myſelf on the ground, burſt into an agony of tears. Accuſed of meditating murder—the murder of the amiable Sidney! My agony was unutterable.

Again Mr. Hanbury attempted to expoſtulate; and again he was interrupted by Mrs. Blagden. "Spare your fine ſpeeches," ſaid ſhe; "'tis evident the boy has a wicked heart; you had better conſign him to obſcurity, for he will only diſgrace his family."

"Ah! let us go," ſaid I, ſobbing.

"You ſhall go," continued the tutoreſs; "you ſhall not remain under this roof to betray my lady—to tell your artful tales, and to expoſe her weakneſs." As ſhe pronounced theſe words, a ſudden ſuffuſion covered the cheek of the conſcious Lady Aubrey; ſhe looked earneſtly at me, and muttering "Infamous little wretch!" hung her head, overpowered with confuſion. The pauſe of ſilence which followed, gave new vigour to Mrs. Blagden's rage; till Mr. Hanbury, no longer able to endure her inſults, quitted Lady Aubrey's hotel, taking me with him, and reſolving, on the following morning to ſet out for England.

A new

A new ſource of grief now preſented itſelf, and I began to think that there was no period to my vexations. Sir Sidney had taken ſuch a fancy to my favourite, Chance, that Lady Aubrey inſiſted on our leaving him behind us. I remonſtrated with my tutor—I wept abundantly—I hung about my poor dumb friend, and talked to him in the language of affection. Lady Aubrey would take no denial—and Mr. Hanbury perſuaded me to gratify her wiſh, in hopes that my compliance might ſoften her reſentment.—I conſented—but my ſorrow was inordinate—"Ah! my beloved friend, my gentle companion!" exclaimed I, "we muſt part—perhaps for ever! I preſerved thy life—thou wilt not forget me! I am compelled to yield thee up—to conſign thee to a new maſter; to one who was born to tyrannize over me, and to rob me of every thing I value."

We departed. The ſummer had declined; and the rich ſcenery of autumn perpetually met our eyes as we traverſed a beautiful and luxurious country. Every day, every moment was devoted to mental improvement; and though my moſt meritorious propenſities had hitherto produced more pain than pleaſure, I ſtill reſolved to follow the example of my tutor, and to perſevere in the path which he had trodden, though every ſtep were planted with the thorns of diſappointment.

We arrived at Glenowen: my boſom throbbed with ſomething like the intereſt which the heart feels when we meet a dear and long loſt friend. The bare and miſty mountains, contraſting the low and fertile valley, ſeemed like the barren pride of greatneſs, towering over the cultivated minds of thoſe whom deſtiny had placed in the calm vale of life. The idea occupied my fancy, till my eyes caught the firſt glimpſe of the manor-houſe, juſt viſible above the yellow foliage of the declining ſeaſon. I left you, my native home, thought I, all gay, and freſh, and verdant!—

find you ſtealing to temporary decay, yet flaunting your withered canopy, as if you lingered till my return. Beloved and ſolitary home! thou haſt ſtill a nook to ſhelter the unhappy: thy ſtorms, thy dark and cloudy ſkies will not diſturb my meditations, or caſt a gloom over my expanding reaſon! For I have felt the miſery of contempt, the chilling hour of diſappointed hope, even amidſt the glow of ſummer radiance; I have known the human heart to congeal with apathy, while the gaudy exterior baſked in the ſunbeams of proſperity!

Mrs. Dickens and Mr. Martlet obſerved our chaiſe advancing along the park, and met us at the front door with wide-ſtretched eyes of wonder and curioſity. I leaped from the carriage, and inſtantly haſtened to the ſaloon in which I had left the portrait of Sir Edward: it had been cleaned, and placed in a more lively part of the room; the windows were open; the warm ſun ſhone upon it; I fancied that the features ſmiled; and all the unkindneſs of Mrs. Dickens was from that moment forgiven.

My next inquiries were after old Match'em: and my grief was exceſſive when I was informed that, a few days before my return to Glenowen, he had cloſed his weary life, worn out with labour. A variety of painful ſenſations ruſhed into my boſom, till reflection mingled the balm of reaſon with the ſenſibilities of pity. "He is gone!" exclaimed I with half-ſtifled emotion; "but he is at reſt!" As the ſentence concluded, the tear which regret had awakened, was chaſed away by the ſmile of reſignation!

CHAP. XV.

AS ſoon as my luggage was conveyed into the hall, and the poſt-boy diſcharged, we haſtened to the parſonage, where, to our infinite grief—for I had already

ready learnt to participate in the ſorrows of a friend —we were informed that the venerable father of Mr. Hanbury had been dead more than a month. It was then my turn to ſolace the afflicted; I wept abundantly; I gave him tear for tear; and, even by the ſympathy of childhood, conſiderably relieved his ſorrow! for my tutor's grief was ſincere, but not inordinate; he lamented, but his regret was blended with ſubmiſſion.

The news of Mr. Hanbury's death had been conveyed to Lady Aubrey during our journey from Nice to Glenowen; and, by the following poſt, my tutor received a letter, preſenting him the living, with credit on her banker for five hundred pounds to improve and embelliſh the parſonage. She expreſſed her regret that Mrs. Blagden's violence of temper had occaſioned the ſeparation; and, though ſhe never even mentioned me in her letter, it contained many profeſſions of regard and affection towards Mr. Hanbury. I will not detail my feelings as they roſe progreſſively from my ſorrows, but briefly ſtate the events of my life, till I reach that epoch when the tablet begins to aſſume a more ſombre aſpect.

Two years after our return to Glenowen, we ſet out for Briſtol, in order to tranſact ſome important buſineſs relative to the will of the deceaſed Mr. Hanbury, and to fetch home his daughter, who was placed at a boarding-ſchool in the vicinity of that city, where my tutor had many wealthy relations. We were kindly received, and hoſpitably entertained. We found Miſs Hanbury extremely beautiful in perſon, but her mind was as entirely uncultivated as though ſhe had been the pupil of a Siberian ſavage—She had not the ſmalleſt knowledge of the world or its cuſtoms; ſhe had paſſed the daily *routine* of boarding-ſchool tuition with a ſort of mechanical preciſion, which neither expands the heart nor enlightens the underſtanding. She had read authors, whoſe wor::

ſh

ſhe did not comprehend; prattled a foreign jargon, without knowing the meaning of the words ſhe uttered; finiſhed needle-work which in half a century would only adorn the lumber-room of her granddaughter; and learnt, by ear, a few old leſſons on the harpſichord, ſo little graced by ſcience and ſo methodically dull, that they would ſcarcely have ſerved as an opiate to a country 'ſquire, after the voluntary toil of a fox-chaſe. For this lingering death of every mental bloſſom, Iſabella's conſcientious governeſs had received a conſiderable annual ſum, which had been paid during five years by Mr. Randolph her mother's brother, a wealthy merchant, who conſidered his lovely niece as the child of his adoption.

Mr. Hanbury's father, while on his death-bed, had written a letter to Mr. Randolph, thanking him for all his kindneſs to Iſabella, and requeſting that he would permit her to finiſh her education in that retirement which was moſt congenial to ſtudy. He further intreated that the important taſk of cultivating her mind might be undertaken by her brother, then with me on his journey from the continent. "I wiſh," ſaid the dying parent, "that my beloved infant, Iſabella, may be inſtructed, not only in all the finiſhed accompliſhments, which are deemed indiſpenſable in this age of trifling, but alſo in the more ſolid and maſculine leſſons of improvement, ſuch as form the ſcholar and dignify the attributes of reaſon. There can be no rational objection to ſuch a mode of education, as long as woman is gifted with thoſe mental powers which place her on an equality with man. The art of pleaſing will be the natural inmate of her boſom; ſhe will, by inſtinct, cultivate the ſofter graces; the flattery of our ſex, and the vanity of her own, will inſtruct her to charm by feminine attractions; but let her look beyond the trivial claims of ſexual rivalry; let her be taught to feel that ſhe is capable

capable of prouder, nobler acquirements! that ſhe is born with reaſon, which ſhould break through the trammels of cuſtom, and aſſert its equal rights with thoſe tyrants who would enervate her mind, and bend her lofty ſpirit to the yoke of ignorance and ſlavery." This letter had awakened a conſiderable degree of regret in Mr. Randolph's boſom; and it was not till two years after Mr. Hanbury's death that the injunction was made known to my tutor, who joyfully undertook the taſk impoſed on him by the laſt wiſh of his expiring father.

Iſabella was one year younger than myſelf. I was tall, athletic, and almoſt as dark as an Egyptian: ſhe was fair, beautiful, and gentle as the firſt breath of morning! During our reſidence at Briſtol, Mr. Randolph was particularly attentive to me; and frequently, in moments of jocularity, would call me "Iſabella's intended huſband." The bluſh which never failed to ſuffuſe her cheek, ſeemed to confirm the prediction; and, in proportion as ſhe receded, my young imagination cheriſhed hopes wild and romantic. The huſband, the future huſband of Iſabella! every fibre of my heart throbbed at the idea! What undeſcribable impulſe awakened the pleaſing agitation, I know not: paſſion it could not be, at ſo early an age; were I a predeſtinarian, I ſhould call it fate. But I am wandering.—

On the day fixed for our departure, Mr. Randolph preſented Iſabella a purſe of gold, and ſeveral valuable trinkets, as tokens of his affection. "My dear Walter," ſaid he, addreſſing my tutor with a degree of emotion which he could not ſtifle, "to your love and protection I reſign this amiable child, this darling offſpring of a departed ſiſter. Her memory will enſure my moſt zealous ſervices; and her virtues will, I truſt, be the pure models for Iſabella's ſtudy. The graces, which are implanted by the hand of nature, will be called forth by your powers of cultivation.

She

She is fair and rich in mental treaſures; but were ſhe leſs endowed, leſs beautiful to behold, ſhe were ſtill the child of a beloved ſiſter, and as ſuch the inheritor of my affections."

Every word which Mr. Randolph uttered, penetrated my heart. I could not help drawing many painful compariſons betwixt his conduct and that of Lady Aubrey. She too had an amiable ſiſter; *I* was the only offſpring of that ſiſter; and yet, *I* was, with all my claims to pity and protection, abandoned, ſpurned, forgotten! The recollection caſt a gloom over my mind, and a tear of regret which accompanied it could not be concealed. Mr. Randolph obſerved the ſudden change in my countenance and manner, while with an encouraging ſmile he inquired the cauſe of my emotion. I ſighed but could not ſpeak; the full heart beat too highly for the tongue to give its feelings utterance. Mr. Randolph again addreſſed me: "My noble little friend," ſaid he, taking my hand and ſhaking it heartily, "this ſorrow at departing indicates that you have been ſatisfied with my attentions. Is it the pain of quitting my family that renders you thus melancholy?" I briefly anſwered, "No."

"Are you ſorry that Iſabella is the companion of your journey?"

"No, no," replied I, rouſed from my reverie by the ſuggeſtion; "I love Iſabella, better, much better than I love myſelf, and am glad to find that ſhe is happier than I ſhall ever be."

Mr. Randolph looked earneſtly at me during ſeveral minutes. "Continue to love her," ſaid he ſmiling; "and endeavour to prove yourſelf worthy of that return which may, at ſome future period, be the ſource of felicity to both." Then, turning to Mr. Hanbury, he added, "There is ſomething in this boy that pleaſes me, that tells me he is born to ſoar above

above the common track of men; labour to expand his mind—and who knows but—"

"I comprehend your meaning," interrupted my tutor, "and it will be the pride and pleaſure of my "life to render them worthy of each other."

Mr. Randolph embraced us alternately, and after preſenting me a bank note of twenty pounds, to "buy baubles for my future wife," with tears in his eyes bade us "farewel, and remember."

From that moment I became attached to Iſabella, as I had been before eſtranged from Sir Sidney Aubrey; ſo ſtrong, ſo powerful are the pernicious effects of early prejudice.

We returned to Glenowen, after ſix months abſence; our affection ſeemed to augment every moment: Iſabella was the companion of my ſtudies, the play-fellow of my hours of recreation: in all my walks, in all my exerciſes, ſhe was my aſſociate: I loved her with a brother's fondneſs: I felt the irreſiſtible power of female attraction, but I felt it unmixed with the deſtructive paſſions. I adored her, purely, tenderly. It was the idolatry of innocence; nothing ſexual contaminated my boſom; for the beauty of her perſon only preſented to my mind an epitome of her virtues! Roſanna, my pen trembles as I proceed; but you have commanded, and I will obey your wiſhes.

CHAP. XVI.

THE ſpirit of emulation animated our ſtudies, while the progreſs which we made was rapid and aſtoniſhing. From time to time, Mr. Hanbury rewarded our labours with ſuch little prizes as he deemed ſufficient to excite the vanity of knowledge, without degrading the mind with the poiſon of avarice. Several ſmall medals had been contended for, and our triumphs had been nearly alternate. Iſabella every

every day improved in graces, both of mind and perſon: her form was beautifully proportioned; her countenance expreſſive and intereſting, and her complexion tinted with a tranſparent glow, which gave it a degree of animation ſcarcely human.

The words which Mr. Randolph had ſo emphatically repeated at our parting, perpetually haunted my imagination, attended by a train of chimeras, fatally flattering: "Endeavour to prove yourſelf worthy of that return which may, at ſome future period, be the ſource of felicity to both!" There was ſomething ſweetly prophetic in this counſel; my ſenſes eagerly imbibed the ſoothing miſchief; and every hour convinced me, that the proudeſt bliſs my heart could ever experience, would be that of deſerving Iſabella.

Lady Aubrey removed from Nice, and fixed her reſidence in Switzerland. Time journeyed gaily on till I attained my fourteenth year: during the ſummer months our ſtudies were purſued in a ſhady bower at the extremity of the garden; it had been formed and embelliſhed by me; it was the favourite retreat of Iſabella. A thick grove ſheltered it from the mid-day ſun, and the breezes from the mountains paſſed lightly over it: a thouſand ſimple flowers perfumed the threſhold; legions of Nature's choriſters, by their "wood notes wild," broke in upon the ſolitude, and rendered it a little elyſium! Why does my lacerated boſom bleed afreſh, while I deſcribe this ſcene of paſt delights? Why does my blood ſteal coldly through my veins, when I recollect that they are flown for ever?

At the cloſe of a ſultry day, returning from a long walk, as we came within ſight of Glenowen, we were ſurpriſed by an univerſal redneſs which filled the atmoſphere over the manor-houſe; and, on a nearer approach, we diſcovered, that the north wing of the venerable manſion was on fire. The whole neighbourhood

neighbourhood was ſhortly after alarmed; and the peaſantry crowded in columns towards the ſcene of horror. The conflagration had commenced in Lady Aubrey's apartment; the flames burſt through the windows, and menaced the deſtruction of the whole fabric. Mr. Martlet, with a large body of villagers, was employed in removing the furniture, which was new and ſplendid. I ruſhed into the hall, and, amidſt clouds of ſmoke, aſcended the ſtairs of my aunt's dreſſing-room, the ſuperb hangings of which were juſt beginning to blaze. After conveying many articles of value through the window, by cords which were thrown to me for that purpoſe, I found the flames preſs rapidly upon me; and at the ſame time diſcovered, that the gallery, which communicated with the centre of the building, had alſo taken fire. There was no time to heſitate: I ruſhed forth, amidſt the conflagration, and again reached the great hall, unconſcious of the burden which preſſed heavily on my ſhoulders. I haſtened to a ſmall wood that ſheltered the eaſt wing of the houſe; which, being the fartheſt diſtant from the ſcene of deſolation, was choſen as the ſafeſt ſpot on which the effects preſerved might be depoſited. It was a clear moonlight night, and the ſcene was awfully impreſſive. I ſtood almoſt petrified with horror, when, by a ſudden blaze which iſſued from the roof, I diſcovered that the laſt article which I had brought from Lady Aubrey's dreſſing-room, was the *ivory cabinet* which contained the fiat of my deſtiny. I ſtarted at the reflection! I ſhuddered, as I contemplated the object before me! A cold tremor thrilled through my boſom, while I meditated the guilty project of forcing the lock, and exploring its myſterious depoſit.

At this momentous criſis Iſabella's voice called on me from the entrance of the path; the ſound alarmed my heart, big with premeditated guilt; I ſnatched up the precious cabinet, and again hurrying towards the middle

middle of the wood, which was over-run with brambles, haſtily concealed it beneath branches which I tore from the ſurrounding trees; and then, quitting the ſpot, returned to Iſabella.

Her joy was infinite. "Deareſt Walſingham! thank Heaven you are ſafe!" exclaimed the trembling girl, while ſhe eagerly ſnatched my hand, and kiſſed it, with the fondneſs of a ſiſter. I ſhrunk from her careſſes—ſhrunk like a miſerable caitiff. "We ſaw you ruſhing amidſt the flames," continued Iſabella, "and our fears were terrible! My brother is now in ſearch of you; let us fly to relieve his anxiety." She endeavoured to lead me from the ſpot, but my feet ſeemed rooted to the ground, and all the powers of motion in an inſtant forſook me. "Leave me, Iſabella," ſaid I with a faultering voice. "leave me, I conjure you: the night-air is chilling; the ſudden tranſition from heat to cold will endanger your ſafety. There is peril—deſtruction in every blaſt—begone, I intreat you to begone."

"Are you not equally liable to its effects?" replied Iſabella. "This damp wood is full of miſchiefs." I ſtarted. "It is indeed!" ſaid I, ſhuddering with the conſciouſneſs of my ſituation. "Why this trembling?" continued Iſabella, ſtill holding my hand, and gently compelling me to retread the narrow path; "the alarm, the horror of the calamity which you have juſt witneſſed, has overpowered your reaſon: indeed, my deareſt Walſingham, you are not like yourſelf."

"Can guilt ſo change us?" cried I, with increaſed perturbation.

"Guilt!" repeated Iſabella; "of what have you been guilty? Can it be a crime to endanger your own life, in the ſervice of another? Lady Aubrey will love you; ſhe will thank you for your exertions; —what you have done this night will—"

"Diſgrace

" Diſgrace me eternally!" exclaimed I, interrupting her. She was more bewildered than ever;—her hand was cold and trembling;—concluding that my ſenſes were diſordered, ſhe ſunk upon my arm, and burſt into an agony of tears. Her ſympathetic ſorrow awoke me to reflection, and, for a moment, I ſhook off the lethargy that benumbed my faculties. I firmly graſped Iſabella's hand, and hurried towards the manor-houſe, which was ſtill burning with reſiſtleſs fury. The whole atmoſphere was illumined by the glowing pyramid which was formed of the fragments already conſumed; and the lofty trees of the ſurrounding woods were tinged with a crimſon luſtre, awfully contraſting the pale beams of the moon, and rendering the midnight hour ſublimely horrible!

At the entrance of the wood we met Mr. Hanbury, who, with exceſſive joy, embraced us both. " What is to be done?" exclaimed he, " the whole fabric will be reduced to aſhes; the central apartments are already on fire; and ſince your quitting the ſcene of deſolation, no one has ventured among the ruins. Lady Aubrey's dreſſing-room contained many papers of importance."

" Indeed!" ſaid I haſtily; " who told you ſo?"

" Mr. Martlet," replied my tutor. " He has received ſeveral letters from Lady Aubrey, ſince her reſidence on the continent, charging him to keep thoſe apartments locked; particularly that which contained the cabinet of ivory."

My whole frame was convulſed with contending emotions; I had frequently remarked that the dreſſing-room windows were cloſed entirely, and that I never could, by any means, obtain a view of its interior.

" Was the cabinet ſo valuable?" ſaid I, with a voice ſcarcely articulate.

" So it appears by the ſolemn injunctions repeated in Lady Aubrey's letters to Mr. Martlet," replied my tutor.

tutor. "When you were in the apartment, do you remember having ſeen it?"

"I do," anſwered I, for I had not the meanneſs to aſſert a falſehood.

Mr. Hanbury was preparing another queſtion, which might have put my integrity to the trial, and diſcovered the ſecret cauſe of my perturbation, when the whole roof fell in, with a craſh that was terrific. The ſound ſmote my boſom with regret unutterable: the aſylum of my infancy, the abode of ſo many paſt and happy events, ſo many mournful and heart-piercing reflections, was, in a few ſhort hours, reduced to a maſs of ruins, incloſed between blackened walls, and caſting an inconceivable melancholy over every ſurrounding object.

CHAP. XVII.

IT was day-break when we returned to the parſonage. Iſabella was exhauſted by fatigue, terror, and anxiety; and the events of the night paſt had ſo ſtrongly exerciſed my feelings, that on reaching my chamber, and throwing myſelf on my bed, I ſunk into a deep ſleep which laſted ſeveral hours. As ſoon as I awoke, I ſtarted from my pillow, ſcarcely ſatisfied in my own mind whether the conflagration had really taken place, or that a dream had deceived my ſenſes, and preſented horrors which in fact had never exiſted. The melancholy conviction ſoon met my eyes; for, on approaching the caſement of my chamber, the firſt objects I beheld were the ſhattered walls of the manor-houſe, incloſing a furnace ſtill ſmoking with the remnant of its interior adornments. I ſtood for ſeveral minutes contemplating the ſcene of deſolation, which being the firſt of the kind that I had ever witneſſed, excited ſenſations of the moſt gloomy and awful deſcription.

The

The ſweet repoſe which weary nature procured for me, had taken off the laſſitude of fatigue, and my renovated ſenſes became more alive to the acute regrets which now aſſailed them. The coſtly apartments which Lady Aubrey had embelliſhed; the ancient and lonely chamber where I had ſlept, when Sir Sidney's birth annihilated all my viſionary hopes; the hall where Sir Edward's corpſe had reſted in ſtate; and the portrait on which I had gazed with ſuch fond diſtreſs, when I firſt quitted Glenowen, were all conſumed by the devouring flames, and loſt for ever. The memory of theſe, though trifling objects, led to a train of rumination that ſeemed endleſs. I dreſſed myſelf, and haſtily proceeded towards the park, whither Mr. Hanbury had gone ſome time before me. I panted to unburden my full heart; to exonerate my inquiring mind from that imputation of guilt, which the ſelf-reproving ſpirit would not ſuffer to lie dormant. The myſterious language which, in my childhood, I had heard fall from the lips of Lady Aubrey reſpecting the ivory cabinet, had never been communicated to my tutor; I dreaded the reproaches which would follow a confeſſion, that I had deſcended to the degrading taſk of liſtening with the hope of prying into the ſecrets of another. Having concealed the event a certain length of time, I then thought it too late to unfold my error; I had not reſolution to riſk Mr. Hanbury's eternal diſpleaſure, or to ſtigmatize myſelf with the meaneſt and moſt unpardonable violation of domeſtic confidence.

Perplexed, and almoſt wearied into deſperation, I paſſed the wood where the ſource of my agonizing conflicts had been depoſited the preceding night. I would have given worlds, had worlds been at my diſpoſal, to have boaſted that reſiſting quality, which impoſes ſelf-denial, even where our paſſions and our intereſts impel us on to miſchief. But I was the pupil of nature: my mind was permitted to form its bent

bent, before I had judgment to diſcriminate the paths which led to reputation or diſhonour. I ruſhed forward, blind and impetuous: the preſent impulſe guided me; the future pang of compunction was neither feared nor anticipated. I had no proſpect of happineſs; and a perpetual ſcene of ſorrow diſheartened me, till fortitude and hope ſeemed weary of the conteſt. When I came near the ſpot where I had depoſited the cabinet, my whole frame ſhrunk and ſhivered! to embezzle the property of another; to take advantage of a calamitous moment, for the purpoſe of committing little leſs than a robbery, filled my mind with horror. I interrogated myſelf, for what purpoſe I concealed the cabinet? Can I, like a daſtardly villain, a caitiff felon, break open the ſacred repoſitory of another's ſecrets? Impoſſible! A moment's pauſe produced a ſecond queſtion. Does ſelf-preſervation authoriſe an outrage ſo atrocious? The laſt ſuggeſtion ſtaggered me, while my heart throbbed at the peril it preſented.

Sometimes I meditated the plan of burying the cabinet, till Lady Aubrey's return to England: at others, I reſolved to unfold the whole myſtery to Iſabella; but the dread of her diſapprobation ſoon overpowered the dawning rectitude, which would in ſome meaſure have extenuated my original fault, and put a period to the progreſs of my criminality. While I was rapt in thought, Mr. Hanbury came ſuddenly in my way, and the moment ſeemed to preſent itſelf for my reſcue from infamy. I ſtarted; I trembled; I took his arm: my countenance was pale and marked with contending agonies. He conjured me to reveal the cauſe of my inquietude. I could only articulate, "Thank Heaven! my better genius has prevailed." We walked haſtily, for he permitted my arm to guide him, till we came to the middle of the wood; my tutor's conſternation kept him ſilent; and my reſpiration

piration was almoſt ſuſpended, by the important ſecret I was about to develope.

We approached the ſpot, where, through the thickly woven branches which I had heaped over the cabinet, a part of the ivory met our view. I ſtopped abruptly, and graſping his hand, inarticulately exclaimed, " The cabinet is ſafe. Do you not obſerve it? There, there it lies. Be ſecret—be prudent—I ſnatched it from the flames; and, uninterrupted by the buſy multitude, hid it beneath the underwood which you ſee before you." As I concluded theſe words, I fell upon my tutor's neck, and buried my diſtorted features in his boſom.

" Why this emotion?" inquired Mr. Hanbury. " Wherefore does the accompliſhment of a generous enterpriſe afflict and agitate you?"

I conjured him not to queſtion me. " There is more danger in your zeal than kindneſs in your ſolicitude," ſaid I. " Reſt ſatisfied that Lady Aubrey's property is ſafe,—and that I am honeſt."

" Who ſuſpects your integrity?" cried Mr. Hanbury," with ſome ſurpriſe.

" Myſelf!" anſwered I, haſtily. " I ſtand accuſed by that monitor within, which no art can ſilence, no ſophiſtry delude. I have deceived you; I have deceived my own weak mind. I fancied that the revolving wheel of fortune would ſcatter minute events to the chaos of oblivion. Fool that I was, I thought that conſcience could be rendered ſubſervient to ſelf-intereſt. I did not recollect, that the villain, though maſter of his own crime, is ſtill the vaſſal of compunction."

" Your reaſoning is merely hypothetical," replied Mr. Hanbury; " bring me a caſe in point, and I will anſwer you: till then I ſhall deem your language wild and incoherent."

" At ſome future period all ſhall be explained," ſaid I; " for the preſent I muſt only conjure you to

ſet

ſet me beyond the temptation of my own paſſions. Aſſiſt me in conveying the cabinet to ſome place of ſafety, and then take charge of it yourſelf till Lady Aubrey's return to England. This favour you cannot, you will not deny me."

"Shall we deliver it to Mr. Martlet?" ſaid my tutor; "he is an old domeſtic in the family, and much valued for his honeſty."

"Not for worlds," replied I; "he muſt not know that the cabinet is preſerved."

"To whom can we ſo ſafely confide the property of Lady Aubrey, as to her confidential ſervant?" continued Mr. Hanbury.

"Keep it yourſelf," ſaid I. "If you regard my peace, I charge you to keep it; for on the preſervation of that repoſitory depends my happineſs or miſery for ever!"

My tutor aſſiſted me to lift the cabinet, which I had borne alone in the moment of horror, and we conveyed it to the parſonage without interruption; where it was immediately depoſited in my tutor's chamber, with his ſolemn promiſe, never to urge me farther on the ſubject. I felt my mind ſomewhat more tranquil, though not leſs culpable; the fainteſt ray of ſunſhine looks brilliant when it ſucceeds a ſtorm.

A few days after the deſtruction of the manor-houſe, I received the intelligence that my father had married a ſecond wife, almoſt young enough to be his daughter. He had for many months neglected writing to me; and, never having ſeen him ſince I firſt became the *protegée* of Lady Aubrey, the very cords of nature ſeemed ſlackened to inertion. Mr. Hanbury had been to me, ſince I had learnt to diſcriminate, more than a parent; I knew no other: my obedience, my gratitude, my affections, were his; for the mere name of relationſhip cannot influence a reaſoning mind, where the duties of life, and the ties

ties of propinquity, are broken and deſtroyed by neglect and unkindneſs. We are bound by affection to our parents for their care of us in our helpleſs ſtate, and for the parental feelings which they exemplify during our progreſs to maturity; but to aſſert that a child is indebted to its parents for vitality is abſurd and erroneous. Indeed when we look round this wide and eventful ſcene of ſorrow and deluſion, how few are there who can thank the authors of their being; while thouſands, and tens of thouſands, lament the hour that firſt opened their eyes to the miſeries of exiſtence.—

For what is life?—A ſummer day
That dawns bedew'd with icy tears:
Youth glitters like the orient ray,
'Till buſy toilſome noon appears.

Then, while the ſtormy paſſions reign,
The warm horizon ſhad'wy grows,
And only gloomy ſhades remain
To veil the world at evening's cloſe.

CHAP. XVIII.

AT the age of ſeventeen I was placed in the univerſity of Cambridge, at Mr. Randolph's expence, and with his moſt earneſt injunctions to omit no opportunity of completing my ſcholaſtic labours. My mind was naturally ſtudious, and ſometimes ſerious, to a degree that gave me the appearance of a cynic. The retirement, in which I had grown from infancy to manhood, nurſed the thoughtful propenſities of my nature, and tinctured it with a melancholy, which can never be eradicated.

It was not till I was ſeparated from Iſabella that I knew how tenderly I loved her. The playful fondneſs of childhood had ripened into conviction of her power, and I was now conſcious, fatally conſcious, that ſhe was the object of my enthuſiaſtic idolatry.

Previous to my departure from Glenowen, Iſabella promiſed to correſpond with me; ſhe did not forfeit her word: our letters breathed the pureſt, tendereſt friendſhip; but nothing more: they were ſlow and ſubtle poiſons, ſweetened by fancy, yet certain to annihilate. I continued to imbibe their influence;—I was my own deſtroyer.

Three years elapſed, and I ſtill remained at the Univerſity. Iſabella's letters were my ſolace and my pride; they were written wish that noble ſincerity, that natural eloquence, which penetrates and refines the heart. She was the counterpart of her brother—generous, candid, and enlightened. I often, in my letters to Mr. Hanbury, expreſſed a wiſh to viſit Glenowen; but he as repeatedly conjured me to relinquiſh the idea of quitting College, till I could leave it entirely. His injunctions were not to be violated: I devoted every moment to mental labour, looking impatiently for the hour when fate would again bleſs me with the ſight of Iſabella. How little do we know the progreſs of our affections by the morning of love, where all is ſunſhine, ſplendour, and animation!

From my infancy it had been my wiſh to make the army my profeſſion. Reaſon and reflection pointed it out as the only means of providing for myſelf honourably: deſtitute, as I was, of fortune, I knew no other method of acquiring independence; and as a military life dazzles the fancy, while the triumphs of fame deaden the heart againſt the pleadings of philanthropy, the romantic energy of my mind anticipated the hour when I ſhould lay my laurels at the feet of my ſupreme idol!—when I ſhould riſe by the atchievements of my ſword, or fall in the defence of my country. I felt a ſtrong conviction, that nature had beſtowed no graces, either mental or perſonal, that could render me worthy of Iſabella; and I reſolved to ſeek for thoſe advantages which are not

not to be found in the dull paths of life—what I wanted in fortune, I hoped to acquire by fame—to live diſtinguiſhed, or to periſh forgotten.

The manor-houſe had been rebuilt on a more extenſive plan, and with great magnificence; the period was fixed for my quitting college; only two months more were to terminate my ſtudies, when I received a letter from Iſabella containing the following intelligence—

"Splendid preparations are making at Glenowen for the return of Lady Aubrey and her family: Mrs. Blagden has written a letter to Mr. Martlet, full of panegyric on your couſin, Sir Sidney, whom ſhe deſcribes as the handſomeſt and moſt accompliſhed of mortals! It is impoſſible to expreſs how anxiouſly I wait for their arrival. Do not be jealous, Walſingham, but I am already half in love with Sir Sidney, though his portrait is coarſely drawn by the hand of a partial delineator.—You muſt put on your beſt looks, and call forth your moſt poliſhed manners, leſt the ruſt of a college ſhould form a melancholy contraſt to the brilliancy of a foreign education."

The playful ſincerity which marked every line of Iſabella's letter, while it evinced the ingenuouſneſs of her heart, filled my boſom with new and agonizing inquietude. I read the lines over and over; all my ancient hatred was revived, and Mrs. Blagden appeared to be my evil genius. I wrote ſeveral anſwers to Iſabella's letter, all of which I deſtroyed as ſoon as written. I reſolved to ſet out for Glenowen, when pride checked the impuiſe of affection, and I as haſtily determined to wait the arrival of Sir Sidney. "Have I preſerved his life to embitter every moment of my own?" ſaid I in an agony of rage and irritation. "Shall I ſee myſelf again ſupplanted, and by Sir Sidney Aubrey? No, no: by all that is ſacred, I will periſh firſt!" Such were my ravings; ſuch

the frenzied determinations of a mind alarmed, wounded, humbled; I was wild and frantic.

The next poſt brought me farther intelligence from Iſabella; I trembled as I received the letter from my ſervant; I threw it on the table, not having courage to open it while he was preſent, aſhamed of the weakneſs which I had not reſolution to conquer. Oh, Roſanna! theſe were moments, terrible indeed! I had experienced many ſorrows, felt innumerable pangs; but the ſupreme of miſery, the torture which the jealous heart endures, was, till that period of my life, unknown to me. I could have annihilated Sir Sidney Aubrey, myſelf, Iſabella! All the potent miſchiefs of early prejudice now burſt forth in a mighty and ungovernable phalanx; while every gaſping wound in my agonized boſom panted for revenge.

I paced to and fro in my ſtudy—ſnatched up the letter—read the ſuperſcription, ſhuddered—curſed my fate, and again threw it on the ground in a paroxyſm of deſpair; till at length, with a ſort of deſperate reſolution, I broke the ſeal and read as follows—

"Lady Aubrey arrived yeſterday; Sir Sidney is an angel! never did nature form ſo wonderful a creature! How ſhall I deſcribe him? What pen can do juſtice to that model which mocks the powers of deſcription? High as expectation had been raiſed by Mrs. Blagden's letter, the glowing colours of fancy proved too faint for the original which they eſſayed to repreſent. Figure to yourſelf a form moulded by the Graces, and faſhioned by a ſtudious deſire to pleaſe; a countenance rather intereſting than regular; eyes! Oh, Walſingham! I will not attempt to delineate them; they would mock the powers of a more experienced artiſt. Then, his manners are ſo faſcinating, ſo poliſhed, ſo animated! He ſings divinely, and plays on many inſtruments with ſkill the moſt enchanting! We paſſed the whole evening in rambling

rambling about the woods. He repeated ſeveral paſſages from the Italian poets, and from Oſſian; for he has been theſe laſt four years under the tuition of one of the moſt learned and enlightened men in Switzerland. Born to embelliſh ſociety, Sir Sidney comes among us like a conſtellation; every ſcene aſſumes new powers of attraction; every object looks gay at his return! Haſten to behold this celeſtial being, leſt Nature, thinking him too perfect for this world of ſorrow, ſhould remove him to purer, happier regions."

I read no further. I threw the letter from me, and, in one ſhort moment, I pitied, hated, deſpiſed, and doted on Iſabella. What ſlaves do our paſſions make of us! What an inconſiſtent being is a lover! What are the vaunted triumphs of education, if our affections can riſe in rebellion to overturn the empire of reaſon?

On the following morning I received a ſummons from Mr. Hanbury to ſet out without delay for Glenowen. His letter was likewiſe filled with encomiums on the accompliſhed Sir Sidney. This was the confirmation of all I feared, and all I anticipated. I knew that my tutor was ſuperior to prejudice, and that the immutability of truth formed the baſis of all his opinions. "He cannot be deceived," ſaid I: "he has no motive for tormenting me. His imagination is tempered by experience, and cannot be cheated through the dazzling medium of partial affections. I will haſten to Glenowen; I will judge for myſelf: I will examine this phenomenon; I will be convinced." I quitted college,—and my prediction was verified;—I *was* convinced.

Sir Sidney Aubrey was exactly the being whom Iſabella had deſcribed—handſome, polite, accompliſhed, engaging, and unaffected. He ſung, he danced, he played on the mandolin, and ſpoke the Italian and French languages with the fluency of a native. Yet

theſe were not his only acquirements; he fenced like a profeſſor of the ſcience; painted with the correctneſs of an artiſt; was expert at all manly exerciſes; a delightful poet; and a faſcinating companion.

On my arrival he met me in the park, "My dear Walſingham," ſaid he, "how long I have wiſhed for this reunion! Though far diſtant, you have been often preſent to my thoughts; and never without my heart's bearing teſtimony of my gratitude and eſteem."

His words diſtracted me: he flew towards the portico of the manor-houſe, where Lady Aubrey was ſitting.—"Oh, merciful God!" exclaimed I, ſhuddering, "am I deſtined to be at enmity with ſuch a mortal?"

Lady Aubrey's pride and arrogance had not been worn away by the paſſing pinions of time; ſhe received me coldly, and, by a frown of reproof, endeavoured to check the warm and generous zeal which Sir Sidney was emulous of evincing. "Your hoſpitality overcomes your reaſon," ſaid my aunt; "this extravagant vivacity will not do in England."

"Then allow me to return to the frozen ſkirts of Mont-blanc," replied Sir Sidney. "It will be unnatural to let the heart petrify in this genial and proliſic ſoil; will it not, Miſs Hanbury?"

Iſabella ſmiled; I was confuſed and alarmed: I thought that her countenance was more than uſually animated, while her beauty became provokingly dangerous.

"Theſe ſallies," ſaid Lady Aubrey, while every feature ſettled into a ſullen indignation, "theſe abſurd ſallies are—"

"The ſpontaneous effuſions of the heart, my deareſt mother," interrupted Sir Sidney. "Miſs Hanbury knows that I have been as wild as a mountain kid ever ſince I returned to Glenowen. She has been

been the companion of all my rambles; and we mean to explore every path of the woods and vallies to ſee whether Nature is ſo prudiſh as to hide her charms for her greateſt admirer."

Iſabella's cheek reddened to ſcarlet; I fixed my eyes on her; ſhe had not reſolution to meet their gaze. My couſin proceeded—

"How prettily an Engliſh girl bluſhes!"

"Have you made that obſervation already?" ſaid I.

"Yes, truly," anſwered he with an air of *nonchalance* that increaſed my irritation; "for when I ſaluted Miſs Hanbury, her cheek was overſpread with a glow that would have excited the envy of a Pariſian coquette, newly *rouged* from her toilette." My agony was undeſcribable. "But tell me honeſtly," continued Sir Sidney, taking Iſabella's hand, and looking earneſtly at her, "am I the firſt happy mortal, whoſe boldneſs produced a ſuffuſion which made the very roſes faint with jealouſy?"

"I do not comprehend you," anſwered Iſabella, with a look half reprehenſive.

"Come, come, this is affectation," ſaid my couſin: "confeſs; has no mortal ever ſaluted that fair and downy cheek, beſides the preſuming Sir Sidney?"

"None," replied Iſabella, "except my brother and Walſingham."

"*Braviſſima!*" exclaimed my couſin; "fairly owned, by all that's charming. Now I can account for Ainsforth's gloomy appearance. But do not fear me, my good fellow," continued he, "I never will be your rival."

"My rival!" repeated I ſharply; for he had touched the chord which vibrated through my palpitating heart—"My rival!" the idea was unſupportable—Arrogant fool! thought I, doſt thou vainly imagine that, after years of fond, of enthuſiaſtic

[illegible] the [illegible]ry of my life depends on thee? And at thy mercy? And is the heart of Iſabella ſo eaſily won, that in a few ſhort hours a ſtranger ſhould ſupplant me?

"A truce to the ſpirit of chivalry," continued Sir Sidney Aubrey, "for, by the lance of the renowned Sancho, I came not to ſupplant thee. Sleep in peace, my gallant Walſingham; I will never ſcatter thorns upon thy pillow."

"For Heaven's ſake drop this idle converſation," cried Miſs Hanbury; "for Mr. Ainsforth ſeems inclined to render himſelf perfectly ridiculous."

There was an air of haughty reprehenſion, a tone of cold contempt in her words and manner, which I had never, till that moment, witneſſed: I was mute with conſternation.

"Well," cried Sir Sidney, "I have often heard that the moſt ſimple of God's creatures is a jealous lover; and I think the fact now ſo unqueſtionable, that I ſwear, from this hour, never to wear the chains of any mortal woman."

"You are right, Sir Sidney," exclaimed I. "The ſex is made up of folly and caprice; vanity and the love of power are the predominant paſſions of the female ſoul; for theſe they will ſacrifice all the pureſt affections—all the bonds of friendſhip and ſociety: give a woman but the laurel of conqueſt, and ſhe will trample without remorſe on all the buds of reaſon and humanity."

"Hold! hold!" vociferated Sir Sidney; "woman is a charming creature, provided ſhe has her way; a gentle aſſociate where ſhe has the power to command; a kind friend where there is no proſpect of rivalry: and yet there is no living out of their ſociety. Wherever I go, I make woman my companion; whatever I meditate, I conſult a woman: in ſhort, when I abandon the ſex I muſt ceaſe to live; for exiſtence will not be worth preſerving when woman

man is forgotten.—What ſay you, my gallant couſin? am I not right?"

"I was once of your opinion, Sir Sidney," ſaid I, gravely, at the ſame time fixing my eyes on Iſabella's countenance: "but ſuch is the fraiity of human nature—ſuch the undefinable reſtleſſneſs of our paſſions, that I am wholly changed—independent of the ſex's caprices, free, unſhackled as the wind."

Iſabella ſmiled, but it was the feeble triumph of a moment; a tear, a precious tear, which ſtarted from her reproving eye, would, had I been reaſonable, have repaid me for all I ſuffered.

"Thou art wiſe," cried Sir Sidney, ſhaking my hand; "therefore accept the congratulations of a congenial ſpirit. I too once was conſtant; I have for many months loved one woman; but I feel unconquerable ſymptoms of a truant diſpoſition, and fear that a new idol will very ſhortly be triumphant. What would you ſay to me, if, after beholding all the *belles* of France, the mountain nymphs of Switzerland, and the love-inſpiring dames of luxurious Italy, I ſhould return hither to become the hermit of Glenowen?"

This queſtion, though addreſſed to me, was accompanied by a glance at Iſabella.

"Why the hermit?" inquired Miſs Hanbury. "Does the pureſt paſſion of the ſoul deſerve to periſh beneath the chilling garb of apathy?"

Sir Sidney ſighed deeply—"Sweet inquirer!" anſwered he, "my deſtiny is ſorrow! Therefore Walſingham may be as wretched as he will, he is ſure of a companion in affliction."

We were interrupted by Lady Aubrey, who had been ſtrolling along the park, and the converſation ended.

CHAP. XIX.

SIR Sidney's vivacity pleaſed, at the ſame moment that it ſtung me to the heart. I fancied that he had triſled with my feelings, through a conſcious ſuperiority which was the offspring of his mother's overbearing ſpirit. As ſoon as dinner was ended, during which Lady Aubrey's chilling auſterity kept the circle ſilent, Sir Sidney propoſed a ramble towards the mountains. "Come, the evening breezes are inviting, pretty Iſabella," ſaid he; "we will yet have a race before ſun-ſet: you know that you have promiſed to accompany me: Walſingham ſhall ſtay and make his court to my mother." In an inſtant they were out of the room, and I heard them laugh as they croſſed the hall: I had not power to reply: Sir Sidney's words, as well as his manner, diſpleaſed and mortified me. "Make my court" to Lady Aubrey! Heavens! what infamous degradation! Shall I become a cringing fawning ſycophant? Is it not ſufficiently humiliating, thought I, to relinquiſh Iſabella? Shall I be the ſlave, as well as the dupe of my own paſſions? The idea was but little calculated to quell the fever which began to riot in my brain. I was the moſt unhappy of the human race; the moſt perſecuted of mortals! at leaſt I thought ſo.

With an aching heart, and an indignant reſentment, I watched Iſabella and Sir Sidney as they aſcended the mountain: I ſaw them racing, and frolicking, and playing a thouſand gambols. Lady Aubrey perſevered in a taciturnity which afforded me leiſure to be wretched. The objects of my attention reached the ſummit of the mountain, and, by their deſcending on the oppoſite ſide, I loſt ſight of them entirely. My agitation became inſupportable, and, briefly taking leave of my aunt, I returned to the parſonage. Evening cloſed, and neither Miſs Hanbury

Hanbury nor my tutor made their appearance. Twice did I walk to the end of the park, and as often return to my chamber mortified and perplexed. I thought myſelf the mere make-game of a giddy girl, and a vain, exulting libertine. I could not bear the very ſhadow of oppreſſion; it was at all times agonizing; but oppreſſion from one who had from his infancy been trained to offer inſult; tutored to tyrannize; accuſtomed to conſider me as a dependant on his future kindneſs, and, in many inſtances triumphant over my inclinations, brought with it ſuch horrors, that I ſhuddered to anticipate the deep ſhades which were deſtined to follow them.

While my boſom was endeavouring to ſubdue its conflicts, Mr. Hanbury entered my apartment. "Walſingham," ſaid he, with a ſerious and impreſſive tone, ſomewhat tinctured with auſterity, "there is a circumſtance of infinite importance, which calls for your immediate attention. I lament the neceſſity of this communication, but you muſt now reſign that which you can no longer poſſeſs, without, pardon the expreſſion, diſhonouring yourſelf, and ſtigmatizing my family."

The cold drops paced down my forehead. Mr. Hanbury pauſed. "Proceed," ſaid I faintly, "I am prepared to meet my deſtiny, even though it ſhould deprive me of all that rendered life deſirable." My quivering lips, which with difficulty articulated theſe words, my convulſed and agitated frame, alarmed my tutor; and he replied, "You are *not* prepared, Walſingham; you deceive yourſelf; collect all your reſolution, and we will decide upon this important buſineſs to-morrow." As he concluded theſe words, he quitted the chamber, and left me to ruminate on the purport of his viſit.

"Stigmatizing his family!" ſaid I, half frantic at the inſult: "would an alliance with Iſabella ſo mark her with diſgrace? What am I? Oh, Nature!

ture! tell me, where lies the damning quality which renders me unworthy? If in the centre of my breaſt, I will exterminate its very ſhadow. Yes, Iſabella! I will reſign thee! I will for ever obliterate the memory of paſt hopes; become a ſad and wretched exile, from thee, and from the world; and make this heart, this ambitious and fooliſh heart, do an eternal penance for its folly."

Midnight advanced, and no Iſabella appeared. After many ſtruggles between pride and affection, I again repaired to Lady Aubrey's. How often did I turn back, only to renew my path! On approaching the houſe, I heard muſic; I entered the hall, where I found a number of the ruſtic neighbours aſſembled and dancing; Sir Sidney was the partner of Miſs Hanbury. On my appearing in the gay and happy circle, my couſin ſmiled, and whiſpered ſomething to Iſabella. She looked earneſtly at me; my features bore evidence of my diſtreſs. The dance only conſiſted of eight couple, and Sir Sidney propoſed making "a merry night of it." Theſe were his words.

"It is already morning," ſaid Lady Aubrey peeviſhly.

"So much the better," exclaimed my couſin. "The broad ſun ſhall hold a torch to our revelry, and every individual ſhall partake of it. Mirth is the ſoul of ſociety; we can but live our day; and if we can make it perpetual ſpring, why ſhould we ever fancy it December? Pray forgive me, Walſingham," added he, bowing: "but your gloomy countenance ſuggeſted the idea."

"If learning wears ſo forbidding an aſpect," cried Lady Aubrey, "'tis folly to be wiſe. A pedant is not fit for any thing in nature."

"Pardon me, madam," ſaid I, in a half whiſper; "if you apply that name to me, I muſt deny the charge."

"What

" What is he good for ?" inquired Lady Aubrey.

" To keep a ſecret," anſwered I, ſternly ; " and to correct unmerited contempt," added my tutor, who had overheard us. Lady Aubrey was ſilenced by this rebuke, and the retroſpect of her adventure with Lord Linbourne afforded her food for rumination, while it augmented her hatred towards me.

It was in the month of June, and, as the night was ſultry, Sir Sidney propoſed ſupping, and renewing the dance aftet the party had taken refreſhment. At table he placed himſelf next to Iſabella : he talked to her with eaſy familiarity, and at intervals rallied me on my ſcholaſtic ſolemnity. Every tongue was laviſh in his praiſe, and Miſs Hanbury's attentions were unremitting. I obſerved them, and my ſuſpicions were confirmed reſpecting the ſubject of her brother's recent communication.

The more I ſuffered from inquietude, the more Lady Aubrey enjoyed my chagrin, and muttered coarſe remarks. I heard diſtinctly the words " ingratitude," and " envy ;" " needy vagabond," and " arrogant pedant." I would have given worlds to have been on the ſummit of the higheſt precipice, from whence one ſtep might have hurled my feveriſh boſom fathoms down the terrible abyſs, never to throb again.

The night appeared inſupportably tedious : at daybreak, Sir Sidney propoſed one dance upon the lawn before the houſe. The ſun was juſt beginning to gild the tops of the mountains ; the air was temperate ; the dew ſpangled the turf ; and the birds began to carol their wild notes from every branch of the ſurrounding woods. Ah, Roſanna ! how like the progreſs of paſſion is the ſummer day ! I ſtole towards the portico ; and while Sir Sidney was occupied in arranging the cloſe of the feſtival, wrote the following

SONNET.

SONNET.

Slow ſail the vapours o'er the mountain's creſt,
  Unveiling its blue head! The bluſhing ſky
  Flings on the dewy vale its roſeate dye,
And morn appears by ſmiling Nature dreſt!
Sweet is her breath, and green her ample veſt;
  A thouſand minſtrels round her boſom fly;
  A thouſand zephyrs breathe the balmy ſigh,
And ſprinkle perfumes on her glowing breaſt.
  So, in the dawn of love, all ſcenes look gay;
The cheek of her ador'd, out-tints the roſe!
  Sweet is her balmy breath, as buds of May,
The pulſe beats muſic, and the boſom glows;
  Our eyes with grateful rapture greet the day,
Nor ſees the ſtormy hour, which brings a world of woes.

I had ſcarcely finiſhed the laſt line, when Sir Sidney, whoſe vivacity was untiring, inſiſted that all the domeſtics of Glenowen ſhould join in the dance, and partake of the breakfaſt. "The lads and laſſes ſhall be forthcoming," ſaid he, "and therefore the ſooner we arouſe them, the better. I will awaken the damſels; and if they do not obey the ſummons, they ſhall rue their diſobedience; for every one that refuſes ſhall—have a kiſs from Walſingham."

Again the butt of ridicule! the fool for idle jeſts and oblique ſarcaſms! I began to loſe all patience. The whole family was awakened, for the under-ſervants had been long ſleeping; Sir Sidney was maſter of the ceremonies; refreſhments were placed upon the lawn, and the dance recommenced, with increaſed numbers, and augmented glee. My couſin, with an inſulting ſmile of triumph, again took Iſabella's hand, and, with provoking malice, begged leave to preſent me that of Mrs. Blagden. Age had not improved her perſonal attractions, neither had time diminiſhed my rooted antipathy; yet I knew, that, to diſcover my humiliation would only be to increaſe Sir Sidney's merriment. I received my ſcowling partner, though with an ill grace, and we blundered down the dance together; Mrs. Blagden flouting and flouncing;

flouncing; and I as melancholy as though I had been haſtening to execution.

Sir Sidney continued to rally me on my penſive mood by a quotation from Milton, "A beardleſs cynic is the ſhame of Nature!" I made no reply. "Live and laugh, my man of learning," continued he, "for be aſſured, that pedantry is as unbecoming to youth, as a roſe-wreath to the rigid features of antiquated virginity. Travel, Walſingham, travel; viſit the rich glow of a ſouthern hemiſphere, or you will freeze into a ſtatue, fit for nothing but to adorn your grandmother's monument."

The clamorous laugh which echoed round at the concluſion of this ſprightly admonition, was ſcarcely ſupportable, when Mr. Hanbury relieved my diſtreſs, by propoſing that we ſhould return to the parſonage. I did not reſent Sir Sidney's ill-timed pleaſantry, for I have ever ſhunned the querulous, vindictive ſpirit, which only mingles with ſociety to watch the moment of diſſenſion, and to poiſon the delicious intercourſe of friendſhip. Had not Iſabella been the object of my ſolicitude, Sir Sidney's vivacity would have entertained me: but the proud mind ſhrinks from the ſlighteſt touch of perſecution; and the ſenſitive plant is not more feeble, more undefinably ſuſceptible, than is the throbbing boſom of a jealous lover.

A thouſand torments wait on love;
The ſigh, the tear, the anguiſh'd groan?
But he, who never learnt to prove
A jealous pang,—has nothing known!

For jealouſy,—ſupreme of woe!
Nurs'd by diſtorted fancy's pow'r,
Can round the heart bid miſ'ry grow,
Which darkens, with the ling'ring hour.

While ſhadows, blanks to reaſon's orb,
In dread ſucceſſion haunt the brain!
And pangs,—that ev'ry pang abſorb,—
In wild, convulſive tumults reign.

A

At morn, at eve, the fever burns,
While phantoms tear the aching breaſt;
Day brings no calm, and night returns
To mark no ſoothing hour of reſt.

Nor, when the boſom's waſted fires
Are all extinct, is anguiſh o'er;
For *hopeleſs woe*, that ne'er expires,
Still wounds, when *paſſion* lives no more.

CHAP. XX.

ON the following morning Mr. Hanbury came early into my apartment; and, by his countenance, I was told the meaning of his viſit. Unable to bear the trial that awaited me, and urged by the impatience of deſpair, I opened the converſation abruptly; I told him, that I had made up my mind to obey his wiſhes, and conjured him to act as he thought proper, without conſulting me further on the ſubject.

"Are you ſure that you will not repent hereafter?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"I cannot repent of that which you deem neceſſary," anſwered I, walking haſtily about my chamber, and perplexed, almoſt to madneſs.

"Let me conjure you to remember, that my honour, and perhaps your future peace of mind, depend on the deciſion," continued my tutor; "yet, believe me, Walſingham, if you lament the ſacrifice, I ſhall never ceaſe to regret its propriety."

"Oh! do not add the miſery of humiliation to the torture of neceſſity," ſaid I with increaſed inquietude; "leave me, my friend, my more than father;-- leave me to ſtruggle againſt my adverſe fortune; but I conjure you not to pity me. I ſtand ſelf-convicted; I look back with horror on my own infirmity. Heaven can bear witneſs, how fatally I was deceived; my ſenſes are awakened; I confeſs the

the propriety of your opinions, and am ready to adopt them. But mark me; the ſubject of this painful interview muſt, from this moment of humiliating acquieſcence, never be renewed: the memory of my paſt folly muſt be buried, as ſhortly my miſeries will be, in eternal oblivion; for, dearly as I eſtimate your friendſhip; ſtrongly as I am bound to you by all the bonds of gratitude and affection, I ſwear moſt ſolemnly never to bear reproach. Take back the precious treaſure, and leave me in ſilence to deplore that I have loſt it."

"Is the ſacrifice of ſuch impnrtance?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"God! what a queſtion!" exclaimed I, turning ſuddenly towards him. "Is honour dear to man? Is the vital air we breathe a part of our exiſtence? Does the ſun nouriſh the embryo bloſſoms into life? What a queſtion! But you trifle with my feelings, Mr. Hanbury. Do not tempt me to forget the friendſhip which I owe you; do not teach me to curſe the hour which firſt gave me to your protection, do not ſuffer me to diſgrace my name with the baſeneſs of ingratitude."

"If it were poſſible to ſuggeſt any idea that might reconcile my mind—" cried my tutor.

"Hold!" interrupted I, graſping his arm, and looking ſternly at him; "I will hear no more. If this diſtracting ſubject be again renewed, we part for ever. I charge you to fulfil your wiſhes;—to gratify the heart of a deſigning woman;—and to leave me to the fate which ſeems inevitable." At the concluſion of theſe words, I ruſhed from his preſence, and, with a freſh load of anguiſh on my mind, haſtened to Glenowen.

On entering the manor-houſe I found a new viſitor; Colonel Aubrey, the uncle of Sir Sidney, the long-neglected brother of the deceaſed Sir Edward. Iſabella, Mr. Hanbury, and myſelf, were invited to dine

dine with him; and, though I was not eager to renew the humiliations of the preceding evening, I could not with propriety decline the invitation. All the pride of my heart was called into action for this trial of its fortitude; doomed to behold the object of my affections, for the first time since she had consigned to me complete despair; destined to meet a rival, whom from my infancy I had been taught to hate; subjected to the insolence and scorn of an inexorable relation; my perplexities were infinite: but the haughty spirit of my soul sustained me under the accumulated pressure of vexations; and, at the appointed hour, I repaired to dinner.

My aunt had never been a favourite of Colonel Aubrey's; and since the birth of Sir Sidney, all intercourse between them had wholly subsided. She had uniformly endeavoured to estrange them from each other, by representing the early life of her neglected kinsman, as stigmatized with profligacy and blackened by ingratitude towards the deceased Sir Edward. Colonel Aubrey had served with distinguished reputation, but his fortune was unequal to his necessities, and his generosity had long set economy at defiance. He was between thirty and forty years of age, well-looking, frank, liberal, and unaffected. He had passed his life in a camp, and was still unmarried.

At the siege of Gibraltar in the year 1781, Colonel Aubrey had been severely wounded. His health was also impaired by long service; and, his regiment being still in that fortress, he had obtained leave of absence, in hopes that change of climate might in time restore him. He had passed six months in London, where the best medical aid, united with his own urbanity of temper, had so far completed his cure, that one month at Bath was deemed sufficient for his perfect recovery.

From

From the courteous and over-acted attentions of Lady Aubrey, during dinner, it was evident that ſhe was a ſtranger to the worldly ſituation of her gueſt. As ſoon as the deſſert was placed upon the table, ſhe began to expatiate on the great wealth of her ſon, and its vaſt accumulation during his minority. "For his ſake," ſaid ſhe, I have conſented to bury myſelf in Switzerland, and to live upon my jointure. He will be the richeſt of the family that ever bore the name."

"As I am the pooreſt!" interrupted Colonel Aubrey.

"You have fame, to compenſate for the want of fortune and a title," ſaid my aunt, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile appropriate to the obſervation.

"Then he has that, which is more enviable than either!" cried Sir Sidney, ſhaking his uncle's hand with the moſt amiable cordiality.

"Pſhaw!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey, "you talk like a child;—fame is no bad recommendation for a ſoldier, but I believe you would hardly be ſuch an embecile as to exchange your ſolid eſtate for his airy reputation.

"Indeed, madam," replied Colonel Aubrey, "there is too much truth in your aſſertion! All my poſſeſſions are merely air, and I am the camelion deſtined to live on it, unleſs my nephew has a little more generoſity than your ladyſhip; for, to tell you the plain truth, I came hither to borrow money."

Lady Aubrey's face ſuddenly changed colour, while her eyes aſſumed a broader circle, and her whole frame ſtiffened with aſtoniſhment. A nod of encouragement from Sir Sidney inſpired his uncle with new reſolution, and he continued:—

"I am a poor ſoldier, my nephew is a wealthy heir: I have a narrow income; he has a capacious heart! He may live to enjoy the ſubſtantial pleaſures of the world, while I am fighting for "the bubble

bubble reputation;" therefore, as it is the firſt time I ever condeſcended to borrow, and, probably, the laſt that your ladyſhip will be induced to lend, you may as well conclude the buſineſs without wounding my pride, or diſtreſſing the humanity of Sir Sidney."

"And pray, Sir," cried Lady Aubrey, "where are my feelings, that they are not to be conſulted?"

"Bring them into court, for they appear to be aliens," cried Sir Sidney, "and we will examine them. If they can produce evidence that will acquit your heart, mother, I will adore them as the very eſſence of philanthropy."

"You are haſty in your deciſions," cried my aunt, fidgeting on her chair, and growing crimſon with ill-humour.

"Colonel Aubrey renewed his petition. "Time is on the wing," ſaid he, "and I muſt join the regiment; Heaven knows when we ſhall unite again. A Spaniſh ſix-pounder would ſettle all my debts of honour; but that I cannot ſtoop to accept ſuch a favour from an enemy."—Sir Sidney's countenance was agitated in the extreme.

"A very modeſt requeſt," replied Lady Aubrey. "I believe you are the firſt man that ever had the effrontery to borrow money at the moment when he was going to loſe his life."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Sir Sidney, riſing from table to conceal his emotion.

"And pray, Colonel Aubrey, what recompence is my ſon to expect for his generoſity?" inquired my aunt, gravely.

"The recollection that I did my duty," replied Sir Sidney, "that I had the ſupreme felicity of ſerving a gallant fellow, whoſe name will be revered when mine is forgotten."

"Bravo!"

" Bravo!" exclaimed I, involuntarily, while my heart, forgetful of its own ſorrows, glowed with admiration.

" See, mother," cried Sir Sidney, " we can thaw even the icy boſom of the philoſophic Walſingham "

" And, pray, who required his comment?" ſaid Lady Aubrey, happy in having an opportunity to unburthen the rage that ſwelled within her boſom. " When dependants preſume to dictate, ſuperiority of condition becomes indeed a ſhadow. But let me aſk you, Colonel, ſince the matter has gone ſo far, what may be the ſum which you wiſh to borrow?"

" Three thouſand pounds."

" A mere bagatelle!" exclaimed Sir Sidney; " you ſhall have it."

" By what right?" vociferated Lady Aubrey.

" The right, by which virtue claims the participation of Fortune's favours," anſwered my couſin.

I roſe abruptly from table; admiration of his conduct ſtruck with electric force to the centre of my heart. I put forth my hand, to meet his; when Miſs Hanbury exclaimed, " Angelic being!" Her words arreſted my arm, and chilled the glowing impulſe which Sir Sidney's generoſity had awakened; I could have idolized the mind, which, ſpurning the baſe trammels of ſelf-intereſt, dared act ſo nobly! But I could not bear to hear ſuch an eulogium from the mouth of Iſabella.

As the evening ſky began to redden, we repaired to the park, the cloſing hour being ſerene, and the breezes having cooled the atmoſphere. Colonel Aubrey walked with Mr. Hanbury, his ſiſter, and myſelf; while Sir Sidney loitered behind in ſerious converſation with his mother, and by the tones of his voice evidently expoſtulating with her on the ſubject of his uncle's viſit. She ſeemed inexorable. We

rambled

rambled about till twilight: Sir Sidney was unremitting in his attentions to his gallant relation. As the weſtern glow began to ſhut in, and we were deſcending the path from the ſummit of a mountain, Colonel Aubrey ſtopped abruptly: "I once thought this a beautiful proſpect!" ſaid he, ſighing as he contemplated the rich domains of Glenowen.

"And I lament that you ſhould have cauſe to contemplate it with a ſigh," interrupted Sir Sidney. "But Fortune is an envious jade, and eternally at war with juſtice!"

His countenance, as he uttered theſe words, aſſumed a degree of expreſſion which I had never before witneſſed: a tear ſtarted from his eye; and his features became more touching than vivacity ever could have made them. We returned to ſupper; my couſin was penſive and melancholy during the remainder of the evening: he availed himſelf of every opportunity to converſe with his uncle: his voice was low, but his manner was energetic: Lady Aubrey was reſtleſs and impatient, till the hour arrived when the party ſeparated.

CHAP. XXI.

I RETURNED to the parſonage abſorbed in meditation. Sir Sidney's conduct only ſerved to render the pangs of jealouſy more acute than ever. She cannot do otherwiſe than love him! thought I. He is too generous, too exquiſitely worthy, not to impreſs the female heart with admiration bordering on idolatry! Fully convinced of this opinion, during the whole of the following morning I ſhunned Iſabella; for I dreaded to hear her utter thoſe ſentiments with which the liberal Sir Sidney inſpired every boſom.

There was a frankneſs about Colonel Aubrey, which ſeemed the prominent feature of his mind.

The

The jocoſe, yet feeling manner in which he unfolded his neceſſities, diſplayed an ingenuouſneſs of character, which convinced me, more than ever, that truth, in all the varying paths of life, is beautiful and faſcinating. I would have made a pilgrimage to the fartheſt part of the creation, could my journey have rendered the moſt trifling benefit to ſuch a man. The contraſt he preſented when compared with Lady Aubrey, ſpread ſuch deformity over all her mental features, that the contemplative eye turned from them with abhorrence. To become the idolator of virtue, let the pupil of nature explore the labyrinths of vice. They need only be known, to be ſhunned and deteſted.

My couſin invited the ſame party to dinner on the following day. Lady Aubrey had pleaded indiſpoſition the whole morning, as the cauſe of remaining in her chamber; though her motives originated in her determination to avoid Colonel Aubrey. Sir Sidney received us before dinner, and I ſtill remarked that caſt of thought, which had ſo ſuddenly checked his vivacity on the preceding evening. The contraſt which his penſive manner preſented in compariſon with his former flow of animation, was too ſtriking to paſs unobſerved, even by an indifferent eye; but to mine that looked towards my couſin's conduct, as the taliſman which influenced all its proſpects—which bade it ſee the dawn of returning hope, or pour the ſtarting tear at the anticipation of deſpair, the ſmalleſt change was of infinite importance.

At table, Lady Aubrey was more than uſually haughty and reſerved, as if to check the importunities which ſhe expected on the former ſubject. A cold and general ſalutation when ſhe entered the dining room, indicated that frozen avarice which placed a ſhield before her heart to repel the gentle touches of pity and benevolence. Living only for herſelf, ſhe knew no throb of ſympathy for thoſe who, with more

more virtue, were leſs happy; while under the plauſible pretext of enriching one darling object, ſhe denied the commiſerating ſigh to all the reſt of the creation.

At dinner Lady Aubrey renewed the ſubject of the former debate, but in language ſo chilling, that every hearer anticipated her deciſion. After placing herſelf in an attitude of ceremonious rigidity, and ſettling every feature by the rules of repulſive form, ſhe opened the important buſineſs.

"I have been thinking," cried Lady Aubrey, addreſſing herſelf to the brave petitioner, "of your very ridiculous requeſt; and really, upon mature conſideration, wholly diveſted of prejudice, I do not feel juſtified in robbing Sir Sidney, to feed your inordinate extravagance."

"Suppoſe my nephew conſents to the ſacrifice," ſaid Golonel Aubrey, with a mixture of diffidence and chagrin, which was felt by every one preſent.

"Your nephew, Sir," continued my aunt, "is not capable of judging in a matter of ſuch infinite importance; indeed, if he had the experience of age, I have made an oath, which no earthly power ſhall ever induce me to violate, never while I live, to do what is abſurdly called a good-natured action."

"Horrible, ſelf-intereſted woman!" cried Mr. Hanbury, who ſat next to me at the lower end of the table.

Lady Aubrey proceeded—"Three thouſand pounds, give me leave to tell you, Colonel, is a ſum of great magnitude: Sir Sidney has had to rebuild the manor-houſe, and my loſſes, when the old manſion was conſumed, were very conſiderable. We have likewiſe to provide for Walſingham, who muſt ſome way or other be ſet forward in the world, for he cannot ſtarve; and you have perhaps heard that he has no means of ſubſiſtence."

"Never

"Never till this moment," replied Colonel Aubrey; "but I believe that your ladyſhip is miſtaken in the eſtimate of Mr. Ainsforth's fortune; he has proſpects which place him far above want, and the means to live, beyond the reach of oſtentation."

Lady Aubrey ſmiled; it was the ſmile of ſcepticiſm; Sir Sidney's agitation was viſible.

"I ſhall be glad to hear Mr. Ainsforth relinquiſh his expectations from me," ſaid my aunt; "for Heaven knows, I have uſes enough for my money, beſides beſtowing it on poor relations."

"Then your wiſhes ſhall be gratified, madam," ſaid I, ſomewhat impatiently; "for, from this hour, I relinquiſh my claim in favour of one who is more entitled to your friendſhip."

"Your claim!" cried Lady Aubrey trembling with rage and indignation; "I believe, Sir, you will find ſome difficulty in relinquiſhing that which you never poſſeſſed. Had you ever any reaſon to hope for a proviſion for me?"

"Never!" anſwered I, with a ſigh which I could not ſuppreſs: "and yet, had your heart been gifted with the throb of human feeling—had you been more like my angelic mother, and leſs eſtranged from every characteriſtic of your reſpected father—I ſhould have owned my claims, and had them readily acknowledged; but my pride will never yield to aſſert that propinquity which would only ſerve to ſtigmatize my nature."

"One would think," cried Lady Aubrey, "that you had been taught humility by living ſo long on the bounty of Mr. Hanbury, who, I am ſorry to perceive, has only poiſoned your mind, by raiſing your expectations above your fortune."

"My fortune will always be equal to my expectations, madam," ſaid I, riſing from table and advancing towards the door; "for I was taught to feel long ſince how far I might depend upon your kindneſs.

Time has neither exhilarated my hopes nor augmented my vanity: I know that I muſt exerciſe my faculties; for I never will debaſe my feelings by flattering the unworthy."

"Inſolent beggar!" exclaimed my aunt.

"Ungenerous woman!" interrupted Colonel Aubrey; "he ſhall not want your friendſhip; I will adopt him; he ſhall have a ſoldier's fortune; I will give him a commiſſion in my regiment, and we will henceforth ſeek death or proſperity together: for may I be diſgraced, if ever I withdraw my protection on this ſide the grave.'

"And I will be your companion," added Sir Sidney, riſing abruptly from table.

"*You* enter the army!" cried Lady Aubrey.

"Why not, madam?" replied my couſin; "is it not better to periſh than to live the ſlave of avarice? My heart is burſting with compunction; I feel that I am infamous! Colonel Aubrey," continued Sir Sidney, "I muſt ſpeak with you in private."

They roſe to quit the room, and Lady Aubrey fainted.

Iſabella flew towards the door, and ſnatching Sir Sidney's hand, conjured him to return. He ſuffered himſelf to be led back to his mother's chair, ſcarcely knowing by whom he was conducted. He was convulſed with agitation; he trembled, grew pale, and, in the anguiſh of his heart, curſed his untoward fortune which deſtined him to be the victim of a ſordid parent. Lady Aubrey in a few minutes began to revive; her countenance was eagerly inquiſitive; ſhe looked earneſtly round, but her meaning was a myſtery. "Sidney," ſaid ſhe, with a tremulous and agitated voice, "command your fortune, obey the dictates of your heart; but recall your raſh and unfeeling menace."

"Madam, I crave your pardon," replied Sir Sidney, "but you who taught me to be unfeeling muſt not

not reproach me. Both Heaven and yourſelf can witneſs that I am not raſh: I have been patient, even to my own diſhonour.—You are my mother, and as ſuch I am willing to reſpect you; but nature will revolt, when perſecution wrings the heart; and even a parent's rights loſe their inſtinctive powers, when tyranny takes place of reaſon and affection."

Lady Aubrey's agitation increaſed with every word Sir Sidney uttered, till ſhe roſe and retired to her chamber.

In half an hour Mrs. Blagden delivered a letter to Colonel Aubrey, containing a draft for the ſum he requeſted, and an apology for not appearing, on account of indiſpoſition. In the courſe of the day I made a ſerious propoſal to accompany Colonel Aubrey on his return to Gibraltar; Sir Sidney implored me to relinquiſh the idea; repeated the warmeſt profeſſions of friendſhip, and aſſured me that, if I would remain at Glenowen, I ſhould ſhare his fortune: I thanked him, but declined the offer. A fortnight paſſed, and nothing material happened.

Colonel Aubrey, notwithſtanding my readineſs to accede to his propoſal, would not ſuffer me to decide raſhly on an event which might form the main ſpring of every future action. He was ſenſible that my expectations were few, and my proſpects clouded; he knew that all my hopes depended on the caprice of a proud, vindictive woman, whoſe mind was contaminated by avarice, and at the ſame time devoted to oſtentation. He conſidered my ardent deſire to enter a profeſſion which is always dazzling to a young mind, as the offſpring of pique rather than the reſult of diſpaſſionate reflection. Mr. Hanbury united in diſſuading me from my purpoſe: he had ever wiſhed me to ſtudy divinity; he felt a philanthropic repugnance to the purſuit of ſanguinary warfare, and never heard the exultations of a victory, without heaving a ſigh for the miſeries of the vanquiſhed. I had for

ſeveral days abſented myſelf from the manor-houſe, when I again urged him to ſanction Colonel Aubrey's propoſal; he ſhuddered—while I pleaded the ambition of a warm and youthful boſom, where every vein panted for independence. Iſabella was preſent during our converſation; ſhe ſeemed tenderly intereſted in my fate, and eagerly expreſſed her hopes that I would relinquiſh my project. "Conſider, Walſingham," ſaid ſhe, with a tone at once earneſt and impreſſive, "your charming couſin has offered you a home, a ſweet aſylum, here at Glenowen.—You were once fond of this mountain ſolitude; the deepeſt ſhade, the moſt barren precipice, had charms for your contemplative imagination: why are you changed? In what reſpect have they loſt their wonted attractions!"

"Iſabella, is it you who aſk this barbarous queſtion?" ſaid I, while the beating of my heart ſcarcely allowed my tongue the power of utterance. "Can I ever be the aſſociate, the friend of Sir Sidney Aubrey?"

"What ſhould prevent you?" cried Iſabella ſmiling; "with ſuch a companion you cannot fail to be happy; for wherever he goes, felicity muſt follow."

"Are theſe *your* ſentiments, Iſabella?" ſaid I, with emotion which I could no longer ſtifle: "is it the wretched, the diſtracted Walſingham whom you would humble by making him dependent on the object of your affections? Spare me, I conjure you, ſpare me the pang of conſcious degradation; let not the pupil of your brother ſtoop to the baſeneſs of diſhonour."

"Compoſe your mind, my dear Walſingham," interrupted Mr. Hanbury, "and diveſt it of that ſombre prejudice which early events have but too deeply rooted; Sir Sidney Aubrey deſerves that you ſhould think kindly of him: his virtues, the generoſity

roſity of his nature, ſhould intereſt you by congeniality, and place you beyond the reach of obligation; you muſt remain with us; you muſt be the friend, the aſſociate of this noble, this accompliſhed kinſman."

"Periſh the thought!" exclaimed I. "Under all the horrors of approaching events, this ſpot would be a ſcene of torture, which my fortitude would ſhrink at."

"Every ſpot which Sir Sidney inhabits muſt be a terreſtrial paradiſe!' cried Iſabella.

I was almoſt frantic—I could but faintly articulate "I will depart."

I paſſed the remainder of the evening in ſtrolling about the ſkirts of the mountains with my tutor. We converſed inceſſantly on the inhumanity of Lady Aubrey, and Mr. Hanbury's praiſes of Sir Sidney were unbounded: "He is a great favourite of Iſabella's," ſaid he, "and I fear that ſhe is more attached to him already than is conſiſtent with the ſafety of her repoſe."—My breath was almoſt loſt as he uttered theſe words; I had not power to make the ſlighteſt comment; he continued.——"Though Sir Sidney is, in every reſpect, amiable, I cannot help trembling, as I anticipate the perils which ſeem in ſtore for Iſabella. Yet, I dare not caution her upon the ſubject; ſuch a proceeding would beſpeak an unworthy ſuſpicion of his honour, and awaken that pride in her boſom, which would wholly deprive me of its confidence."

"Perhaps you are miſtaken," ſaid I faintly.

"Walſingham," replied Mr. Hanbury, "I am the ſtudent of nature; I have long read the book of human life, traced its dark and intricate pages, explored the characters it delineates, and cannot be deceived by ſo young a novice. But even ſuppoſing I were leſs ſharp-ſighted, I have proofs, inconteſtable proofs, that Sir Sidney is a lover."

" I truſt not Iſabella's!" cried I eagerly.

" I have reaſon to believe that ſhe is the object of his affection," ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

" He is too gay, too volatile, to cheriſh a ſerious paſſion," cried I haſtily, dreading to hear the fiat of my deſtiny, and expecting to be convinced of what I feared to know—" He cannot, he does not love."

" He has learnt at leaſt how to paint a lover's ſorrows," replied my tutor, at the ſame time taking a folded paper from his pocket. I trembled—a cold and numbing horror ſeemed to freeze my heart—" If Sir Sidney loves Iſabella—" ſaid I.

" Hear what he writes," interrupted Mr. Hanbury, opening the paper, and reading the contents.

O! many are the pangs and keen the woes
  Which lovers' tender hearts are doom'd to feel,
  When ſighs, half check'd, the timid griefs reveal,
Seeking, in vain, to paint what paſſion knows!
When pulſes throb with agonizing throes,
  Which tears, unbidden tears, eſſay to heal,
  Falling, like midnight dews, unſeen, that ſteal
To gem with icy drops the dying roſe.
  The roſe ſhall live, when o'er the eaſtern ſteep
Returning morn her yellow veil ſhall ſpread;
  But when ſhall blighted paſſion ceaſe to weep?
On aching hearts what beam ſhall rapture ſhed?
  When ſhall the lover's eye-lids cloſe in ſleep,
Save in the long, laſt ſlumber of the dead!

I was mute with aſtoniſhment; Mr. Hanbury ſmiled: " This is Sir Sidney's hand-writing," ſaid he; and I think the ſubject at leaſt evinces that your young and volatile couſin can feel what he deſcribes."

" Give me the lines," ſaid I, " and leave me to diſcover whether or not they are Sir Sidney's. Where did you find them?"

" I had them from Iſabella," replied Mr. Hanbury; " ſhe found them between the leaves of a book which ſhe

ſhe borrowed from Lady Aubrey's library." My breaſt was conſiderably relieved; I breathed more freely, and endeavoured to treat the matter with indifference. "They are merely a tranſlation; they are not my couſin's compoſition," ſaid I; "they bear evident traits of that romantic tenderneſs which diſtinguiſhed the Italian poets; the offspring of theſe cold and petrifying regions knows not how to feel, or to deſcribe the genuine effuſions of a lover's mind." Alas, Roſanna! how plainly did my palpitating boſom contradict the aſſertion!

"How will you convince yourſelf?" ſaid Mr. Hanbury.

"I will queſtion Sir Sidney,' anſwered I, "but with ſuch cautious delicacy, as ſhall neither offend, nor excite ſuſpicion. The repoſe and honour of your ſiſter demand a ſpeedy explanation; if Sir Sidney's motives are thoſe of honourable love, there can be no impediment to his avowal, and Iſabella's felicity." Mr. Hanbury, after ſome moments of heſitation, conſented to relinquiſh the paper; and I panted eagerly for an opportunity which was to decide the important queſtion.

CHAP. XXII.

DURING the remainder of the evening I ſtudiouſly avoided meeting Iſabella. She did not return from Lady Aubrey's till the cloſe of twilight, and as ſoon as I heard her approaching the parſonage, I haſtened to my chamber. Sir Sidney had accompanied her along the park; at the end of the garden I heard him wiſh her "a pleaſant evening with the amiable Walſingham." My blood foamed in every vein: his ironical expreſſion appeared little leſs than a new inſult: ſhe thanked him; I heard them whiſper, and I beheld her, by the light of the moon, tripping, with more than uſual gaiety, along the garden. She ſung

an air which Sir Sidney had taught her the preceding evening; every note penetrated my heart, and the hours, till day-break, were paſſed in agony.

Early in the morning I roſe from my pillow, weary with the mental conflicts of the night; and haſtened to the manor-houſe: the firſt perſon I met in the park was Sir Sidney Aubrey: I watched his countenance, and thought it was agitated by the conſciouſneſs of duplicity: I could ſcarcely ſuppreſs my rage; my limbs ſhook with convulſive torture; my heart throbbed with indignation: he was confuſed; his voice faultered, as he addreſſed me; we turned back, and proceeded together towards the houſe. Not a ſyllable paſſed on either ſide till we came to the library door, which opened on the park; I darted forward; Sir Sidney ſtopped abruptly on the threſhold; I obſerved his cheek turn pale, and involuntarily muttered, "Daſtardly hypocrite!" He ruſhed by me into the room, and throwing himſelf on a ſofa, exclaimed, "It ſhall terminate, by Heavens! it ſhall terminate. The fatal ſecret ſhall be unfolded, and I will diſſemble no longer." He roſe haſtily; he rung the bell; a ſervant entered; Sir Sidney demanded, "Where is Lady Aubrey?"

"In her chamber, not yet dreſſed," was the anſwer.

"Send Blagden to inform her," continued my couſin, with a voice low and inarticulate, "that ſhe ſhall ſee me in a few minutes."

He was quitting the library, when I caught his arm and detained him: "Sir Sidney, I requeſt you to ſtay a moment; I have ſomething which I think belongs to you," ſaid I ſternly; "are you conſcious of having loſt any thing? Recollect,—be brief,—be candid."

"Alas! too conſcious am I, Walſingham, that I have loſt a treaſure which wealth cannot recover: I

have

have loſt my tranquillity of mind!" replied Sir Sidney.

"I have a paper which I believe is yours," ſaid I, at the ſame time unfolding the ſonnet.

"Keep it," replied Sir Sidney, reddening to ſcarlet, and attempting to eſcape. I ſtill graſped his arm. "Walſingham," continued he, "let go your hold; you know not what you do; this conduct may prove fatal."

"I defy my fate, Sir Sidney; you have deſtroyed my every hope of happineſs," anſwered I with a tremulous tone which betrayed the poignancy of my feelings. Still he ſtruggled to break from me, and ſtill I held his arm. "I wiſh to talk with you on buſineſs of importance: I have much to ſay, and to explain," continued I, "reſpecting Iſabella." He ſtarted—the colour forſook his cheek, and the fluſh of confuſion was ſucceeded by the paleneſs of deſpair.

"Of Iſabella! Do you wiſh to ſpeak of Iſabella? Oh, Walſingham! have a care," ſaid he; "this is a momentous criſis! you are not conſcious to what peril you expoſe me; you know not how ſenſibly alive this heart is, which you ſeek to torture; but if you will be heard, I conjure you to be brief. The miſeries of life may terminate, before the triumph of guilt is yet completed. Do you love Iſabella?"

"Better than life," anſwered I.

"Then I am wretched," replied Sir Sidney.

"Did you write theſe lines?" ſaid I, ſhewing him the verſes which I had received from Mr. Hanbury.

"I did—I cannot deny them—they are mine—the effuſions of my heart," anſwered my couſin, with a voice ſcarcely audible. "Oh, Walſingham! if you knew the fatal ſecret that wrings my boſom, you would not condemn, but pity me."

"I know, too well I know the ſecret which you

cannot veil, by art, or by diſſimulation," ſaid I, quitting my hold, and walking haſtily about the library.

"How am I to comprehend your words?" cried Sir Sidney; "have you diſcovered that,—that,—"

"That you love," ſaid I.

"Whom?" cried my couſin, interrupting me.

"Iſabella."

Sir Sidney ſmiled convulſively; he endeavoured to ſpeak, but could not; he graſped my hand; every feature diſplayed unutterable agitation. At this moment Colonel Aubrey entered the room; Sir Sidney darted by him, and I ſtood like a ſtatue, petrified by conſternation.

"Which way does the battle turn now?" exclaimed Colonel Aubrey; "this is a new and ſtrange kind of warfare; the victor flies, and the vanquiſhed remains maſter of the field! Sir Sidney whizzed by me like a cannon-ball, and you look as heart-ſick and ghaſtly, as though you were mortally wounded!"

"I am indeed!" anſwered I; "wounded to my heart's innermoſt receſſes. Sir Sidney has added a link to the chain of my misfortunes, which weighs me down and overwhelms my ſenſes. Yet I muſt bear it. Perdition! why *muſt* I bear it? Sir Sidney is but a mortal; I am a man; what are his claims to Iſabella? Fortune! And is the idol of my affections a miſerable venal wretch, whoſe charms are to be bartered at the altar of avarice? Will the adventitious gifts of chance preponderate in the ſcale, againſt the ſuperior rights of truth, and long-proved attachment? Oh God! can Iſabella ſo far forget her own perfections, as to beſtow the treaſures of her mind upon a ſtranger? a gay, capricious, trifling libertine! Impoſſible! She never ſhall be his; he ſhall die, before I will patiently relinquiſh the only hope, the only treaſure that ſweetens life."

"This is madneſs!" exclaimed Colonel Aubrey; "nothing leſs than the moſt unnatural frenſy! If

Miſs

Miſs Hanbury loves Sir Sidney Aubrey, and is beloved by him, you cannot violate the laws of reaſon, by an act of deſperation ſo unjuſtifiable. You ſay that Iſabella is dear to you, and yet for the gratification of a ſelfiſh paſſion you would deſtroy her happineſs eternally."

His words awoke reflections, till then ſubdued by the conflicts of my mind. Deſtroy the happineſs of Iſabella! The idea electrified my heart. I quitted the library, and walked haſtily on the lawn which led to the park. I was agoniſed and diſtracted. Colonel Aubrey followed me. The big drops paced down my forehead, when Iſabella came forth from the wood, and flew towards us. Never did ſhe appear half ſo lovely! The wind had diſhevelled her beautiful hair; exerciſe had deepened the ſoft tints of her complexion, and her eyes ſparkled with liquid luſtre! Her firſt inquiries were after Sir Sidney. My miſery was undeſcribable.

"Walſingham," ſaid ſhe, "you ſeem unwell; has any thing diſtreſſed you? Have you ſeen your couſin?"

Colonel Aubrey glanced ſignificantly towards me; his looks augmented my humiliation. Iſabella proceeded towards the library, and we followed.

There was an inquietude about Miſs Hanbury, that confirmed my ſuſpicions more ſtrongly than ever. How eaſy is it, at the ſame moment, to love, to hate, to pity, and to deſpiſe! What ſhadows do we conjure up to fright our reaſon from the tranſient gleam of happineſs, which is ſo ſcantily allowed us!—While I was eagerly occupied in watching Iſabella's looks and actions, Sir Sidney returned. She inſtantly transferred all her attentions, and addreſſed to him a thouſand trifling queſtions, which he anſwered ſo incoherently, that ſhe, at length, remarked it, and rallied him on his melancholy humour. His whole ſoul ſeemed abſorbed in gloomy meditation;

tion; his eyes were alternately directed towards Miſs Hanbury and myſelf. My ſituation was perplexing in the extreme: I had not reſolution to quit the library; and every moment augmented my dilemma, while I remained a ſilent ſpectator of Sir Sidney's agony and Iſabella's attentions.

This diſtreſſing embarraſſment to all parties was interrupted by Colonel Aubrey, who requeſted that I would walk with him towards the mountain—"And I will accompany you," ſaid Miſs Hanbury; "for as Sir Sidney ſeems inclined to meditation, I ſhall only interrupt him." My couſin ſtarted from his reverie, and ſnatching her hand, exclaimed—"I entreat you not to leave me; I have much to ſay;—and Heaven knows when I ſhall have another opportunity." Iſabella laughed at Sir Sidney's impreſſive manner, and, taking my arm, advanced towards the library door.

"Walſingham," cried my couſin, "I conjure you not to require Miſs Hanbury's company; I am too unhappy already to bear an accumulation of diſtreſs."

I looked an appeal to Iſabella; ſhe ſtopped, and ſeemed undecided. "If it is a matter of indifference," ſaid I, with more petulance than wiſdom, "pray do not heſitate to gratify Sir Sidney; perhaps, that which he has to communicate will intereſt you nearly, and I have nothing to diſcloſe but what you know already." She heſitated no longer, but with a ſmile, half piqued and half reproving, accompanied me towards the park.

CHAP. XXIII.

WE had ſcarcely advanced ten paces, when a ſhriek from Lady Aubrey's dreſſing-room, the windows of which were open, arreſted our footſteps. Miſs Hanbury flew towards the houſe, we followed.

On

On entering the apartment from which the alarm proceeded, we beheld Lady Aubrey pale, and unable to utter a ſyllable, holding Sir Sidney's arm, whoſe hand graſped a piſtol, and whoſe whole frame was convulſed with agitation. I ruſhed forward, and wrenched the inſtrument of death from his trembling hand; he fell upon my ſhoulder, and ſeemed to loſe all ſenſation. His lips and cheeks were white, and cold as marble; Iſabella ſhrieked. "He will die!" exclaimed ſhe; "O God!—he is dying!"

Sir Sidney revived—"Would to Heaven I were ſo happy!" ſaid he, feebly; "for ſuch complicated miſeries are not to be ſupported!—To adore one object—to deceive another——It were better that I ſhould expire." Iſabella could not ſuppreſs her tears; they flowed ſpontaneouſly, notwithſtanding all her efforts to repel them. Her boſom was not wholly devoid of pity; but the ſentiment of nature overpowered the efforts of humanity. My pangs were infinite! while the torturing conſciouſneſs of what I ſuffered taught me to feel commiſeration, even for my rival. Sir Sidney obſerved the agonies of my ſoul; they were delineated in every feature of my diſtorted viſage; they preſented an unſophiſticated epitome of the mind's chaos: my brain ſhudders at the recollection of what I then ſuffered.

Sir Sidney entreated me to leave him. "If you have one atom of mercy in your boſom, I conjure you to be gone," ſaid he. The tone of his voice ſmote my heart; it was wild, yet ſad; and though tender, energetic. "Let us leave him with Walſingham," ſaid my aunt. She quitted the room, followed by Colonel Aubrey and Iſabella.

As ſoon as they were gone, Sir Sidney looked mournfully at the piſtol which lay on the carpet—"Oh, Walſingham!" exclaimed he, "what a devoted wretch am I! What a deſpicable, monſtrous hypocrite! Could you behold my palpitating heart; could

could you but read the dark and cureleſs ſorrows of my deſtiny——" His articulation was ſuſpended by the conflicts of his mind during ſeveral moments, when he, ſuddenly preſſing his hand to his forehead, continued, "My brain is burning with mental agony!—Oh, Nature! haſt thou no pity for thy child, thy victim?"—I knew not what to ſay, or how to meliorate his acute ſufferings: I entreated him to tranquilliſe his mind, and to obey the dictates of reaſon. He ſmiled, and ſhook his head with a melancholy expreſſion. "You counſel wiſely," ſaid he; "but can you exemplify the doctrines you inculcate? Can you behold the object of your fondeſt hopes wreſted from you, and ſay, with truth, that reaſon will inſtruct you to be patient?"—I felt conviction throb within my boſom;—I was ſilent.

"Walſingham," continued Sir Sidney, "either you muſt depart, or *I* muſt periſh: I could unfold a ſcene of horrors ſo complicated, ſo terrible, that my ſoul ſhudders at the idea of their continuance!—Iſabella——"

"What of her?" interrupted I, eagerly.

"Iſabella loves you, Walſingham!" anſwered Sir Sidney, with a faultering voice; "but ſhe never muſt be your's: I cannot live to ſee it. Promiſe me that you will not think of her——"

"You are frantic," ſaid I.

"Almoſt, indeed!" replied my couſin; "but your promiſe——"

"I cannot pledge my word to any injunction ſo perfectly ridiculous," anſwered I. "Indeed, even were our affections at our own diſpoſal, the unreaſonable demand you make would prevent the poſſibility of a compliance, mean and derogatory to the principles of my nature. The moſt unpardonable deſpot is he who would ſhackle the mind:—I cannot, I *will not* relinquiſh Iſabella."

"That

"That is your determination?" cried Sir Sidney, haſtily.

"Irrevocably," anſwered I.

"Then, Walſingham, farewel for ever!" exclaimed my couſin, darting out of the apartment, and leaving me perplexed in the extreme.

I deſcended to the park, where I met Mr. Hanbury: I told him what had paſſed, and he adviſed me to return to college. "It is merely a boyiſh paſſion," ſaid he; "and, moſt probably, will not be laſting. Lady Aubrey will never conſent to an alliance between Sir Sidney and my ſiſter, and Iſabella's pride will prove an inſuperable bar to a clandeſtine union." His words bewildered my imagination. I had concluded from his former converſation, that Mr. Hanbury was aſſured of Lady Aubrey's conſent, and that the marriage was conſidered as an affair of certainty. After a ſhort pauſe I reſumed the diſcourſe. "If you ſanction the addreſſes of Sir Sidney, Lady Aubrey will not be averſe to their ſucceſs," ſaid I. "Where can the heir of Glenowen find ſo honourable an alliance? ſo amiable, ſo faſcinating a wife as Iſabella? She will embelliſh the fortune which ſhe will command; ſhe will be the pride, the ornament, the bleſſing of Sir Sidney's family."

"Never, with my conſent," interrupted Mr. Hanbury.—I ſtarted; he proceeded. "From her infancy I have conſidered her as your promiſed wife; I have faſhioned your minds to blend in the ſweet uniſon of unambitious love; I have anticipated the hour when your virtues would embelliſh the calm vale of life, enliven its moſt dreary ſcenes, and ſmooth every path towards immortality. The wealth, the ſplendour which Sir Sidney can beſtow, will not compenſate for the loſs of mental pleaſures, nurſed in the ſilent haunts of ſolitude and virtue."

I liſtened

I liſtened with rapture; my heart beat high, and my blood quickened in circulation with every word he uttered. A pauſe again enſued, which laſted till we reached the library.

Lady Aubrey informed us that Sir Sidney was ſomewhat more compoſed, but that he choſe, during the remainder of the day, to continue in his chamber.

The conflicts, which the various ſenſations of the morning had produced in my mind, almoſt benumbed its recollection. I had never avowed a paſſion for Iſabella; I had not, till Sir Sidney's return, even betrayed a wish beyond that of the pureſt friendſhip. The generous avowal of approbation from the lips of my tutor, encouraged me to hope; and hope, like the dew of Heaven, while it cheriſhes the buds of affection, calls forth all that can ſweeten life, or adorn humanity. Cold muſt that heart have been which Iſabella could not intereſt!—I leave you, Roſanna, to judge what I experienced, impreſſed with the moſt enthuſiaſtic fondneſs, formed in our days of childhood, and conſecrated by the ſympathies of reaſon.

Still Iſabella ſeemed anxious for the fate of Sir Sidney. She remained at the manor-houſe till late in the evening, and frequently ſent inquiries to his chamber, expreſſed in terms of unuſual ſolicitude. At midnight we returned to the parſonage: the weather was clear; and we ſtrolled ſlowly along the park. Mr. Hanbury queſtioned his ſiſter reſpecting the conduct of Sir Sidney, and in the moſt unequivocal language demanded her confidence. She aſſured him that no profeſſions of love for her had ever eſcaped his lips.

I liſtened with an anxious heart, and was almoſt inclined to faſhion my credulity by the tenor of my wiſhes. There was an air of ſincerity in Iſabella's declaration, which was ſufficient to ſilence the fears

of

of ſcepticiſm. She had, from her infancy, been taught to revere the dignity of truth; and I had not courage to become an apoſtate before the oracle of my faith—the object of my idolatry!

CHAP. XXIV.

ON the following morning, Colonel Aubrey came early to the parſonage: Mr. Hanbury and Iſabella were abſent, and, as he found me alone, our diſcourſe turned on the conduct of my aunt, and Sir Sidney's raſh attempt on his own life.

Colonel Aubrey's manner indicated a mind labouring to unfold ſome hidden ſecret: he walked about with an evident uneaſineſs, which, at times, broke forth in half-ſuppreſſed ejaculations, and at others abſorbed him in profound ſilence. At length, after many unſucceſsful attempts to quit the room, he took hold of my arm, and, leading me towards the garden, ſeriouſly addreſſed me:—"Mr. Ainſforth,' ſaid he, "there certainly is ſome dreadful cauſe for my nephew's inquietude, beyond his paſſion for Iſabella Hanbury. I heard a converſation this morning in Lady Aubrey's dreſſing-room, which is adjoining to the chamber where I ſlept, and there does not remain a doubt in my mind of its importance. I will endeavour to repeat what paſſed, as nearly as I can be correct; for my nephew's voice was often low and inarticulate, as though he laboured under extreme agitation."

"For Heaven's ſake be brief," ſaid I.

"Lady Aubrey," continued he, "reproved her ſon for his raſh and criminal conduct. 'Reflect for a moment,' ſaid ſhe, 'and recover your fortitude. Think what degradation would follow the ſtep which you meditate: what ruin to yourſelf, what diſgrace to your family!'

'Am

'Am I then to be the victim of ambition?' replied Sir Sidney; 'are the deſpicable diſtinctions of fortune to ſhackle all my hopes, darken all my proſpects, and bend me to an untimely grave? Are all the energies of the ſoul to be ſubdued by the triumphs of pride and duplicity?—The cheek may wear the ſmile of contentment, even when the heart is wrung with remorſe; the eye put on the vivacity of joy, and gliſten through the tears of agoniſing compunction; but nature will ſpeak in frequent whiſpers to the feeling mind, and there is no ſound that can overpower the voice of conſcience.'

'Reflect on the criminality of ſelf-annihilation!' ſaid Lady Aubrey.

'Is it not virtue to periſh,' ſaid Sir Sidney, 'when it is infamy to live? The day of retribution muſt come; and the longer I exiſt, the more will my guilt accumulate.'

'But a paſſion ſo abſurd, ſo degrading!' cried Lady Aubrey.

'Can we command the affections of the heart?' replied Sir Sidney. 'Can we reſiſt the inſtinctive impulſe which is inherent to our natures?'

'Yet I conjure you to conquer this baſe infatuation. The hour of repentance will arrive when your miſeries will be irremediable," ſaid Lady Aubrey.

'Then let it come!' interrupted Sir Sidney, raiſing his voice with impetuoſity; "if I have courage to meet death, I have equal reſolution to bear the frowns of fortune. O God! thou knoweſt, that, with the being I am deſtined to idoliſe, I could live contentedly on the ſummit of a mountain.'

'Romantic folly!' exclaimed Lady Aubrey: 'this is the language of a maniac!'

'Then truth is frenſy,' replied Sir Sidney. 'If the agoniſing conflicts of a breaking heart cannot awaken pity in your boſom, how ſhall I addreſs you? In what language ſhall I urge you to be juſt? How obtain

obtain your ſanction to throw off the veil of infamy beneath which my cheek glows with ſhame and ſelf-reproach? The wants of Colonel Aubrey, the gloom of poverty which overſhadows the laurels he has won, and his ineſtimable virtues, ſo long neglected, combine to awaken pangs which nothing can alleviate. Will you doom an only child to the ſlow and certain agonies of deſpair?'

'I cannot yield you up to the ſneers and inſults of the world; I cannot behold you wedded to one ſo much beneath you,' replied the inexorable mother.

'Then I will follow Colonel Aubrey's fortune,' cried Sir Sidney. 'I will accompany him to Gibraltar.' He heſitated, and, receiving no reply, continued, 'you do not anſwer me. Unkind and cruel parent! Think that you behold me the lifeleſs victim of ambition! Feel the touch of nature; let it vibrate on your heart; let it penetrate thoſe fibres, which are become almoſt inſenſible to the pleadings of humanity. Do not, by ſacrificing me, heap on your own ſoul the puniſhment of eternal anguiſh.'

"Lady Aubrey was ſilent, but I could diſtinctly hear her weep and ſob inceſſantly.

"Sir Sidney reſumed his intreaties: 'I will this day unburden my full heart to Iſabella:—I will tell her all I feel, all I anticipate; for I cannot, I will not live to ſee her the wife of Walſingham.'

'They were educated together: their ſituations in life are ſimilar: the union would be ſanctioned by equality,' replied Lady Aubrey. 'Your couſin is a proper huſband for the ſiſter of Mr. Hanbury.'

'Periſh all diſtinctions, but thoſe, which originate in mental ſuperiority!' exclaimed my nephew. 'What am I, amidſt the profuſion of wealth which chance has heaped around me? A monſter of diſſimulation! a wretch, weighed down with guilt! a

vile

vile, degraded, infamous, and ſordid hypocrite! But before I ſleep again, this miſery ſhall terminate. I will deſtroy the ſpell which threatens to benumb the warmeſt affections of my heart. I will ſeparate Iſabella and Walſingham, or I will ceaſe to breathe."

"Lady Aubrey again remonſtrated: Sir Sidney perſevered in his determination, till ſhe left him in a paroxyſm of rage.

"I heard him traverſing his apartment during more than half an hour, talking wildly to himſelf, and curſing his unhappy fortune with all the vehemence of deſpair; while your name and that of Miſs Hanbury were ſeveral times uttered with an agoniſed tone, which convinced me that you were the cauſe of his diſtraction.'

Colonel Aubrey having concluded his account of the morning's interview, requeſted to hear my opinion. I had not power to ſpeak. "It is evident," cried he, "that Iſabella's want of rank and fortune excludes her from Lady Aubrey's favour. The boy is animated with a paſſion which can only be ſubdued by time and reaſon: leave him to the united powers of both; you can rely on Iſabella's virtue; and you know the inexorable heart which will never conſent to their union. I ſhall ſet out for Bath in a few days; have you reſolution to be the companion of my journey?'

"This night you ſhall have my anſwer," ſaid I. "The event is too important to admit of a deciſion haſty or imprudent. If Iſabella loves Sir Sidney, my conduct ſhall be firm, my reſolution invincible."—We were interrupted by Mr. Hanbury; I took Colonel Aubrey aſide; conjured him not to divulge what had paſſed, and promiſed to talk farther with him on the buſineſs at the cloſe of evening. Oh, Roſanna! what were my ſorrows! I conſidered myſelf as a being, devoted to anguiſh. Poor, and dependent; could I meditate a ſelfiſh wiſh, when

ſplendour,

ſplendour, happineſs, and rank awaited on Iſabella?

The kind and manly conduct of Colonel Aubrey inſpired me with a ſort of deſperate reſolution, which is often the ſubſtitute for genuine fortitude. I was hampered in the toil, and no hope of eſcaping, but by an effort, which would either reſtore my peace of mind, or annihilate me. I demanded of my heart whether its gratification, or Iſabella's happineſs, was its primary object. I trembled while I aſked the important queſtion;—I trembled, not for myſelf, but for the idol of my affections. Reaſon is ſometimes ſubſervient to our caprices; but the nobleſt paſſions of the human breaſt triumph in union with virtue, and ſhrink with equal diſguſt from the meanneſs of deception, and the baſeneſs of diſhonour.

I remained more than an hour in the arbour which had been endeared by the innocent delights of childhood, and conſecrated by the affections of nature. All that had paſſed, ſerved only to contraſt the ſombre aſpect of preſent events. I found my perplexities almoſt inſupportable: I reproached myſelf for that tacit acquieſcence, which yielded up my hopes without even an effort to accompliſh them. Man, without energy, is like the veſſel which, wanting a pilot's aid, is borne along a ſea of ſorrows, helpleſs and deſpairing! Every blaſt annoys him; every coming wave threatens his deſtruction, till he is ingulphed, and loſt for ever! Such were my reflections; they rouſed me from the ſtupor of affliction; they awakened me to know myſelf; to ſee the peril of my ſituation, and to arm my ſoul for every approaching trial.

CHAP. XXV.

I HASTENED without delay to the manor-houſe, where I found Sir Sidney, in the library, writing, and

and alone. I felt that the moment when the criſis of my fate approached, was not to be loſt in trifling ceremonies, or employed in uſeleſs converſation. My couſin's peace of my mind was equally intereſted with my own. Iſabella's hopes, her felicity, her affections, were at ſtake, and I reſolved on being explicit. Sir Sidney roſe as I approached him: "Walſingham," ſaid he, with a mixture of reproof and ſorrow, "why do you perſecute me? am I not ſufficiently unhappy?"

"I came hither," anſwered I, "with the hope of finding Iſabella: buſineſs of the utmoſt importance requires an immediate and final interview;—but it muſt be private: what I have to communicate will be deciſive."

"A private interview with Iſabella! and on buſineſs of importance!" cried Sir Sidney, "what can it mean? Oh, Walſingham! what is it you meditate? Tell me, I conjure you;—every ſentiment of my heart is intereſted in the queſtion. Do you mean to marry Iſabella?"

I made no reply: he graſped my hand and held it firmly. "Anſwer me quickly," continued he, "for the period is now arrived when your language *muſt* be unequivocal. I inſiſt—I demand to know your intentions."

"By what authority?"

"By all the claims of honour and ſincerity!" continued Sir Sidney. "If you are determined to make Iſabella your wife, there is but one ſtep for me to take." He pauſed:—I ſmiled at the implied menace:—my breaſt panted with rage and indignation:—he continued. "Your ſilence is an acknowledgement of your purpoſe. Then hear me, Walſingham. Since the poſſeſſion of Iſabella can alone conſtitute your happineſs, I will forbear to perſecute you. I will be the victim; but on one condition only."

"Name it," ſaid I briefly.

"That

" That you will permit me to queſtion, to examine her heart; to hear my conviction from her own lips, and to place the matter beyond the very ſhadow of uncertainty, by demanding a candid avowal of her ſentiments. If Iſabella loves you, no ſound of reproach ſhall ever diſturb your tranquillity;—an eternal ſilence ſhall be your ſafeguard, and my penance."

A thouſand painful ideas ruſhed acroſs my brain: the heroic boſom, which could relinquiſh its fondeſt wiſhes, its deareſt hopes, to promote my felicity, ſhamed me into generoſity. I could not bear to be vanquiſhed by ſuperior fortitude; and, in the vaunting pride of the moment, I promiſed to reſign Iſabella for ever.

Sir Sidney fell upon my neck and wept. Every vein within my heart was wrung to torture. The library door was open, and I obſerved Miſs Hanbury advancing through the park. The conflict was terrible. I longed to take a laſt farewell; to explain my motives, and to hear one kind, one gentle adieu before we ſeparated eternally. I broke abruptly from Sir Sidney, and quitted the room. Colonel Aubrey joined Iſabella, and they turned towards the wood. All the torments of deſpair and jealouſy conſpired in a terrific phalanx to overturn my reaſon. I reſolved to quit Glenowen, to ſeek, in ſome far diſtant country, an aſylum, where I might end my days of ſorrow, unknown, and conſequently unlamented. But the means of ſubſiſtence till I could reach the ſpot of deſtination—how were they to be acquired? A project occurred, uncertain as it was deſperate—I heſitated a moment, and then flew to find Lady Aubrey.

She was in her chamber; the magnitude of my diſtreſs, the event which hurried me on to madneſs, made me forgetful of the decorum which at any other period I ſhould not have violated—I knocked haſtily

at

at the door of her apartment, ſhe bade me enter: I ſtarted back almoſt petrified with ſurpriſe, for the firſt object that met my eye was the ivory cabinet which, with all my remaining hopes, I had entruſted to the care of Mr. Hanbury.

The converſation which had paſſed between us at the parſonage was fully elucidated: I now beheld the object which he had wiſhed me to reſign, and which he conſidered it diſhonourable to retain. I had conſented to his reſtoring it; I had only to blame myſelf for that impetuoſity which ſhrunk from a cool and temperate explanation. My looks betrayed the perturbation of my mind;—they terrified Lady Aubrey—ſhe roſe abruptly from her ſeat, and would have paſſed towards the door: I caught her arm and held her—"You go not, madam," ſaid I ſternly, "you move not, while I have ſtrength to hold you: the hour is come when we muſt lay aſide the trivial forms of ceremony, and ſpeak without reſerve."

She trembled and grew pale.

There are ſituations where we can pity the frailty which prompted even the moſt atrocious injury—but it muſt be when the heart is ſoftened, not when diſtreſs and perſecution have ſteeled it to reſiſtance; we then behold our enemy without compaſſion; and if the ſentiment of revenge be ſubdued by the efforts of reaſon, the pride of ſcorn only acquires new vigour by the conqueſt.

Lady Aubrey's timidity was the reſult of guilt: her eyes involuntarily turned, with a ghaſtly expreſſion, towards the cabinet. Every glance augmented my indignation; ſhe ſtruggled to get from me—ſhe ſhrieked—I commanded her to be ſilent—"If you wiſh to avoid eternal diſgrace," ſaid I, "you will reſtrain your rage, and, without compulſion, diſcover the contents of that repoſitory: my ſituation is deſperate, and I will be obeyed."

Lady

Lady Aubrey ſhook in every joint; the cold drops ſtood, like witneſſes of her guilt, on her livid forehead; her heſitation irritated my already deſperate mind, and I led her, by force, towards the cabinet.

Roſanna! what a tremendous moment did I paſs! —On the ivory lid lay Sir Sidney's piſtol—it had been removed from his chamber by Lady Aubrey, the preceding evening.

Still ſhe reſiſted, and ſtill I graſped her arm. "What do you demand?" cried ſhe; "Is it my life?"

"Heaven forbid," ſaid I, "that the injuries and inſults which you have heaped upon me, ſhould urge my hand to attempt a crime ſo horrible! I demand the key of this cabinet, this precious ſecret repoſitory, which, if I miſtake not, contains the fiat of my deſtiny. I ſnatched it from the flames; fate placed it in my poſſeſſion; the nice ſenſe of honour, which ever actuates the mind of my tutor, induced him to reſtore it; but now the hour of retribution is come; and juſtice will prevail, in defiance of all your machinations."

She drew a key from her pocket, and with a trembling hand preſented it to me: I turned to open the folding doors in the front of the cabinet, when ſhe ſeized the piſtol, and preſenting it to my breaſt, bade me deſiſt. At this moment Mrs. Blagden entered the room; her ſhrieks arreſted my hand, juſt as I diſcovered that the key which I had received from Lady Aubrey was a falſe one, merely given to divert my attention, and to favour her infernal purpoſe. Mrs. Blagden, who knew by the ſituation in which ſhe found me, the motive which led me thither, was too prudent to alarm the family; and I was ſo completely exhauſted by agitation, that I could then make no farther trial reſpecting the myſtery of the cabinet. I however reſolved to uſe every precaution

againſt future villany. Lady Aubrey's terrors convinced me that ſomething of importance was concealed from the eye of juſtice; therefore, after leading her and Mrs. Blagden out of the room, I faſtened the door, and went immediately in ſearch of Mr. Hanbury.

I darted forward, unconſcious whither I was going. I hurried through the woods; I climbed the ſteep and rugged mountain, wild and diſtracted! Evening cloſed, and the deepening ſhades of twilight gathered round me. Twice I advanced to the margin of a jutting eminence, reſolved to daſh my wretched form amidſt the dreary abyſs, and to end my agonies with my weary exiſtence; but the cowardice which is imputed to ſuicide—the diſgrace which follows the memory of the victim whoſe ſorrows become predominant over his reaſoning faculties, reſtrained me: I reflected; I reſolved to live—to be a ſad and lingering example of the perſecutions of fortune, the injuſtice of——Hold! what am I writing? Heaven will pardon the idea; it was unpremeditated; and you, amiable Roſanna, will pity the deſpair which gave it a momentary ſanction.

CHAP. XXVI.

I DETERMINED that night to diſcover the myſtery of the cabinet, to open it in the preſence of the whole family, and to reveal my reaſons for ſo doing previous to the experiment; if I failed in my project, I alſo reſolved to quit Glenowen for ever; it was therefore neceſſary that I ſhould return to the parſonage, and prepare every thing for my journey.

As ſoon as day ſhut in, I deſcended the rough ſlope, and haſtened towards the aſylum of my youth, the abode of virtue, the ſcene of paſt delight, the ſpot in which I ſhould entomb every hope of earthly happineſs.

pineſs. The only road lay through the park: my heart was burſting with agony—my brain ſcorched with the fever of deſpair—when I paſſed the manor-houſe.—How ſhall I deſcribe what followed?

The evening was ſultry; the library windows facing the park were open to the ground, and ſeveral lights were burning in different parts of the room. Arreſted by an undeſcribable impulſe, I ſtopped: on a ſofa near the window ſat Iſabella and Sir Sidney: he was talking earneſtly to her; ſhe was bathed in tears: his cheek reclined upon her boſom—ſhe kiſſed his forehead! I ſaw no more—I fled.

The gloom on every ſide ſeemed to deepen with new horrors! I ruſhed forward, as if borne by ſupernatural power; I paſſed through the church-yard—the grave of my mother received my laſt agonized tear; I threw myſelf on my knees beſide the ſimple ſtone that recorded her virtues: how ſtill, how ſolemn ſeemed every thing around me! The night-breeze ſtole unheard over the bleak and lofty mountain; the thin miſt rapidly floated along the valley. I caſt a wiſtful look towards Glenowen; the lights were viſible in the library—I groaned—I ſhuddered! The recollection of my project vaniſhed; a deeper, a more torturing wound was inflicted than any that adverſity could beſtow.—What object remained to charm my ſenſes?—What pleaſure could fortune yield amidſt the agonies of deſpair?—None!

I entered the garden; the bower of youthful joys and mental cultivation was the next object I beheld. The moon juſt roſe above the mountain, its firſt pale rays fell on the dark foliage, while it covered the hoops of oſier woven by my hand when love and hope conſpired to guide it. I entered the parſonage, and hurried to my chamber: on a table lay my piſtols—they were loaded; I armed myſelf, and deſcended. The high road lay at no great diſtance, but I had again to croſs the corner of the park: all the ſorrows of my

life recurred at that dreadful moment; I recollected my continental journey from Glenowen; the early neglect of Lady Aubrey; the agonies that my little boſom felt when Sir Sidney firſt ſupplanted me. I was fit for any deſperate deed of horror—I could have "drunk hot blood!" The remembrance of my ſituation, even at this diſtant period, is terrible!

Paſſing a narrow wood which ſkirted the park, I heard ſome one approaching. The moon's feeble light barely rendered the ſurrounding objects viſible. The ſound of voices continued, and, in a few moments, Iſabella approached, leaning on the arm of Sir Sidney Aubrey: at that inſtant an idea ſmote my brain, big with the blackeſt crime!—I ſhivered with conſcious horror, while my hand graſped my piſtol, and my tortured ſoul meditated *murder!*

They turned an angle, and continued to walk ſlowly. The brightneſs of the moon increaſed as it emerged from the horizon; I followed them at a convenient diſtance, and heard their converſation. The ſoft turf prevented their hearing my footſteps, and the thickneſs of the plantation afforded me many opportunities for concealment.

"Generous girl! deareſt Iſabella!" cried Sir Sidney, "remember your promiſe, and our attachment ſhall be inviolable. What a ſacrifice have you made, for a being loſt and wretched as I am! How ſhall I repay your goodneſs? My mother's cruel and ambitious ſpirit will prevent my marrying; I know it will; but my obligation to you will not be diminiſhed by her inhumanity. I ſhall feel my heart, and all its grateful ſentiments, bound to you for ever."

Iſabella was ſilent; my indignation ſcarcely could refrain from committing an act of violence, while my hand graſped the inſtrument of death with a rigidity which rendered it motionleſs. Sir Sidney continued—

"We

" We will return to Switzerland; you ſhall be my dear and inſeparable aſſociate: I will, by every kind and affectionate aſſiduity, teach you to forget the ill-fated Walſingham. I have opened my heart to you, Iſabella; you have explored its innermoſt receſſes. You muſt, by your pity and forgiveneſs, alleviate my ſorrows. We will wander amidſt Alpine ſcenery, we will imbibe the refreſhing breezes of morning, and ſcatter with our footſteps the ſoft dews of the ſummer twilight. In the ſultry ſeaſon we will mingle with the happy peaſantry; and when the ſtorms ſhall ſweep the mountains of eternal ſnow, we will viſit their abodes, and cheer them with that plenty which dark and freezing ſkies would otherwiſe deny them. Indeed, Iſabella, we will never ſeparate. The world and its viciſſitudes ſhall be forgotten in the ſweet and laſting intercourſe of truth and ſympathy."

The moon-beams fell exactly on the path where they ſtrolled: Sir Sidney's arm encircled Iſabella's waiſt, while her's was thrown careleſsly over his ſhoulder. My brain was convulſed—the woods ſeemed to wave before me, as though they were ſhook by a trembling of the earth; tbe wind began to riſe, it moaned over the mountains. I quickened my pace, and followed nearer their footſteps. At a ſmall diſtance the path terminated in a dark and almoſt impervious wood of more than half a mile in length. Iſabella again addreſſed Sir Sidney.—

" Poor Walſingham!" ſaid ſhe; " he ſeems to be the very ſport of fortune! I have loved him as a brother, but, rather than you ſhould periſh, I have reſigned him. We will fly from Glenowen, deareſt Sidney; we will ſeek in ſolitude the repoſe you anticipate. I will devote my days to the taſk of participating your fate. I know that you can never marry without expoſing yourſelf to ruin and diſgrace by diſobeying the commands of Lady Aubrey; yet we will not ſeparate: I will mock the world's ſurmiſes;

and, by the zeal and fidelity of my attachment, deprecate its ſcorn. Yet you muſt allow me ſometimes to beſtow a ſigh when I think of your unhappy couſin."

"Name him not," interrupted Sir Sidney: "if you wiſh not to deſtroy my peace of mind, oh! never name him: he muſt be forgotten!"

Barbarian! thought I, why muſt the unhappy Walſingham be forgotten? Why refuſed a tribute of remembrance? Have you not blighted all his hopes; rendered his remaining days a dark perſpective; withered his youth by miſery, and triumphed over all the affections of his heart? Is memory to be cloſed againſt his ſorrows, and is his very name to be forgotten?

They entered the wood;—I could juſt diſtinguiſh the white drapery of Iſabella's dreſs, whenever a vertical beam darted among the branches. After walking ſome time without uttering a ſyllable, Sir Sidney again broke the ſilence.

"Swear never to reveal what has paſſed between us."

"I have already ſworn," anſwered Iſabella.

"Not even to your brother—"

"To no mortal breathing," replied Miſs Hanbury.

"My mother's reſentment would be implacable," cried my couſin; "I ſhould be deſpiſed, accounted infamous—"

My agitation increaſed, as it blended the pangs of jealouſy with the indignation of reſentment. There remained not a doubt, from the converſation I had overheard, but that Sir Sidney was the ſeducer of Iſabella: the libertine who had robbed her of her honour, and under the ſpecious language of ſentiment and affection, now ſoothed her into a promiſe of eternal ſecrecy. All the ſufferings which I had witneſſed in the mind of the betrayer, were recollected

lected with an augmentation of diſguſt; they only proved,

——" when the blood burns,
" How prodigal the ſoul lends the tongue words*."

I conſidered Iſabella as the dupe of her own vanity; and deemed the profligate on whom ſhe had laviſhed the treaſure of her honour, as doubly culpable, becauſe he was pre-eminently gifted with powers of mind, which ſhould have been his guide, and her beſt ſafeguard. The ſubtlety of licentious villany is commonly the aſſociate of men, old in vice, and practiſed in diſſimulation: Sir Sidney's youth and inexperience were ill ſuited to the machinations of ſeduction; and I concluded that Iſabella was more than half to blame, in yielding to his paſſion.

My couſin again awoke me from my torturing reverie by reſuming the converſation:—" Poor Walſingham!" exclaimed he; " I have, for a time, deprived him of happineſs; but half my fortune ſhall be his. I will place him above the perſecutions of the world, the miſeries of dependance. He preſerved my life, when I was an infant, and his muſt not be devoted to ſorrow."

The piſtols now trembled in my hands: his kindneſs diſarmed my rage; but my miſery was rendered more acute, by the reſtraint which my feelings placed upon my vengeance.

The firſt ſenſation of gratitude was ſoon ſucceeded by conſcious abhorrence. I conſidered myſelf as a mean and miſerable accomplice in the ruin of Iſabella; as a wretch whoſe indignation and juſt ſenſe of honour were to be ſubdued by baſe and intereſted proſpects. Shall I accept Sir Sidney's friendſhip?

* Shakeſpeare.

thought I. Shall I become blind to his vices; the keeper of his ſecrets; the minion of his profligate purſuits? The idea made me ſhiver with repugnance; I was cloſe on the footſteps of that being, whom I conſidered as the vileſt of the human race; —the woman, whoſe frailty excited my contempt: yet, Roſanna, I envied the monſter I deſpiſed—and ſtill loved; yes, tenderly loved the victim I contemned.

On entering a glade, which opened to the park nearly facing the manor-houſe, Sir Sidney abruptly ſtopped. "Oh God!" exclaimed he, "how ſhall I obliterate the ſorrows I have heaped on Walſingham?"

"By conſigning them to the grave!" ſaid I wildly, ruſhing forward, and preſenting one of the piſtols, which I ſtill held with a convulſed and burning hand. He ſtarted. "The moment is come," continued I, "when one of us muſt periſh. The voice of violated honour, the cauſe of ruined innocence, combine to accuſe, and to condemn you. The taſk of juſtice devolves on me; therefore it is uſeleſs to protract the fatal hour. This piſtol is already loaded; take it, and name your diſtance."

"This is inſanity," cried my couſin, putting aſide the piſtol.

"Then have a care how far you tempt a maniac," ſaid I, with a firm and indignant voice, which convinced my adverſary that I was in no jeſting humour.

"You will not aſſaſſinate me," ſaid he calmly. "Ah! Walſingham! Do I deſerve to periſh by your hand?"

"I ſcorn the imputation," anſwered I; "I have a ſecond piſtol, and demand that honourable retribution which the laws of ſociety have long ſince ſanctioned."

"What

" What law can ſanction murder?" ſaid Sir Sidney, throwing the piſtol on the turf.

Iſabella fell proſtrate before me; ſhe claſped my knees, and, bathed in tears, conjured me to deſiſt. " Sir Sidney muſt not, ſhall not obey your cruel injunctions," ſaid ſhe, almoſt ſuffocated by the torrents which bathed her wild and frenzied features:—" You know not what you meditate. He is your friend.'

" I reject his friendſhip," anſwered I. " The favour of a villain, diſgraces the being whom it is meant to benefit."

Sir Sidney looked earneſtly at me. The clear light, which was now wholly unintercepted, diſplayed his features, and they bore the placed ſmile of defiance. Again I preſented the piſtol;—he took it:—Iſabella claſped my neck;—ſhe hung round me;—ſhe could not ſpeak;—her cheek, burning through tears, touched mine: I felt a convulſive throbbing in my heart; her agitation encreaſed my jealouſy, and augmented my deſpair. I threw her from me, and ſhe fell ſenſeleſs on the turf: her countenance was ghaſtly, her eyes were cloſed. Sir Sidney knelt beſide her; he raiſed her on his arm; he kiſſed her cheek:—" Poor Iſabella!" exclaimed he; " I was born to be thy deſtroyer!"

" Monſter unequalled!" ſaid I, " either give me the ſatisfaction I demand, or expect to receive the chaſtiſement which infamy and cowardice deſerve from injured honour!"

He roſe, and with a firm voice replied, " I value life too little to refuſe the challenge—fire."

I pulled the trigger;—the ball miſſed my antagoniſt, who inſtantly diſcharged his piſtol in the air. The report alarmed the family;—the domeſtics came running towards us:—I heard Colonel Aubrey's voice;—for Iſabella's ſake I dreaded an explanation:

and, bewildered by contending agonies, eſcaped, leaving Sir Sidney to explain the adventure.

CHAP. XXVII.

I CONTINUED to walk haſtily along the high-way till day-break, when a heavy ſhower made me take ſhelter under a clump of firs, which covered a ſmall eminence by the road ſide. The tops of the mountains which ſcreened Glenowen met my eyes; the light vapours floated over them, and their dark verdure ſerved to contraſt the bright blue ſky, which the tepid ſhower had left unclouded. Every leaf was ſpangled with drops of rain, and the freſhneſs of the morning air paſſing over the meadows, revived my ſenſes, almoſt annihilated by the anguiſh of reflection.

As the mind ſettled into a deep deſpondency, the powers of memory became more minutely correct: every ſcene was depicted in vivid colours, every object re-animated before me. The ſolitudes of Glenowen, from which I conſidered myſelf as baniſhed for ever, ſeemed to hold a charm that hung about my heart, and weighed it down with ſadneſs. Self-exiled, yet ſelf-acquitted, I knew not whither I was going. I had left Iſabella ſenſeleſs, perhaps dead! Sir Sidney diſtracted. I had abandoned my kind, my generous tutor; rejected the liberal propoſal made by Colonel Aubrey; and deſerted my home like a guilty coward! Yet, ſo perverſe was my deſtiny, that the very ſtep which would have exculpated me, would have criminated Sir Sidney, and ſtigmatized the fame of Iſabella. Weak and erring as I believed her to be, I ſtill loved her; and feeling that my return to Glenowen would be the cauſe of her inevitable baniſhment, with a breaking heart I purſued my melancholy journey.

The

The proſpect from which I was every moment receding, ſeemed to acquire new beauty as it leſſened in perſpective. Weary and exhauſted, I took my ſeat on the root of a venerable tree, and, rapt in melancholy ruminations, wrote the following ſtanzas:

The ſavage hunter, who afar
On ſome rude mountain's pathleſs height
Sees, in the weſt, the twilight ſtar
Juſt peering on the brow of night;
O'er cliffs of ice, and plains of ſnow,
Still bends his long and loneſome way,
And, as he tempts the famiſh'd foe,
Anticipates the joys of day:

For he, by hope inſpir'd, ſurveys
The moon's wan luſtre gild the dome
That on ſome jutting point diſplays,
O bleſt retreat! his cavern'd home;
Where, when the journeying ſun ſhall fade,
And cold oblivion's reign return,
The torch of love ſhall chear the ſhade,
And, 'midſt the frozen deſart, burn.

For love can warm the ſhiv'ring breaſt,
And bid Siberian fierceneſs ſigh;
Make flinty caves the houſe of reſt,
And mock, with joy, the frowning ſky.
But I, who taſte no pleaſing dreams
To ſooth the paths of endleſs care,
Shall darkneſs know, 'mid ſunny beams,
And find, in bow'rs of bliſs, deſpair!

I was awakened from my ſlumber of imagination by the ſound of a horſe's hoofs, which advanced on full gallop. On a nearer view I recognized one of the domeſtics from Glenowen, and believing that he was diſpatched to apprehend me for having attempted the life of Sir Sidney Aubrey, I reſolved to reſiſt, whatever conſequences might follow. For this purpoſe I deſcended rapidly, and taking my poſt by the road ſide, awaited his approach. He perceived my miſtake, and my determined manner excited a ſmile, as he ſtretched forth his hand, and preſented two

letters

letters. I opened them haſtily: one bore the ſignature of Sir Sidney, the other of Colonel Aubrey. A ſmall public houſe was within ſight, and I diſmiſſed the ſervant with a meſſage, that I would ſend anſwers to both the packets as ſoon as I could write them.

With perturbation that was almoſt inſupportable, I began to read Sir Sidney's letter; when the following contents overwhelmed me with ſorrow:

"You fly, Walſingham, with an agonized mind, and the additional pang of ſuppoſing that you leave behind you a name tarniſhed with reproach. Tranquillize your wounded ſpirit, and reſt aſſured that the events of laſt night never will be divulged: I have enjoined Iſabella to ſecreſy. Lady Aubrey ſuppoſes that the piſtol was fired by me, and is at a loſs to account for your precipitate retreat from Glenowen.

"Walſingham! to what a trial has my fatal paſſion reduced you!—how important has been the ſacrifice which you have made for my repoſe:—for my *repoſe!*—alas! that word muſt be eraſed from the tablet of my fate for ever!

"I conjure you to be careful of your ſafety; to combat your adverſe fortune with the heroiſm of exalted virtue; and to accept, from one who loves you dearer than a brother, an income which will place you above the humiliations of dependence. This ſmall return is due to you, as my relation, my friend, and my preſerver, even had you never relinquiſhed Iſabella,—the pure, the generous, the heroic Iſabella.

"I incloſe a letter to my mother's banker, with inſtructions to ſecure to you an annuity of four hundred pounds, and to pay into your hands one thouſand for your immediate neceſſities. Reject not the paltry tribute: add not to my ſorrows the regret of knowing that I have loſt your friendſhip; and believe me,

me, when I ſwear by all that is dear to honour or ſacred to ſentiment, that my good wiſhes towards you ſhall never ceaſe but with my exiſtence. This world has few pleaſures for a being born to linger in one gloomy round of chilling deſpondency: my earlieſt hours were embittered by conſtraint; my laſt moments will be devoted to compunction. Ill-fated Iſabella! when I think of her—when I behold her earlieſt attachment blighted by my ungovernable paſſions—I ſhrink almoſt to annihilation. Yet, Walſingham, could I withdraw the myſterious veil which is placed between us, you would not reproach but commiſerate my ſufferings.

Your mind, for ſome days paſt, has laboured under the dominion of deceptive circumſtances: you have contemplated every object through a falſe medium; your ſuſpicions have magnified ills, and your paſſions created imaginary ſorrows. Yet, ſpare Iſabella the anguiſh of ſuppoſing that you are doubtful of her virtue, and exonerate me from the imputation of being her ſeducer!—She is ſpotleſs as the ſnow upon the mountain: I am incapable of a diſhonourable action. It would be little leſs than imbecile to deceive you at this momentous criſis: throw away the ſcepticiſm which will only precipitate you deeper into error, and believe my moſt ſolemn aſſurance, that *I* never ſhall be the lover of Iſabella.

"Our fondeſt propenſities too frequently betray themſelves while we moſt endeavour to deceive others; nay, even while we think that others are deceived, for our ſilence will ſpeak in evidence of our weakneſs, and ſometimes more eloquently than the moſt laboured language. Where then is the lover to fly from detection? where is he to conceal the tyrant of his boſom, except in that deep ſolitude which would nurſe him into madneſs? Philoſophy, with all its boaſted powers, cannot ſubdue the miſeries

feries of affection; it may triumph over paſt ills, or thoſe that are approaching; but preſent ſorrows ſeldom fail to triumph over philoſophy*. Let this maxim excite your forgiveneſs, and plead in extenuation of my conduct—at leaſt as far as it wears the ſemblance of culpability.

"Walſingham, adieu! I know the human mind too well to bid you be patient; I ſympathize too ſincerely in your ſorrows to hope that admonition can offer them an antidote: I can only conjure you to combat the paſſions of your heart, and to look forward with confidence to thoſe hours when I ſhall no longer prove an obſtacle to their gratification. Farewell!

"SIDNEY AUBREY."

I read the letter again and again: the noble nature of my young and volatile couſin evinced itſelf in every line. I lamented my own precipitation; I curſed my fate for having pointed my affections towards the object of Sir Sidney's wiſhes.

Still I could not believe that Iſabella was innocent; for the converſation, which I had overheard in the wood on the preceding night, convinced me that ſhe was the victim of my rival's ſuperior attractions, and his mother's unbending ambition.

I haſtened towards the ſmall public-houſe, whoſe roof I had obſerved from the plantation of firs, and, as ſoon as I could procure pen, ink, and paper, wrote the ſucceeding anſwer:

"*To Sir* SIDNEY AUBREY.

"I have kept my promiſe: I have relinquiſhed Iſabella, and you will ſee me no more. The world

* "La philoſophie triomphe aiſément des maux paſſés, et des maux à venir; mais les maux préſens triomphent d'elle."—ROCHEFOUCAULT

is

is now before me, it presents a vast and variegated scene, replete with vicissitudes, and peopled with all sorts of men. Affliction may be my companion, but I trust that I shall not be wholly vanquished by its severity. Born to dependence, fostered by the pity of a stranger, enlightened by the precepts of philanthropy, I commence my solitary journey—friendless, unknown, and wretched! The labyrinths of life present no flowers to my aching senses: all is dreary, and bestrewed with thorns; yet I must pursue my way, or, like a despicable coward, fall, and perish.

"You will, perhaps, blame me for flying; you will call that pusillanimity, which is the strongest effort of human fortitude. Your safety, and Isabella's happiness—if she can be happy in the consciousness of dishonour—require my departure. I have resigned every prospect of bliss; I have relinquished every hope of consolation that fancy formed, or ripening reason cherished; I have condemned my proud aspiring heart to an eternal penance. I will learn to suffer, and I will suffer in silence. You shall not feed your passion on my sorrows: Isabella shall never have the power to reproach me.

"I conjure you—since a combination of events has favoured your illicit triumph—I conjure you, by all the rapture which your glowing mind anticipates, to guard Isabella from the malice of the world. Let the fatal secret, which I shudder to remember, be consigned for ever to oblivion. Protect her from the taunts of low malevolence, the exultations of her own sex, the licentiousnesness of yours. In your arms she will forget the sorrows of Walsingham; in the soft luxurious lap of splendour she will cease to lament the purity she has relinquished. Let her, by deeds of virtue, compensate for the chastity she has violated; let the benevolence of her heart evince the glowing affections of her nature, and adorn that cheek with

with the tear of philanthropy which would elſe glow with the bluſh of indiſcretion.

" Your proffered independence and your preſent bounty I reject with ſcorn; and I charge you, if you value your own ſafety, never again to inſult my pride by ſuppoſing that I would accept the means of life from that hand which has robbed it of every treaſure. I will toil, I will exert every faculty of my mind; but I never will condeſcend to receive a benefit from the ſeducer of Iſabella.

" Every proſpect of happineſs opened to your view; you were the favourite of fortune, the darling of nature! your mind was gifted proudly, your heart was moulded to receive the impreſſions of virtue and ſenſibility! I lament that the gloom of conſcious guilt ſhould overſhadow the bright perſpective, or that the poiſon of compunction ſhould contaminate the ſource of every future pleaſure: for the demon Conſcience is no ſophiſt; the unvarniſhed admonitions of that power, whoſe whiſpers are heard even amidſt the loudeſt din of revelry, will condemn you; and time will ſcatter thorns upon your pillow, when paſſion ſhall retire from the glances of returning reaſon. Farewell!

" W. A."

Colonel Aubrey's letter contained only a few lines, and thoſe briefly tendering his friendſhip, and conjuring me to wait for him at Bath. My reſolution to enter the army was now the only ſolace which my mind could experience. I reſolved to make the beſt of my way towards Briſtol, to ſolicit the protection and temporary aid of my early friend Mr. Randolph; and, in caſe ſucceſs ſhould attend my experiment, to accept Colonel Aubrey's propoſal, and return with him to Gibraltar.

A ten pound note and a few guineas, which I had brought with me from Glenowen, was now all my fortune;

fortune; I therefore determined to purſue my journey on foot, and by the moſt rigorous economy to arm myſelf againſt the dreadful neceſſity of ſoliciting aſſiſtance from the proud or oſtentatious. I recollected that the ſharpeſt pang which adverſity can ſuffer, is the ſtern denial of thoſe whoſe only triumph over enlightened minds ſprings from the caprices of fortune; who, but for the accurſed droſs which gives conſequence to villany, grace to deformity, and the ſemblance of perfection even to the moſt degenerate, which can purchaſe adulation from the vulgar, obedience from the baſe, and applauſe from the ignorant, would crouch before the majeſty of virtue, and ſhrink at the effulgence of genius, as the ſhadows of night fly before the ſun and vaniſh into nothing.

With a dejected mind I approached that ancient city where commerce pours her treaſures into the lap of induſtry, but where genius has often ſought in vain for an aſylum; where Savage*, the unhappy offſpring of an inhuman mother, pined in a loathſome priſon, and at laſt expired beneath the perſecutions of adverſity!—where Chatterton firſt felt the inſpiration of the muſes, and trembling leſt the wild effuſions of fancy ſhould fail to procure the patronage of pride, concealed beneath the veil of fiction thoſe laurels which fame deſigned to decorate his temples. Poor boy! ill-fated child of genius and of ſorrow! long didſt thou court the applauſe of dull and envious minds; often didſt thou receive the niggard boon which, while it ſtung thy ſenſibility, rouſed thee to emulation! As I contemplated the ſombre ſpires of thy native city, imagination preſented thy form at that moment when thou badſt it farewell for ever! Fancy led me to trace the wild enthuſiaſm which animated thy features, and gave them an ex-

* The poet.

preſſion

preſſion touching yet terrific! The pride of ſcorn, the dignity of genius, the pang of fond regret, the dread of want, the conſciouſneſs of mental powers, conſpired to agitate thy ſoul, and tear thee from thy kindred. Gentle kindred! who wanted not the will but power to hold thee. Can wealth exonerate thoſe relentleſs beings who ſaw thee exiled, poor and unpatronized, driven to wander, without a friend to guide thee,—

To live by mental toil, e'en when the brain
Cou'd ſcarce its trembling faculties ſuſtain;
To mark the dreary minutes ſlowly creep,
Each day to labour and each night to weep;
Till the laſt murmur of thy frantic ſoul
In proud concealment from its manſion ſtole;
While envy, ſpringing from her lurid cave,
Snatch'd the young laurel from thy rugged grave.
So, the pale primroſe, ſweeteſt bud of May,
Scarce wakes to beauty ere it feels decay;
While baleful weeds their hidden poiſons pour,
Choke the green ſod, and wither ev'ry flow'r!

"Oh! Chatterton! when fate ſhall glance over the ſolitary waſte which ages ſhall mark with the ravages of time, pity ſhall conſecrate the ſpot where thou art left to periſh! while Nature, ſcorning the monuments of ignorance and wealth, ſhall cruſh them to the centre, and conſign the names they bore to eternal oblivion.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ON my arrival at Briſtol I ſtopped at the firſt inn; and after writing a ſhort note to Mr. Randolph, diſpatched it by a meſſenger, whom I ordered to wait for an anſwer. At any other period, in any other ſtate of mind, I ſhould have obtruded myſelf on my early patron without ceremony; but ſenſibility ſhrinks at the perſecutions of fortune, till

reaſon

reaſon aſſerts her turn to reign, and arms the mind with fortitude to reſiſt its enemy.

The next taſk my pen undertook was the taſk of gratitude, and, with a throbbing heart, I began my confeſſion

" *To the Reverend* WALTER HANBURY.

" I know not how to addreſs you; and yet my mind cannot remain tranquil under the painful load of conſcious accuſation. You have, from my earlieſt infancy, awakened my ſoul to that emulation, which builds its every hope of happineſs on the omnipotence of truth! you have taught me to conſider unſullied honour as an invulnerable ſhield; and I have placed it before my ſenſes in the full confidence of ſecurity. You have conjured me never to conceal from you the ſenſations of my breaſt; hear, oh! my friend, hear the confeſſions of that heart, which even your wiſdom and philoſophy could not arm againſt the ſuſceptibilities of nature.

" I adored Iſabella! ſhe was the object of all my hopes, the arbitreſs of my deſtiny. The agonies which aſſailed my ſoul became more acute in proportion as I felt the neceſſity of concealing them. Dreadful neceſſity! thou incentive to ſorrow! thou tormentor! whoſe malice only urges the feeling heart to the laſt pang of ſelf-conſtraint, which like the ſubterraneous flame augments as it finds obſtruction, and at laſt burſts forth with ungovernable fury.

" Iſabella is amiable, beautiful, and accompliſhed! What am I? Alas! I dare not think on what I am. Reflection muſt be deadened, or deſpair will be triumphant.

" Her form is perpetually before me; I behold her in my waking hours, in fancy I behold her, gliding like a meteor athwart the deep gloom of mental

mental deſolation: I cloſe my eyes but to dream of Iſabella; I ſtart from my feveriſh ſlumber, but to know that I am wretched.

"Why did you teach me to idolize a phantom formed to miſlead me? Why did you unfold the faireſt buds of reaſon only to convince me that they would be prematurely blaſted? The dark colour of my fate would have been congenial to a life of ſtudy and ſeclufion; I could have braved the tempeſt which my adverſe fortune menaced, had I never baſked in the ſun-beams of delight. Oh! why was I not inured to anguiſh? Why did the viſion Hope preſent a gay and rich perſpective only to deceive me?

Iſabella was the aſſociate of my childhood, the companion of my ſtudies: our actions, our purſuits, our thoughts, weré regulated by ſympathy and ſanctioned by virtue. We were united by the ſweet uniſon of mind, which harmonized all our faculties. Truth was our monitor; we were enamoured of her precepts, and the path which we trod was ſtrewed with the faireſt flowers of fancy: but they were fragile! the wintry tempeſt ſcattered them; the leaves are withered, and the thorns alone remain to feſter in my boſom.

"A new ſcene is unfolded to my view; I muſt ruſh amidſt the turmoil of camps; I muſt repair to fields of carnage, and forget—hard taſk!—that this world of ſorrow is enriched by ſuch a jewel as Iſabella! Had I but the conſolation to look forward with the hope that my laurels would bloom beneath her ſmiles, danger would be courted as the harbinger of bliſs, and the loudeſt din of arms be pleaſing to my ſenſes.—What will now be the incitement to valour? ---Deſpair! What the object of every enterprize?--- Annihilation!

"I ſhall not recede from the path which your example has ſet before me; I ſhall not deviate from the precepts which you have inculcated. My few remaining

maining days ſhall be dedicated to the ſervice of my country, and my laſt ſigh ſhall be a ſigh of gratitude for your ineſtimable kindneſs.

" W. A."

I waited with impatience for the return of my meſſenger and anticipated at leaſt a temporary gleam of conſolation in the hoſpitable abode of my early benefactor. Many years had elapſed ſince I had laſt ſeen him; but the impreſſion of gratitude had ſunk deeper in my heart by the increaſing power of thought and affection. At length the porter returned with the diſtreſſing intelligence that Mr. Randolph had quitted Briſtol, and diſſolved the firm of his houſe previous to his departure. My diſappointment was terrible. Every hope ſeemed to vaniſh, and I began to conſider myſelf as the victim of perſecution. In a place more famed for opulence than philanthropy, what could I expect? My chagrin was unutterable!

Fatigued by mental anxiety as well as bodily exertion, I retired early to my chamber; but ſleep is ever an alien to the feeling mind labouring under the preſſure of care and diſappointment. I cloſed my eyes in vain; a thouſand viſions occupied my brain, and tortured it inceſſantly. At length the mingling hum of ſounds beneath my window informed me of the hour, and I deſcended to the ſtreets, which were thronged with paſſengers, for the occupations of the day had begun, and every man was buſy in the ſcene of commerce. I ſtrolled to a neighbouring coffee-houſe, where, having ordered my breakfaſt, I ſat down to ruminate on my forlorn ſituation. A Bath newſpaper lay before me, and the firſt article which met my eye was the following advertiſement—

" Wanted, to accompany a young nobleman on his travels, a private tutor, claſſically educated, of good morals and reſpectable connections. His ſalary will

will be conſiderable and his proſpects advantageous, provided he renders himſelf worthy of future patronage. Such a perſon may hear of a ſituation by ſending his name and place of abode to Lady Kencarth's, Hanover Square, London."

I read the propoſal ſeveral times; and after weighing it in my own mind, thought it more eligible than my plan of accompanying Colonel Aubrey to Gibraltar. I was eager to know the world, and to travel with a young nobleman was the ſureſt road to the knowledge for which I panted. The change of ſcenery and diverſity of occupations would, I flattered myſelf, tend more to the reſtoration of my mind's repoſe, than the ſcenes of ſanguinary warfare to which a military life would lead me: after a few minutes of cool reflection, I anſwered the advertiſement, and began my breakfaſt ſomewhat leſs perplexed than when I entered the coffee-houſe.

I had in my letter requeſted that the anſwer might be directed to me at the Poſt Office, Bath: I therefore reſolved to haſten thither without delay, and to wait patiently for its arrival. An hour before ſun-ſet I quitted Briſtol, and proceeded on foot to the place of my next deſtination.

CHAP. XXIX.

THE ſun, before I had advanced three miles on my journey, began to ſink beneath the horizon. I walked ſlowly; and, deeply ruminating on events paſt, ſcarcely knew how the preſent moments haſtened towards the cloſe of day. The deepening ſhades of twilight began to envelope the ſurrounding ſcenery; the air was ſultry, the ſky overcaſt with gathering clouds, which in a very ſhort period of time obſcured the crimſon glow which ſpread itſelf along the weſt. I continued to tread my lonely path, till night completely

pletely wrapped every object in a temporary oblivion, when at intervals the ſound of footſteps at no great diſtance met my ear, and rouſed me from my reverie.

I ſtopped and liſtened. No ſtar illumined the heavens; no light of any kind enlivened the gloom that ſurrounded me. Still I purſued my way, and ſtill the ſtranger followed, till we came to a ſolitary part of the road, when the ſound of his footſteps ceaſed, and I began to apprehend ſome miſchief, The ſky, which had been overcaſt at the cloſe of evening, now broke into a tempeſt; the thunder rolled tremendouſly, and the rain poured in torrents; I was at a loſs what to do, when by a flaſh of vivid lightning, I perceived the perſon who had followed, ſtanding before me. I drew my piſtol from my pocket, and ſuddenly halted. He receded a few ſteps, and, in a mournful voice, addreſſed me.—

"Traveller," ſaid he, "if fortune ſmiles on you, and benevolence warms your heart, you will ſuccour the unhappy man who is now before you. Too proud to demand charity from thoſe who know me, I adopt this mode of ſolicitation to ſpare my breaſt one half the pang of a refuſal."

Here he pauſed, and I could diſtinguiſh, by the tremulous tone in which he uttered the concluding words, that his agitation checked the capability of proceeding.

The abruptneſs of his addreſs and the ſolemnity of the ſcene around us at firſt ſtartled me: yet I had not power to hurt the wretched petitioner: I returned my piſtol into my pocket. I will not deſtroy thee, unhappy mortal! thought I, becauſe I am a fellow-traveller in the path of affliction.

He continued: "I perceive, by the lightning, that you are armed, and yet I do not tremble: if you will not meliorate my ſorrows by a ſum, ſmall in compariſon with the magnitude of my grief, the moſt merciful

ciful act you can perform will be that of annihilating its victim." I requeſted that he would inform me what money would be of uſe to him, intimating the narrow limits of my power, and my earneſt wiſh that it might not be too circumſcribed for the relief of his neceſſities. After a ſilence of ſome minutes, during which we walked ſlowly, ſide by ſide, he reſumed the converſation.

"The rectitude of my heart is the cauſe of every pang that at this moment aſſails it. To render juſtice where juſtice is due, I have ſtripped myſelf of my laſt guinea. My integrity ſhuddered at the idea of fraud, and I may with a ſafe conſcience declare, before the God of retribution, that I am a complete bankrupt, in hope as well as fortune." My ſoul ſympathized in the ſorrows of the forlorn ſtranger, and I liſtened eagerly to know the ſum that would relieve him.

"Alas!" exclaimed he, raiſing his voice as if to repreſs a ſigh that ſtruggled in his boſom, "my ſituation is no leſs ſingular than unfortunate! I poſſeſs a mind too exalted to owe an obligation to an enemy; and at the ſame time too ſuſceptible to unburden my afflictions to thoſe whoſe boſoms would ache at the recital. Goaded by adverſity, involved in engagements, and menaced by diſgrace, I had no hope of avoiding deſpair, but by flying from the ſcene of deſolation. I am now haſtening towards London, there to await the event, which for a time has exiled me from home."

"Perhaps you have been driven by vexation to fly, when a more prudent ſtep might have checked the progreſs of diſgrace," ſaid I. "Were you not raſh in quitting your home without the means of life?"

"My honour, my integrity were at ſtake," anſwered he: "I could not ſtoop ſo low as to embezzle that property which was due to my creditors."

"I am

"I am only maſter of a ſmall ſum," ſaid I, "but if you will ſhare it with me, my hand is ready to offer the participation." He thanked me, and begged that I would candidly declare the extent of my ability to ſerve him. I knew not how to anſwer ſuch a queſtion: aſhamed to confeſs myſelf a poor and wandering fugitive, yet earneſt to convince my fellow traveller that, though fortune was my foe, humanity was not an alien to my boſom, I heſitated; my cheek glowed, my heart throbbed in the conflict betwixt ſhame and pity; when he again addreſſed me.

"A few guineas will pay my expences to London; —a few months may reſtore me to reputation and ſociety. I would not aſk your aid, but that I have left behind me all I could collect amidſt the ravages of misfortune. Yes! all! even to the laſt penny! What can integrity do more?"

The ten pound note, which was above the moiety of my fortune, I preſented to the unhappy ſtranger. "Take this," ſaid I, "and may the God of mercies inſpire your ſoul with that fortitude which will arm it againſt the approaches of deſpair! Now," continued I, "let me ſolicit one proof of confidence on your part: let me know your name; not with a wiſh that you ſhould ever repay the trivial ſervice I have rendered you; but that I may hear, at ſome future period, of your better fortune; and rejoice in your happineſs, as I now ſympathize in your diſtreſs."

He took a letter from his pocket, and tearing off the ſuperſcription, preſented it to me. "This *was* my addreſs," ſaid he, ſighing deeply; "on what ſpeck of this habitable globe I may reſide in future, Heaven only knows!" He could not proceed; gratitude filled every vein in his afflicted heart with unutterable ſenſations; I had not reſolution to aſk another queſtion, we therefore ſhook hands, and parted.

CHAP. XXX.

IN a ſhort time after I ſeparated from my forlorn companion, I arrived at Bath; where, on entering the firſt inn, and being uſhered into a parlour, I proceeded to examine the paper which the ſtranger had given me: judge of my conſternation, my grief, my ſurpriſe, when I read the addreſs of Mr. Randolph, in the hand-writing of the deteſted Lady Aubrey. The paper was covered with lines on the back of the ſuperſcription; and, as ſoon as aſtoniſhment gave me power to unfold it, I read the following words, continuing a ſubject which had been begun on the other half of the letter:

—— "He abſconded laſt night without aſſigning any reaſon for his departure: the arrogance of his mind, and the depravity of his heart, will render his abſence ſcarcely a matter of regret. Should he attempt to impoſe on your credulity, or to initiate himſelf into your favour, I caution you not to truſt him. He is unworthy of your eſteem; and will only diſgrace your friendſhip, by exemplifying morals, that have at laſt ſet reformation at defiance. His ſanguinary attempt on the life of Sir Sidney will juſtify the propriety of this opinion, and authoriſe me in ſaying, that he muſt, henceforth, be an alien to his family. My generous and amiable ſon has attempted to vindicate Mr. Ainsforth; but my faithful ſervant, Mrs. Blagden, can bring proofs of his criminal intentions. She heard the report of the piſtol, and ſaw the cowardly aſſaſſin making his eſcape over the park-wall of Glenowen."

My eyes ſeemed rivetted on the paper; my whole frame fixed by aſtoniſhment, as though every nerve had been petrified. My own neceſſities, and the calumnies of Lady Aubrey, excited ſenſations which ſoon ſubſided; but the regret which I felt on the

conviction

conviction of Mr. Randolph's ruin, ſunk deep into my heart, and overwhelmed it with ſorrow. I recollected the ſcene of opulence in which he had ſo long exemplified virtues rarely found amidſt the ſplendors of proſperity; and I grieved, that amidſt ſo much ſurrounding ſhadow, the ſtar of benevolence, which warmed the boſom of my patron, ſhould be obſcured by ſorrow and adverſity.

As ſoon as I had recovered from the ſurpriſe which Lady Aubrey's letter occaſioned, I ruſhed forth from the inn, and haſtened to the bridge which croſſes the Avon on entering Bath. There I waited till paſt midnight, in hopes of ſeeing the unfortunate friend to whom I owed ſo many obligations. But my wiſhes were unſucceſsful, and I returned to my lodging, vexed, hopeleſs and diſappointed. The mingling inquietudes that aſſailed my mind, during the remainder of the night, can better be imagined than deſcribed. I would have given half my days to labour and affliction, could I have ſupported Mr. Randolph by the one, and lightened his boſom's load by participating the other.

Early in the morning I quitted my chamber, and walked towards the environs of the city. I had ſcarcely proceeded a mile, when I met Colonel Aubrey's chaiſe: he was alone. The poſt-boy was ordered to ſtop, and the generous heart greeted me with joy, that was too natural to be the glozing ſemblance of friendſhip. He deſcended from his carriage; the poſtillion was ordered to follow, and we walked ſlowly back to the inn. I frankly confeſſed all that had paſſed, on the night previous to my quitting Glenowen; and firmly reſolved never to return thither, during the life-time of the deteſtable Lady Aubrey.

My kind and liberal friend endeavoured to ſoothe my diſtreſs, by the moſt generous aſſurances of eternal regard and protection. A ſervant had hired

apartments on the South Parade, and Colonel Aubrey, with little perſuaſion, prevailed on me to remain with him during his reſidence at Bath.

My ſpirits were, every hour, more heavily weighed down by deſpondency, which all the reaſoning, and all the attentions of friendſhip, could not alleviate. Colonel Aubrey frequently mingled in ſociety, but never could induce me to accompany him. Three weeks paſſed, and no anſwer arrived from Lady Kencarth; my chagrin augmented by the increaſing indiſpoſition of Colonel Aubrey, and I began to conſider all the efforts of fortitude as weak and ineffectual. I marked the languid eye hourly loſing its intelligent luſtre; I beheld the manly form withering to debility: yet his mind did not ſhrink at the approaches of annihilation; and the ravages of corporeal pain, ſtole no trait of mental power from the object of its perſecution. He treated me with the affection of a father: I revered, I loved him, as though I had been his ſon; my aſſiduity kept pace with his zeal; I had only to feel a wiſh, and it was gratified before I could diſcloſe it.

My melancholy humour at laſt began to throw a gloom over Colonel Aubrey's purſuits; and he refuſed to accept every invitation, rather than leave me to the indulgence of mournful reveries.

As I found that neither an aſſumed vivacity, nor repeated perſuaſions, could induce him to ſeek for ſociety abroad, while I remained at home, cheerleſs and deſponding, the only ſtep which I would take, was that of accompanying him in his faſhionable viſits. It was a ſacrifice of my own feelings, but it was prompted by gratitude; and being conducive to Colonel Aubrey's health as well as amuſement, I could no longer heſitate in making it. My friend anticipated a change in the temper of my mind by an intercourſe with the world, and an opportunity ſoon preſented itſelf for trying the experiment: a

ball

ball and ſupper was announced in the Creſcent; we were invited, and I promiſed to attend him.

On entering the room, the blaze of light, the ſound of the muſic, and the beauty of the women faſcinated my attention, and I was incapable of advancing a ſingle ſtep beyond the door, when Colonel Aubrey deſired me to follow him. I looked like a creature juſt wakened into life; bewildered, and overpowered by admiration and wonder; when Colonel Aubrey whiſpered, "Walſingham, follow me, and recollect yourſelf: you muſt endeavour to evince a knowledge of the forms of the world, and not betray the childiſh embarraſſment of a mere noviciate, unleſs you mean to be the butt of ridicule for the evening." I felt the propriety of the leſſon, but my feet were ſtill rooted to the ground, and my eyes fixed by the attraction of reſiſtleſs beauty! Colonel Aubrey took my arm, and led me to the fartheſt end of the ball-room, where he preſented me to the fair prieſteſs who preſided in the temple of enchantment. It was Lady Emily Delvin.

Though I had entirely forgot the perſon of Lady Emily, the adventure at Nice was ſtill perfect in my memory; not only on account of the impreſſion which it made at the time, but becauſe it had frequently been the ſubject of diſcourſe with Mr. Hanbury, ſince the period when it happened. I felt diſconcerted when Colonel Aubrey pronounced the name of Lady Emily, and a fooliſh pride, which I am almoſt aſhamed to acknowledge, whiſpered the hope that ſhe had entirely forgot me. It was as I wiſhed: "the little negro Walſingham" had been wholly obliterated from her remembrance; while Mr. Ainsforth, the friend of Colonel Aubrey, was treated with a marked attention, at once flattering to my vanity, and ſoothing to my affections.

Lady Emily, though in her thirty-ſixth year, was ſtill handſome and engaging; for, by reſiding many

years on the continent, ſhe had wholly diveſted herſelf of that chilling formality, which in England throws a gloom over ſociety, and gives a peculiar awkwardneſs to the faireſt forms that are moulded by the hand of Nature! Her converſation was bewitching, and her manners, though ſomewhat tinctured with affectation, pleaſed, while they deluded the ſenſes with their eaſe and vivacity. Though ſhe had not the mild and ſoul-ſubduing graces of Iſabella, ſhe had ſomething ſo irreſiſtible in her looks and actions, ſo lively, ſo *piquante*, that I felt wholly unembarraſſed, before I had paſſed many minutes in her ſociety.

Seated on a ſofa with the faſhioned Lady Emily, at once the object of her attention and curioſity, I entered into familiar converſation on various ſubjects, and my words flowed with unconſtrained eaſe, when ſhe checked my volubility by aſking me if I had ever travelled. I replied, that "in my infancy I had viſited the continent."

"What parts of France or Italy have you ſeen?" ſaid Lady Emily.

"I never went farther ſouth than Nice," anſwered I, ſomewhat confuſed by her queſtion.

"Ainsforth!" ſaid ſhe, pauſing:—"I have ſome faint recollection of the name. Do you remember ever having met me, while on the continent? Can you call to mind the leaſt circumſtance reſpecting me? I am really ſolicitous to date our firſt meeting from ſome remote period, in order to claim the freedom of an old acquaintance."

I knew not what to ſay. Truth, after a ſhort ſtruggle, triumphed over pride, and I anſwered, that "I remembered her well, at Nice, in the ſociety of Lady Aubrey."

From this moment all my conſequence vaniſhed:—Lady Emily was ſilent:—her eyes, with a vacant fixture, beſpoke her thoughts, wandering back through the

the mazes of time, and little pleaſed with the cloſing perſpective. In a few minutes ſhe roſe abruptly from her ſeat, and left me vexed, mortified, humbled, and more out of ſpirits than even when I entered the ball-room.

CHAP. XXXI.

AS I wiſhed to avoid dancing, I ſtrolled to an adjoining apartment, where I found a large circle of both ſexes, ſeated round a table; men intent on the turn of a card, which was deſtined either to ruin themſelves or their intimate aſſociates; and women, ſacrificing all the graces of mind and perſon, wholly abſorbed in the vortex of deſtruction. I cannot deſcribe the diſguſt which I felt, while I contemplated features, decked with the bloom of youth, yet diſtorted by internal emotions! Boſoms, which nature formed for the abodes of gentleneſs and virtue, burning with rage, and panting with diſappointment! Eyes, darting forth the lightnings of deſpair; and lips, pallid with the apprehenſion of impending ruin! Is this, what men call the world? thought I. Are theſe the votaries of pleaſure, the children of luxurious life?—Am I to emerge from obſcurity for ſuch ſociety;—to obliterate every ſolid charm that ſweetens the cup of exiſtence;—to cruſh every fair and opening flower for a bitter potion of regret, and a path over-run with weeds that will deſtroy me? The ſombre ſhade of ſcholaſtic labour, now, by compariſon with the ſcene before me, was the ſweet retirement of rational delight! The ſolitudes, the mountain ſolitudes of Glenowen, were the haunts of meditation, ſoothing to the heart, and gratifying to the ſenſes. Ah! Roſanna! Why—why did I ever leave them?

Colonel Aubrey having obſerved my emotions on entering the ball-room, had returned to his lodgings

early in the evening, without apprizing me of his intentions. I had taken my ſeat at the ſupper-table, before I diſcovered his departure, and it was then too late to relinquiſh my ſituation. The board was covered with a profuſion of luxuries; the moſt delicious wines were diſtributed with prodigality; and the band continued to play the moſt animated compoſitions during the repaſt. Time ſeemed to fly with more rapidity than uſual, and the enchanting circle roſe from table before I had leiſure to contemplate one half the beauty that ſurrounded me.

I had, without being conſcious of it, drank a much larger portion of wine than was my uſual cuſtom; and feeling no inclination to dance, I returned to the faro room. The ſpirit of miſchief there revelled with renovated vigour. Gold flew round, like duſt before the whirlwind; and diſſipation reared her ſtandard over the brow of reaſon, terribly triumphant. It was the pandemonium of licentiouſneſs; every vice was tolerated, every mind contaminated by the force of pernicious example. On one ſide ſat a venerable ſybil, withered by age, and endeavouring to obliteterate the *memento mori* of time, by the gaudy colours of artificial deformity. Poor atom of mortality! thought I; how vain, how horrible are all thy experiments! I was rapt in a profound reverie, when a loud burſt of laughter awoke my attention.

It came from an exalted maſs of rotundity, whoſe outward appearance beſpoke domeſtic affliction: a ſable habit, which decorated her uncouth figure, was her *only* mark of regret for the loſs of a lovely and amiable child, who, a few days before, had become the tenant of a ſepulchre! Seated with her favourite knave, the golden heap before her increaſed or diminiſhed, as fortune either ſmiled or frowned on her diſſipated votary: yet, the chance of a card did not wholly occupy her mind; ſhe was, by turns, the gameſter and the coquette; one moment ſtaking hundreds

dreds with the inſenſibility of practiſed folly, and the next, dreſſing her coarſe and rugged features in all the groteſque affectation of amorous allurement; while time trembled at her temerity, and vice looked more than hideous amidſt the furrows of antiquity. I ſhrunk from ſo diſguſting an object, and turning towards a beautiful girl, whoſe face had, at ſupper, attracted my attention, remarked the abſurd manners of her oppoſite neighbour: but my conſternation is not to be deſcribed when ſhe anſwered, "To be ſure ſhe is a curſt comical old devil, and yet there is ſomething ſo daſhing in whatever ſhe does, that one cannot help liking her."

"Is ſhe a particular friend of yours?" ſaid I, as ſoon as I recovered from my electric ſhock.

"O! I don't claim the honour of her friendſhip," replied the young adventurer; "I want nothing from her but her *rouleaus:* and ſhe is ſo d——d cunning, there is no touching her, even for a poney*."

"Are you fond of riding?" ſaid I, not comprehending the term ſhe had uſed at the concluſion of her eloquent ſpeech.

She ſtared, and after a moment's reflection replied, with a loud laugh, "Where in the name of Heaven were you born? The devil take me, if I don't believe you are ſome emigrated hermit, who ſeeing no fun in a woollen ſhirt and a ſtraw mattraſs, left his hovel, and his experimental knowledge, for the next tenant. How long have you relinquiſhed wild herbs and ſpring water? Come with me, and learn to reliſh better fare, or your character will ſoon be deſtroyed in the world of rational refinement." So ſaying, ſhe graſped my hand, and hurrying back to the ſupper-room, filled a large goblet with champaign, which ſhe inſtantly ſwallowed, after drinking, "confuſion to all anchorets!" The challenge was not to be

* Half a *rouleau*, or twenty-five guineas.

reſiſted, and I followed her example, with "periſh the heart that is inſenſible to beauty."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the airy ſylph of diſſipation. "Upon my ſoul, you are already a new being! and I queſtion whether Lady Fubſy won't fall in love with you. She's curſedly fond of you male creatures, and has always ſome poor devil on her domeſtic eſtabliſhment for the ſupport of her reputation."

"I ſhould rather think that her reputation would ſuffer by ſuch an inmate," ſaid I gravely.

"Come, come, none of your curſed affectation!" replied the laughing monitreſs. "A woman's character, in our unprejudiced circle, riſes in proportion as ſhe augments her catalogue of conqueſts, till the buſy and cenſorious grow tired of obſerving her. A female of the *haut ton* is a celeſtial orb of univerſal attraction! and who would be ſuch a curſt fool as to talk of ſpots in the ſun?——Here comes a living ſample."

At this moment the Ducheſs of Riversford ſauntered towards us, attended by her daughters and Lord Powderwood. The young ladies threw themſelves on a ſofa, while the Viſcount amuſed himſelf with contemplating his own beauties in a large mirror, which was fixed behind it."

"I ſhall leave Bath to-morrow," cried the polygraphic of Narciſſus. "What with the morning's ſtewing, and the evening's fatigue, a man ſhould have the robuſt nerves of Hercules to preſerve his perſon in any tolerable degree. My face looks as ſhrivelled as old Lady Amaranth's." Here a loud laugh interrupted him. "I wonder," continued his lordſhip, "how any diſciple of love can venture in theſe miſty regions of ſulphur and hot water! —enemies that are ever hoſtile to beauty and the graces."

You

" You never were more miſtaken," cried the roſe-lipped ducheſs. " I come always once a year to Bath in order to repair the ravages of winter——"

" Of Time, you mean," cried her grace's eldeſt daughter.

" Hah! comical e'faith!" exclaimed Lord Powderwood, as he placed a ſmall patch on the corner of his upper lip. " I'll be crucified if any thing but a woman could have uttered ſuch a ſavage innuendo!"

'Tis very true, notwithſtanding," cried Lady Arabella. " My mother will never believe that there is ſuch a traveller as Time, till he overtakes her."

" Who talks of Time?" vociferated Lady Ethiop. " Here is my friend Lady Parkintown, who is the only perſon that knows how to kill Time."

" She drowns him," ſaid Lord Powderwood gravely. Again a clamorous laugh echoed through the apartment.

" I hate the very name of Time!" cried Lady Ethiop.

" I do not wonder at your antipathy," interrupted the young lord, " when he hourly preſents your ladyſhip ſo dark a proſpect."

" Witty devil!" exclaimed the ducheſs; " it is impoſſible to be angry with the wretch, though he profeſſes to deſpiſe us."

Lady Parkintown and Miſs Caſino conſoled themſelves with a bottle of champaign, while Lord Powderwood retouched the *rouge* on his downy cheek; and the diſconſolate ducheſs ſighed an adieu to love, as ſhe threw her fading form on the pillow of repentance.

I now returned to the faro table, and was ſoon followed by the group of good-natured friends. I longed to try whether Fortune would ſmile on me, and thought it would be wiſe, in the preſent ſtate of my finances, to conciliate her favour.

The

The fair Mrs. Winkwell was a looker on; ſhe frequently perſuaded me to venture a few ſtakes, merely as a trial of my temper. "You ſeem quite a novice at the gaming-table," ſaid ſhe; "do you never play?"

"Never."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the ducheſs of Riversford, half-ſmiling and looking earneſtly in my face; "where have you been educated? and how have you avoided ſo univerſal a paſſion?"

"By aſſociating with unfaſhionable men, and with women who had leſs exalted propenſities," ſaid I gravely.

"Pretty queer devils!" exclaimed Miſs Caſino. "What curſed bores ſuch ſociety muſt preſent! How could you ever bring your mind to the taſk of quitting the delectable creatures?"

I made no reply.

Lady Ethiop perſuaded me to hazard a few guineas, merely by way of experiment. Still I reſiſted, and ſtill her ladyſhip continued to torment me. "Nothing ſhall convince me," ſaid ſhe, "but that you are a very miſer, except your inſtantly taking a ſeat at the table."

"Why will you tempt unguarded innocence to tread the paths of folly?" cried Lady Fubſy, with a tone ſo provokingly ironical, that I felt the ſpirit of contradiction ſtirring within me.

"Perhaps he is forbid to play," ſaid Lady Amaranth, nodding her flaxen wig over the *parterre* of folly.

"It muſt be by his mamma then," cried Miſs Caſino; "for he looks too wiſe to be married!"

"And too ſanctified to be gay," added Lady Parkintown. "He had better come and take another bottle with me."

"Let

"Let the poor fellow alone," cried Mrs. Caſino, "perhaps he has reaſons for refuſing. It is not every fortune that can bear the chances of a gaming-table."

"Then he may borrow that of his friend or his miſtreſs," ſaid Mr. Winkwell. "No man ſhould play that has any thing of his own to hazard, except his wife; and ſhe, in the modern ſchool, ſcarcely belongs to him."

"Perhaps he thinks it irreligious to gamble on a Sunday morning," cried Lady Amaranth, with a ſneer which would have rivalled Sycorax.

"There is no judging how far vulgar prejudices may influence certain orders of intellect," ſaid the Ducheſs of Riversford; "and there are ſpirits whom Fate has deſtined to creep through life in perpetual obſcurity. Who would endeavour to light the mole, or hope to animate the frozen heart by the admonitions of reaſon?"

"What card does your grace recommend?" ſaid I, piqued by her raillery.

"The queen of hearts."

"Your grace is always thinking of yourſelf," cried Mr. Winkwell.

"What objection has your grace to the black knave?" ſaid I.

"That is my favourite," cried Lady Ethiop.

I took from the packet, which Lady Fubſy had preſented me, the knave of clubs.

"I bar perſonality," exclaimed an old coxcomb; "let the young adventurer have the queen of diamonds."

"That's a ſort of ſlanderous innuendo," ſaid Lady Ethiop; "a ſarcaſtic remark on my friend Mrs. Begum, and I am too much attached to her intereſt to hear her name mentioned ill-naturedly."

"To her treaſures you mean," ſaid Miſs Caſino.

"I wiſh

" I wiſh I had ſome of her diamonds, and ſhe was in the infernal regions."

" Oh, horrible!" exclaimed Lady Amaranth. " How can you put one in mind of ſuch places?"

" Will no body name a card for me?" ſaid I.

" Silence!" vociferated the dealer, looking at me with more inſolence than I was diſpoſed to tolerate.

A loud laugh ſucceeded his abrupt reproof: I was vexed, piqued, and I thought inſulted; and taking my purſe from my pocket, threw it on the ace of ſpades. The card loſt, and I was a bankrupt!

Mrs. Winkwell lamented my ill-luck, and adviſed me to try another colour; when Mrs. Caſino exclaimed—" For Heaven's ſake let him alone!—Fortune does not always favour the brave, and Mr. Ainsforth's courage ſeems entirely exhauſted already. If I had him in my ſchool only one winter, I would teach him to bear ill-luck with a better grace."

" Yes, and it is all you would teach him!" cried Lady Parkintown. " *I* would inculcate more palatable precepts, and, if the doctrines of Diogenes may be credited, more efficacious ones.—Your leſſons are too dry and faſtidious for ſo young a pupil."

" Mr. Ainsforth," interrupted Lady Amaranth, " is not accuſtomed to mingle in this kind of circle, and perhaps feels himſelf abaſhed by its novelty. Age will make a wonderful alteration."

" I doubt it, my lady," ſaid I eagerly.

" Can you look in her ladyſhip's face, and doubt the aſſertion?" cried Miſs Caſino in a loud whiſper.

Again the titter went round, when Lady Emily interrupted it with " Come, come, you begin to grow ſcurrilous.—Perhaps Lady Amaranth has not the

the tame forbearance of Mr. Ainsforth; ſhe may not like to take the load from his ſhoulders, and become the butt of the company."

"I do not comprehend your ladyſhip," ſaid I, changing colour and diſconcerted.

"Silence!" was again vociferated. I returned the dealer a look of ineffable contempt. Lady Parkintown whiſpered—"Bravo!"

"You may talk to any one but Lady Emily," cried little Caſino, ſmothering her evident mirth at the rude admonition I had experienced.

"He had no buſineſs to interrupt the table," ſaid the dealer.

I was a ſtranger to the forms of faſhionable ſociety; and, concluding that I had acted indecorouſly, was ſilent.

Lady Amaranth now beckoned me to ſit by her, and, my fair hoſteſs being ſomewhat intimidated by the reproof of the dealer, I was unemployed, and accepted the invitation. "Why will you not play again?" ſaid Lady Amaranth.

"I have no more caſh about me."

"I will be your banker," cried ſhe, with a tone of languiſhment perfectly ridiculous; "you ſhall owe me this *rouleau*;" at the ſame time placing fifty guineas on a card before me. I won; the ſtake was doubled—a ſecond time I was ſucceſsful; I ventured deeper, ſtill talking to Lady Emily, who leaned over the back of my chair—the advantage again was mine, and again ſilence was commanded. I ſmiled, and turning to my lovely hoſteſs, continued the converſation.

Fortune perſevered in favouring me till the whole bank was mine. A ſolemn pauſe marked the conſternation of the circle. I offered to pay Lady Amaranth her fifty guineas; but ſhe ſaid ſhe was in haſte; and, requeſting that I would call on her the following day, quitted the room precipitately. The bank amounted

to

to eight hundred pounds, and I returned to my lodgings highly pleaſed with the ſucceſs of my enterprize.

CHAP. XXXII.

I WENT to bed—but to ſleep was impoſſible. The idea of having grown into favour with Fortune conjured up a thouſand flattering hopes, and I began to anticipate joys which to me have have ever been viſionary. Now, thought I, if Iſabella had not been the victim of Sir Sidney's paſſions, with this little ſum I might have looked forward to the acquirement of a ſplendid fortune. The recollection of Mr. Randolph's diſtreſs ſucceeded this idea, and I was about to deviſe means for diſcovering his retreat, when a ſervant, abruptly entering my apartment, delivered the following laconic epiſtle—

" SIR,

" As I know you are offended at my treatment of you laſt night at Lady Emily Delvin's, I expect you to call on me immediately for the ſatisfaction you merit. Therefore, as I never permit any man to be beforehand with me in a matter of punctilio, or to interfere with me in affairs of gallantry, I ſhall wait for you from ten till twelve this day on Claverton Down.

" Yours,

" LINBOURNE.

" *N. B.* I always fight with ſwords."

My conſternation was infinite. I looked earneſtly at the ſervant who had delivered the letter, and his countenance convinced me that he was no ſtranger to its contents.

" Are you Lord Linbourne's *valet de chambre?*" ſaid I.

" Faith

"Faith and I am his letter-carrier," replied the honeſt Hibernian. "This is the fifth of the ſort that I have had the honour to deliver during the two years that I have lived with him; and the devil a one went ſo much againſt the grain as the bit of a challenge which is now before you."

"Why?" ſaid I, earneſtly.

"Becauſe you are the only man who ſeems inclined to take it ſeriouſly. Gentlemen who play, apply the ſword as a certain ſpecific where the purſe-ſtrings are tardy; and if they won't pull eaſily, a trifle of a ſcratch ſettles the diſpute without blood-ſhed."

"I do not owe Lord Linbourne a guinea," ſaid I.

"No matter for that," cried the *valet de chambre*; "you muſt fight him firſt, and diſpute the buſineſs afterwards."

"Suppoſe one of us ſhould fall?"

"Why then the debt is paid honourably," replied O'Donagan; "and upon my conſcience there is ſympathy between us; for either you will loſe a *miſtreſs*, or your humble ſervant a *maſter*, and that's the ſame thing, you know."

"A miſtreſs!—I do not comprehend you—Pray, my honeſt fellow, be explicit."

"Faith and I will; but you muſt give me time, and I will tell you a long ſtory."

"Be brief," ſaid I; "for time is precious."

"Why then we will defer it till after the battle."

"Begin, begin," cried I haſtily.—"Whom and what do you mean?"

"Why, for the whom," replied O'Donagan, "I mean Lady Emily Delvin; and for the what, you muſt fight my lord before you know any thing at all about it."

I found

I found that I only loſt time in queſtioning my loquacious meſſenger, and therefore bade him return to his maſter with my anſwer, that I ſhould not fail to attend him at the hour and place appointed.

As ſoon as he was gone I dreſt myſelf, and proceeded to Lady Amaranth's—my debt of honour demanded the viſit; and as it was the firſt I had ever incurred, I could not feel eaſy till I had diſcharged it. I alſo made a ſhort memorandum, which I directed to Mr. Hanbury, bequeathing my newly acquired little fortune equally between Iſabella and Mr. Randolph. My mind was conſiderably tranquillized by their proceedings, and I felt wholly indifferent as to the reſult of my rencontre with Lord Linbourne.

Good frequently originates in evil, and the perſecutions of fate bring with them the wearineſs of an exiſtence, which, if perpetually happy, would ſhrink from annihilation. Thus every mortal pang which this "feveriſh being" is doomed to ſuffer, every dear and beloved friend or relative that is prematurely torn from our agonized boſoms, ſmooth the path of death, and only goes before us to diveſt the grave of more than half its horrors.

With a degree of compoſure new to a mind hitherto marked by an extraordinary irritability, I walked towards Lady Amaranth's lodgings, ruminating on the approaching event with the philoſophy of a ſtoic; for, having felt the pang of diſappointed affection, having found that boſom falſe in which I had depoſited all my hopes of happineſs—having experienced the torture which had been given by the cold graſp of perſecution, I had no new afflictions to apprehend that could ſurpaſs thoſe which I had already experienced. The chords of ſenſation were unſtrung by the repeated touch of ſorrow; and I looked forward to death as a pleaſing ſlumber; to the grave as a ſure aſylum from the miſeries of exiſtence.

Arriving

Arriving at Lady Amaranth's lodgings, I was uſhered into her breakfaſt room, where, though it was morning, and her ladyſhip juſt returned from the bath, I found her as highly *rouged*, and her flaxen treſſes as much curled and powdered, as they had been on the preceding evening. Day-light rendered her, if poſſible, more hideous than ſhe appeared by the tempered glare of an illumined ball-room. I could ſcarcely believe that I was ſpeaking to a being animated with ſenſation, till ſhe addreſſed me with a degree of ſelf-importance that commanded my attention.—

"So, Mr. - - - - -, I really forget your name."

"Ainsforth," ſaid I gravely.

"Aye, aye, Mr. Ainsforth; ſo you laſt night made your *debut* in the faſhionable world; and how do you like it?'

"Not at all, Lady Amaranth; I am weary of it already," ſaid I; "and moſt likely in a few hours ſhall quit it for ever."

"We are certainly very unlike the order of people with whom you have been accuſtomed to vegetate," cried Lady Amaranth, preſenting me a cup of chocolate, and endeavouring to look intereſting.

"Very unlike, indeed!" ſaid I ſighing.

"You are fond of rural life, I preſume?" continued her ladyſhip.

"Solitude was once my pride and my conſolation. I found it the ſource of mental pleaſure, till the ſtorms of fate broke over me, and robbed the ſcene of all its attractions."

"Rather ſay the affections of the heart, Mr. Ainſforth."

I bowed aſſent, but made no anſwer.

"If you are fond of ruſtic ſports, I have a ſmall villa, not far from the metropolis, where ſome excellent hunters and a pack of choſen hounds may contribute

tribute to your amuſement, if you could ſuffer *me* to be your companion."

I was aſtoniſhed at the propoſal, and almoſt believed that ſhe was ſuddenly deprived of reaſon.

"You are ſilent," continued ſhe: "Will you accept my invitation? I am weary of the gay world, and pant for retirement; but total ſolitude would deſtroy me: I cannot bear to think; rumination preys on my ſhattered nerves, and overwhelms me with a laſſitude which is inſupportable."

I ſhrunk from the propoſal with horror—She read the marked diſguſt which ſpoke in every feature, and, after a moment's ſmothered pride, again renewed the converſation.

"We were in high favour with fortune laſt night; it was a lucky partnerſhip for us both."

"Partnerſhip!" repeated I, with evident amazement.

"Yes; you know we went halves in the ſtakes which won the bank from Lord Linbourne."

"I did not underſtand it ſo," ſaid I. "Your ladyſhip was ſo kind as to lend me a *rouleau*, and I am come hither to repay it."

"If you doubt my word of honour," cried Lady Amaranth, looking through the window, with a tone of haughty ſuperiority, "here comes a witneſs who cannot but remember the circumſtance."

As ſhe ſpoke I obſerved Mrs. Caſino and her pretty daughter coming round the circus. There was no retreating, and I waited the reſult of their evidence with ſilent expectation.

"O you curſed devil!" exclaimed Miſs Caſino on entering the room, and ſeeing me with Lady Amaranth: "You ruined poor Linbourne laſt night, not only in fortune, but in love; for Lady Emily and he are parted for ever."

"Mr. Ainsforth and I are now ſettling the matter," cried Lady Amaranth: "he did not underſtand

ſtand that we were partners in the ſtakes which won the bank.—Did not you conceive it ſo?'

"Unqueſtionably!" replied Mrs. Caſino.

"Certainly!" added her pretty daughter.

Lady Fubſy and Mrs. Winkwell now joined the trio, and the weight of the former cauſed the ſcale to preponderate in favour of the junto. Though the even hand of juſtice would have given me the victory.

"I cannot diſpute ſuch powerful evidence," ſaid I, taking out my pocket-book, and preſenting her notes to the amount of four hundred and fifty pounds. She received them with unbluſhing avidity, and laying them on the breakfaſt table, inquired whether I had ſeen or heard from Lord Linbourne.

I replied that I was then going to meet him.

"You have made a fine *fracas!*" ſaid Lady Fubſy. "The word *Silence*, ſo emphatically repeated, was prompted by more ſenſations than one; for people do not heſitate to ſay that Lord Linbourne is the partner of my friend Lady Emily Delvin in other concerns beſide her faro bank."

"Every body knows that her ladyſhip is near playing her laſt ſtake," cried Mrs. Caſino.

"Yes," continued Lady Amaranth; "even her king of hearts, which has ſo long been her favourite, has at laſt deſerted her.'

"She is now fond of diamonds," ſaid Mrs. Caſino.

"Becauſe ſhe has gone through all the clubs till they are weary of her," cried the good-natured Lady Fubſy.

"And hearts are never proſperous under her ladyſhip's direction," added the fair Winkwell.

At this moment Lady Emily entered the room; the whole circle greeted her with ſmiles of cordiality. My contempt was not to be concealed; and, without ſpeaking another ſyllable, I quitted the houſe, ſhocked and aſhamed, as I reflected on the depravity of that

ſex

ſex which was formed to be the brighteſt ornament of the creation.

The ſpecimen which I had already ſeen of exalted friendſhip and modern wit, ſcarcely left a wiſh in my boſom for a farther intercourſe with the faſhionable world. The traveller who encounters the highway robber—the libertine who waſtes his life and fortune with the avowed wanton, is leſs expoſed to peril than the dupe who commits himſelf to the deſtructive vortex of a faro table; where beauty is held up as a lure to enthral the ſenſes, while avarice and fraud take advantage of its faſcinations, and every moral virtue trembles at its triumphs.

I returned to my lodgings. Colonel Aubrey was ſtill ſleeping, having paſſed a reſtleſs night. I took his ſword—and, wrapping myſelf in my ſurtout the better to conceal it, flew with all poſſible haſte to the place of appointment.

CHAP. XXXIII.

ASCENDING the hill towards Claverton Down, I met a carriage with the blinds nearly drawn; concluding that Lord Linbourne had waited till his patience was exhauſted, and was returning to ſeek after me, in order to prevent any farther delay, I ſtopped the poſt-boy.—The blind was raiſed, when to my infinite ſurpriſe, I beheld Sir Sidney Aubrey and Iſabella.

I muffled my face in my ſurtout, and endeavoured to eſcape: but my couſin had caught a glimpſe of my features before I was aware of it, and, inſtantly leaping from the chaiſe, caught hold of my arm and detained me. My embarraſſment could not be concealed; Iſabella's penetrating eyes augmented my chagrin, and I had not power to utter a ſyllable. Sir Sidney demanded to know the cauſe of my ſtrange appearance; a ſurtout in the month of Auguſt, and

one

one arm wholly concealed, excited his curioſity. He ſnatched my hand, and ſhaking it heartily, exclaimed, "By Heavens! my worthy couſin, you are a ſingular being! What new project do you meditate—an intrigue, or a duel?"

A thouſand ſenſations crowded about my heart: I would joyfully have ruſhed upon Lord Linbourne's ſword, and buried its point in my palpitating boſom: Sir Sidney's eaſy familiarity was ſo blended with good-nature, and Iſabella's ſolicitude appeared ſo like returning attention, that I almoſt felt inclined to forgive them.

"You muſt go with us to the inn," ſaid my couſin.

"Are you travelling alone?" inquired I, dreading to hear a confirmation of my fears.

Iſabella bluſhed; Sir Sidney ſmiled; but neither anſwered my queſtion.

"I am in haſte," ſaid I; "you ſhall ſee me again in a couple of hours at fartheſt. I am going to meet a friend upon buſineſs which will not detain me long."

My voice was tremulous, my countenance confuſed; Iſabella looked earneſtly at me; "Walſingham," cried ſhe, "you give us but a cold reception!"

My ſituation was peculiarly diſtreſſing; I thought that the tone of Iſabella's voice had ſomething in it more than uſually tender; all my former ſorrows ruſhed acroſs my brain; I was agitated, afflicted, vanquiſhed.

"Return with us to the hotel only for five minutes," repeated Sir Sidney, "and you ſhall then be at liberty."

Iſabella conjured me, with ſuch impreſſive kindneſs, to comply, that I had not power to diſobey her. I accompanied them to the York-Houſe Hotel, where

where I wrote the following note to Lord Linbourne :—

" MY LORD,

" Our meeting muſt be deferred till this evening: I have ſome buſineſs of importance to ſettle, which will be completed by ſeven o'clock—at eight you will find me near the firſt mile-ſtone on Claverton Down.

" Yours,

" W. A."

A waiter took the note to Lord Linbourne. He met him on the North Parade, and an immediate anſwer was returned, written with a pencil on a ſcrap of paper, merely ſaying, " I ſhall expect you."

I now ſent to let Colonel Aubrey know of Sir Sidney's arrival, and in a few minutes he was with us. I avoided all kind of converſation with Iſabella, but I could not wholly decline ſeeing her, without an *eclairciſſement*, which would have involved her in eternal diſgrace. What we wiſh, we are too apt to believe, and I was more than half inclined to credit Sir Sidney's aſſertion, that Iſabella was ſtill innocent. There was a delicate propriety in her words; a beautiful timidity in her looks; a mild and modeſt dignity in every action, which bore marks of that purity of mind which is not to be awed by the opinions of the world, nor contaminated by the force of pernicious example.

On my firſt entering the hotel, I had left my great coat and ſword in an adjoining apartment. As ſoon as dinner was finiſhed, Iſabella quitted the room to chooſe ſome articles of dreſs which were brought for her inſpection. Colonel Aubrey, availing himſelf of her abſence, began to queſtion Sir Sidney on the propriety of their journey. " Does Lady Aubrey know of this excurſion ?" ſaid he.

" She

" She does, and will ſhortly follow us," was the anſwer.

" Is it your intention to marry Miſs Hanbury?" was the ſecond queſtion.

" No," replied Sir Sidney, gravely.

" To debauch her?"

" Certainly not," anſwered my couſin.

" You muſt mean to do the one or the other," cried Colonel Aubrey, ſomewhat haſtily.

" Neither, upon my honour," replied Sir Sidney, placing his hand upon his heart, and ſighing deeply.

I thought there was an equivocal meaning in his words, which did not ſtrike Colonel Aubrey; for he ſeemed to inſinuate that he could not mean to do that which was previouſly accompliſhed.

" Perhaps you are already married?" was the queſtion which followed.

My couſin ſmiled. His journey to Bath, alone with Iſabella, confirmed the idea; and I conſidered my ſituation as hopeleſs.

" Well," continued Colonel Aubrey, " I ſhall be ſorry to find that you make a fool of the girl, becauſe ſhe is amiable and lovely—"

" As an angel!" exclaimed I, " and the monſter who would pollute ſo pure a boſom, muſt have the depravity of a villain."

" Agreed," ſaid Sir Sidney.

I felt my breaſt glow with returning hope. Colonel Aubrey muſed, with ſomething ſo unbelieving in his countenance, that I again felt the trembler fear ſtealing to my heart;—when he ſtarted from his reverie, exclaiming, " By Heavens! ſhe is playing a hazardous game, Sir Sidney; for while you deceive her by ſpecious attentions, ſhe is hourly loſing her influence over the affections of Walſingham."

My couſin ſeemed to exult in this intelligence. Colonel Aubrey continued:

"Mr. Ainsforth is the favoured lover of Lady Emily Delvin: I have heard of nothing elſe in every houſe that I have entered this morning. His attentions at her ball laſt night give riſe to the report, and I wiſh him joy with all my ſoul; for Lady Emily's jointure is two thouſand pounds *per annum*, with expectancies, at the death of a near relation, which will nearly treble that ſum."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Sir Sidney: "Is it true, Walſingham?" continued he ſeriouſly.

"This is the firſt I have heard of it," anſwered I. "But even were it true, I cannot allow you, of all men living, the right to queſtion me."

"Now I can account for your diſguiſe this morning," cried my couſin: "your confuſion at our firſt meeting, and your heſitation to return with us. I thought you were equipped for ſome important expedition."

"A very important one indeed!" anſwered I.

"To meet Lady Emily Delvin? Is ſhe a woman of ſuch faſtidious manners that the buſy world is not permitted to behold her tranſactions? Is a diſguiſe abſolutely neceſſary to gain admittance beneath the roof of your enamorata?"

"I do not deny that the buſineſs of this morning required more than common ſecrecy," ſaid I.

"Already an adept in the myſteries of intrigue!" continued Sir Sidney. "You have made a diſtinguiſhed *debut*, and your progreſs has been rapid!"

"As your thoughts," ſaid I.

"And changeable,"—cried he—

"As your opinions."

Sir Sidney ſeemed piqued at my laconic anſwers. "I'll ſee this fair enchantreſs," continued he, riſing from table, and walking haſtily about the room.

Again

Again he reſumed his ſeat, and filling his glaſs, inquired, "Pray, my gallant couſin, what is this Lady Emily Delvin?"

"A woman," anſwered I.

"Pſhaw!" cried he peeviſhly; "I mean what ſort of woman?"

"Handſome, lively, and rich," replied I. "Young enough to make hearts ache, and too old to be the dupe of her own."

I was ſomewhat pleaſed at the idea of vexing Sir Sidney; and I knew, that to excite his curioſity and not to gratify it, was to render him completely wretched. I had another powerful reaſon for my ambiguous anſwers: the hope that Iſabella might be rouſed to that jealouſy, which would gratify my ſelf-love, and humble my exulting rival.

"Lady Emily is a divinity!" continued I, with a degree of animation which my agitated heart could ſcarcely aſſume; "and I am not aſhamed to confeſs my idolatry of ſuch perfection!"

"I have heard my mother talk of her, as a compound of affectation and folly," cried Sir Sidney. "At all events I will ſee her before I ſleep, and you ſhall then know my decided opinion. If ſhe is worthy of notice, I ſhall take her myſelf: ſhe will do well enough to trifle away an hour with, when I am not engaged with a more intereſting object."

"Suppoſe I diſpute the prize," ſaid I ſternly.

"O! not with *me*, Walſingham! You will not attempt to ſnatch the laurel from the brow of ſuch a rival; for, ſince the day of Lady Emily's firſt *entrée* in the world of gallantry, ſhe has never had ſuch a lover as Sir Sidney Aubrey."

"In one reſpect you are unequalled," ſaid I; "for if inordinate vanity can claim the right of pre-eminence, your ſuperiority is indiſputable."

My couſin looked ſerious. I found that I had

ſtung him deeply, and my triumph was gratifying in the extreme.

" Never fear, Walſingham," cried Colonel Aubrey, " you have yet Miſs Hanbury's affections to conſole you; and ſhe is worth a thouſand Lady Emilys. Let Sir Sidney take the titled moppet, while you repoſe your future hopes on the boſom of unſophiſticated beauty."

Sir Sidney turned pale; he attempted to ſpeak, but could not articulate a ſyllable. Colonel Aubrey repleniſhed his glaſs, and a ſilence of ſome moments followed. For once, thought I, the victory is mine! Thou art not deſtined to triumph eternally! Be it now thy turn to feel one pang, for all the agonies that thou haſt made me ſuffer.

CHAP. XXXIV.

THE hour drew near in which I was deſtined to quit Iſabella; perhaps, to quit her for ever, at the very moment when returning hope dawned on the dark proſpect, which my adverſe fate had hitherto preſented. I longed to bid her an eternal farewel; to pour out my whole ſoul in the language of affection; and to avow that my lateſt breath ſhould pronounce her the excluſive object of my idolatry. While I was ruminating on the cruelty of my deſtiny, a ſmall *billet* was delivered by the waiter. I haſtily opened it, and to my infinite conſternation read the following lines from Lady Amaranth:

" I have ſeen Lord Linbourne. He has hinted " ſuſpicions that we won his bank unfairly. I am " ready to refund my ſhare of the money, if you " have no objection to follow my example; and I " will venture to aſſert, that ſuch a ſtep will not only " ſatisfy his lordſhip, but put a fortunate period to

" the

" the whole tranſaction. He waits at my lodgings " for your anſwer.

" Yours, &c. &c."

" Infamous colluſion!" exclaimed I, riſing abruptly from table. I had ſcarcely uttered the words, when Iſabella entered the room with my great coat, and Colonel Aubrey's ſword.

" What do you think of this diſguiſe for a knight-errant?" ſaid ſhe, laughing: " this is Walſingham's ſummer walking dreſs—!"

" The ſword is mine!" ſaid Colonel Aubrey, with evident aſtoniſhment.

The matter had gone too far to be concealed any longer; I therefore thought it both prudent and candid to inform Colonel Aubrey of my appointment with Lord Linbourne; and alſo to requeſt that he would be my ſecond.

" Let me inveſtigate the matter," ſaid he.

" It can only be inveſtigated by the points of our ſwords," ſaid I. " The whole of the tranſaction is marked with infamy;—a plot deeply laid, and impudently put in practice by a ſet of females, who diſgrace the rank they hold in ſociety; who have long deſerved the chaſtiſement of the laws, and the deteſtation of every honourable mind."

" Such ſcandalous proceedings merit public expoſure," cried Sir Sidney; " and, though Walſingham will ſcarcely allow me the name of friend, I will not ſtand tamely looking on while he is aſſaſſinated by a ſharper. I will attend you to Claverton Down."

" He ſhall not ſtir a ſtep," cried Colonel Aubrey, ſtarting from his ſeat, and taking his hat;—" I will ſettle the buſineſs without either bloodſhed or diſgrace to Walſingham. An old ſoldier is no ſtranger to the treachery of a daſtardly enemy, and if I do not blow up the mine which guards this citadel of iniquity, let

me be broke for cowardice, and condemned, for the reſt of my life, to aſſociate with ſcoundrels!"

"Not on my account, for Heaven's ſake!" ſaid I. "Let me ſettle the matter with Lord Linbourne; I do not fear his ſword, or doubt the juſtice of my cauſe. I cannot refuſe to fight him, but with diſhonour to myſelf."

"In a cauſe that would enhance your reputation, I would be your ſecond, knee-deep in blood," cried Colonel Aubrey; "but I will not ſuffer knaves and gamblers to avail themſelves of thoſe laws, which were only invented by men of honour, for the defence of virtue." As he concluded theſe words, he ſnatched up his ſword, and darted out of the room. I was inſtantly following, when Sir Sidney and Iſabella ruſhed towards the door, and detained me.

"Walſingham, you ſtir not," cried my couſin, turning the key, and putting it in his pocket. Iſabella, burſting into tears, conjured me to be calm: "Let Colonel Aubrey arrange the buſineſs," ſaid ſhe; you are too recently initiated in the follies of faſhionable life to know their antidotes. In the hands of a veteran ſoldier, and a man of invincible courage, your reputation will be ſafe from every ſhadow of diſhonour."

"He muſt not fight Lord Linbourne," ſaid I.

"Lord Linbourne will not put him to the trial," cried Sir Sidney; "a duel is not the event which he meditates, believe me. Lady Amaranth's note elucidates his motives; and you are the dupe of their practiſed machinations."

As he ſpoke, a gentle tap at the door arreſted our attention, and a feeble voice intreated me to open it. Sir Sidney turned as pale as aſhes; Iſabella looked earneſtly at him; he drew the key from his pocket, and, in a moment, Lady Emily Delvin entered the apartment. On ſeeing that I had companions, ſhe

ſtarted

ſtarted back, and with a well-feigned timidity made ſome awkward apologies for her intruſion: yet her ladyſhip did not retire; her confuſion in a moment vaniſhed; ſhe entered the room without the fainteſt tint of a retiring bluſh, and throwing herſelf into a chair, fixed her eyes on Iſabella.

"Mr. Ainsforth," ſaid Lady Emily with affected formality, "I requeſt the honour of ſpeaking to you *alone*. The buſineſs which urges this indecorous viſit, is of importance that will not admit of a moment's procraſtination."

Sir Sidney bowed and retired; Iſabella followed: as ſoon as the door was ſhut, Lady Emily roſe, and advancing towards me, exclaimed with a ſmile of reproach, "Are you not a pretty ſort of a creature?"

I did not comprehend her queſtion.

"You do not ſeem ſenſible of the miſchief you have occaſioned," ſaid ſhe, aſſuming a more ſerious tone and manner. "The vanity of univerſal conqueſt, precludes the compunction of individual injury."

"I am ſorry that my conduct towards your ladyſhip has been ſo groſsly miſconſtrued," ſaid I.

"Why ſorry?" inquired Lady Emily, evidently mortified. "Is it a matter of diſgrace to fix the attentions of a woman, who is not wholly deſtitute of attractions?"

I bowed ſlightly, but made no anſwer.

Doubly piqued by my coldneſs, and almoſt angry at my taciturnity, ſhe continued: "It may be of little conſequence to you, but to me it is of infinite importance. The reputation of a woman of rank is too rare a jewel to be trifled with. The affections of the heart deſerve a more liberal return than the mere outward attentions of gallantry. Lord Linbourne's jealouſy has blazoned my weakneſs, and it only remains for you, to do me juſtice."

I was ſtill mute with conſternation:—ſhe proceeded:—

"I muſt poſitively quit Bath. This unlucky *fracas* will overwhelm me with ſcandal. Lord Linbourne will be glad to avail himſelf of my indiſcreet attentions towards you; and Mrs. Winkwell will triumph over that heart, which ſhe has long ſought, in vain, to vanquiſh."

"I thought you called her your friend!—Was ſhe not your gueſt, Lady Emily?" ſaid I gravely.

"Thoſe are the mere outward ſemblances of friendſhip; every woman calls herſelf my friend, who viſits at my houſe, eats at my table, prys into my ſecret thoughts, and gives me impertinent admonition," replied Lady Emily:—"but women of the world are not influenced by ſuch counſellors,—neither are they deſirous that we ſhould be; for, to adopt the ſober precepts which they affect to inculcate, would be to baniſh them from our ſociety for ever. But this is not the purpoſe of my viſit:—I came not hither to expoſe the frivolity of modern friendſhip, but to try the ſincerity of one, who was not ſchooled in the circles of diſſimulation. Are you my friend?"

"Certainly not," ſaid I abruptly.

"Why do you diſclaim the title?" cried Lady Emily.

"Becauſe I have not known you long enough to judge how far you deſerve my good opinion. It would be eaſier to be your lover than your friend."

She ſmiled: her perſonal vanity was flattered at the expence of her moral virtues, and ſhe did not lament the ſacrifice.

"What is your idea of friendſhip?" ſaid Lady Emily, ſighing; "and how is it poſſible to obtain your good opinion? I confeſs that I am ambitious of acquiring what you ſeem determined to withhold, merely to prove that my power is irreſiſtible."

"Then

" Then I will tell you candidly," ſaid I, " upon condition that you will ſuffer me immediately to leave you: an affair of conſequence demands that I ſhould ceaſe trifling; therefore you muſt forgive my brevity."

The inclination of her head implied obedience.

" Friendſhip," ſaid I, " is one of the pureſt paſſions of the human mind! It braves the perils of adverſity, and knows no delight equal to that of proving its ſincerity. It confeſſes no ſuperiority of rank; it will not bear inequality of fortune."

" What are its viſible *traits?*" interrupted Lady Emily; " for, by its ſecret ſenſations, I ſhall never learn to know it."

" So much the worſe!" ſaid I. " The outward marks of friendſhip are eaſily deſcribed. It courts us not in the ſunny hours of pleaſure and proſperity, but, when the ſtorms of fate gather round the child of ſorrow, ruſhes forward to its aid, participates in every grief, and throws the gifts of fortune into the lap of the deſponding mourner. It comes not to conſole affliction dreſſed in the plauſible, but inſulting tears of pity; it does not paint the anguiſh of regret in frothy ſounds or vaunted commiſeration—its actions are its vouchers, not its words; it does not probe the wounded heart. and yet refuſe to meliorate its ſufferings."

At this moment Lady Amaranth's carriage ſtopped at the door. I ruſhed out of the room, and flew to inquire the cauſe of her viſit.

A preſentiment of ſome new misfortune ruſhed through my heart, and it did not deceive me. A rencontre had taken place between Colonel Aubrey and Lord Linbourne, which had left the latter dangerouſly wounded at Lady Amaranth's lodgings.

CHAP. XXXV.

I FOUND Lord Linbourne in the hands of his ſurgeon, who pronounced the wound to be extremely alarming. Colonel Aubrey's ſword had penetrated his right ſide, and the effuſion of blood had totally deprived him of recollection.

In the adjoining apartment the whole phalanx of folly had aſſembled: I inquired after Colonel Aubrey; they knew nothing about him. O'Donagan was ſummoned to declare how the rencontre had happened; for he was the only perſon preſent, beſide the combatants, and he gave the following deſcription:

"My Lord and my Lady Amaranth were ſettling their partnerſhip in the bank, which the young jontleman got hould on laſt night at my Lady Delvin's. The devil burn the cards! for they are his own tallies," cried O'Donagan, wiping his eyes. "And ſo then," continued he, "in comes the Colonel, and, without ſpaking a word, he axes my lord very genteelly, how he came to be ſuch a knave as to ſay that the young jontleman had chated him. So then my lady takes herſelf off, and my lord takes up his bit of ſteel, which lay very convaniently upon the table. So then——Och! let me recollect—how was it then?——Why, my lord ſaid that Lady Amaranth inſiſted on having back her money; for that ſhe ſaw Mrs. Caſino making ſigns to the young jontleman, and it was not fair to play *all the game* with a friend, d'ye ſee. Then the colonel called them a pack of chates all together, and my lord drew his ſword, and to it they went, like tame tigers, till down comes one, and away marches the other with all the honours of war."

"What were you doing all the while?" ſaid I eagerly.

"Looking

" Looking on, to watch that there was no harm done," replied O'Donagan, " for I have ſeen my lord, many a good time, play at fighting in jeſt; and, as that is the way now-a-days, the devil burn me if I tought that he would ever be in arneſt. But this turn he got hould of a tough bit of a Tartar, who was not to be fubbed off with a ſham: ſo he got it;—and that's all I know of the matter."

" Lady Amaranth and Lord Linbourne joint proprietors of the bank!" ſaid I with aſtoniſhment. " What is your opinion of this buſineſs?" addreſſing Mrs. Winkwell.

" I think it ſhocking and ſcandalous!" replied ſhe, " though they are my friends; and whatever my public conduct towards them may be, reſt aſſured that I heartily deſpiſe their deceptions. I know their hearts; they are ſordid, trifling, and deceitful: viciouſly prodigal in purſuit of ſelfiſh gratifications, and parſimonious even to meanneſs, where a fellow-creature depends on their humanity."

" With ſuch ſentiments, why do you make them your aſſociates?" ſaid I; " Are you fond of gaming?"

" Oh! quite the reverſe," exclaimed Mrs. Winkwell; " I ſeldom play. But do you imagine that theſe people open their houſes merely for their gambling propenſities? Are you yet to learn that they are the moſt convenient ſeminaries for every ſpecies of diſſipation? that, under their roofs, a huſband's happineſs, and a wife's reputation, are as often ſtaked as the *rouleaus* on their tables?"

I was preparing to anſwer, when Lady Ethiop exclaimed, " Well! thank God! Linbourne's exit will be no great loſs; for he has nearly ruined himſelf, and would moſt likely have ended his days a miſerable exile!"

" 'Tis a good thing for me," ſaid Mrs Caſino, ſmiling.

" My

"My mamma owes him five hundred," added her ſprightly epitome; "and death pays all debts of honour, you know."

I ſhuddered:——the whole circle laughed.

"Heavens! I hope he will live," cried Lady Fubſy; "for he borrowed fifty of me only this morning. Indeed he told me it was to lend Lady Emily; but her diſtreſs is nothing to me: I'll go and make him give me ſecurity on his eſtate."

"That has long ſince been mortgaged," ſaid Mrs. Caſino. "Lord Lambent can give you an account of the buſineſs."

"*Lady* Lambent you mean," ſaid Lady Ethiop; "though the purity of her flame will not bear the breath of calumny."

"Nay, Lady Ethiop," retorted the angry Thais, you ſhared one thouſand laſt winter towards your annual purſe for the ſupport of your eſtabliſhment; and it was thought a very fortunate hit, conſidering the run of ill-luck which had attended your pecuniary labours, and the ſudden death of your laſt *èleve*."

"Ridiculous coquet!" muttered Lady Ethiop.

Miſs Caſino giggled.

"Well, I ſhall go and dun him," cried Lady Fubſy.

She was flying, if a tortoiſe may be ſuppoſed to fly, towards the chamber-door, when ſhe was interrupted by the ſurgeon. "You cannot ſee his lordſhip,' ſaid he; "he is incapable of ſpeaking."

"But I ſuppoſe he can *hear*!" vociferated her ladyſhip.

"I truſt not," ſaid little Caſino; for the amiable comments of his kind friends would prevent his ever crediting that ſenſe in future. Poor Linbourne! I believe that I am the only being in the whole circle who will be ſorry for his departure."

"Becauſe you know him the leaſt," cried Lady Ethiop. "He has had his day, and muſt make room for

for more profitable objects. He has lately haunted our faro-table, like the very ſpectre of his departed proſperity, perpetually reminding one of his folly, and evincing the inſtability of human happineſs: I declare I am always nervous after I have ſeen him at my bank."

"You ſhould at leaſt allow him the merit of ſympathy," ſaid Miſs Caſino; "for I believe his ſenſations are exactly ſimilar."

"It is very fortunate that he is not married," cried Mr. Winkwell; "that indeed *would* have been a calamity."

"You ſpeak like a man of experience," interrupted Lord Powderwood; "and I make no doubt but you feel what you expreſs; though Mrs. Winkwell will not thank you for the remark."

"You are a perfect cynic," exclaimed Miſs Caſino. "Why do you not marry, and convince yourſelf how much you are miſtaken in your ideas of conjugal felicity?"

"Can I be miſtaken with ſuch examples before me?" cried his lordſhip. "For my own part, I ſee but one object to whom I feel pleaſure in offering my idolatry!"

It was rather unfortunate that a mirror at this moment caught his lordſhip's attention, and the idol whom he named was but too viſible to the diſappointed circle. After adjuſting a love-lock, which nearly covered his right eye-brow, he ſighed, "Alas, poor Linbourne! he had none of thoſe ſoft and poliſhed graces which ſtamp the finer clay of nobility! He was quite a rude ſample of Hibernian ferocity:—but the women like ſuch ſavages; and to be perfectly *comme il faut* in the liſts of modern gallantry, a man ſhould eat a tiger, or burn a citadel with all the *ſang froid* of a compiete Vandal. Guy Earl of Warwick would have been wonderfully ſought after by

by the love-inſpiring phalanx of the preſent day. He ſlew a black calf—did he not, Lady Ethiop?"

"I thought it had been a dun cow," ſaid Miſs Caſino. "What ſay you, Lady Fubſy?"

"How ſhould I know?" cried her ladyſhip, rather angrily.

"Nay, you muſt pardon me," replied Miſs Caſino; "for your ladyſhip's figure ſuggeſted the idea."

A burſt of laughter echoed through the room.

"Come, come, this is mixing the gall of ſeverity with the light ether of wit," ſaid Mrs. Winkwell; "though I confeſs," ſaid ſhe, addreſſing me in a low whiſper, "that laſt winter at the opera Lady Fubſy, with her everlaſting wreath, always put me in mind of the ancients, who, when they ſacrificed a white cow, never failed to dreſs its brows with a garland of roſes."

As ſhe was ſpeaking, Lord Linbourne groaned deeply; it was like the agoniſing ſigh of a departing ſpirit!—I ſtarted, and roſe abruptly from my ſeat:—a momentary pauſe ſucceeded.

"How awful is this ſilence!" cried Lady Fubſy, moving majeſtically towards the looking-glaſs, and placing herſelf in a dramatic attitude. Miſs Caſino again began to titter. Lord Powderwood ſmothered his mirth with a perfumed handkerchief: the pretty Winkwell laughed aloud; and Lady Amaranth, at the ſame inſtant entering the drawing-room, made a ſlaw in her left cheek, which greatly added to the entertainment of the group; yet her ladyſhip, wholly unconſcious of the accident, drawled out with diſguſting indifference—"Is Linbourne dead?"

The clatter became general, till the ſurgeon interfered, and entreated them to recollect, that their friend was at that moment, moſt probably, expiring in the adjoining apartment.

"Heavens!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lady Amaranth, "he cannot die in my chamber: you muſt remove him inſtantly: I would not have a frightful corpſe under the roof with me for all the univerſe. The bare idea makes me ready to faint with horror!—I hate the very thoughts of dying: he muſt be conveyed to his lodgings, and that immediately."

"Inſtant death would be the conſequence!" replied the ſurgeon.

"I cannot help that," ſaid Lady Amaranth. "It is fitter that he ſhould die, than that I ſhould be terrified out of my ſenſes."

I could bear their unfeeling conduct no longer; but, ruſhing out of the room abruptly, haſtened home in ſearch of Colonel Aubrey.

He had quitted Bath more than an hour, without ſaying to what part of England he was going. The ſurgeon's unfavourable report had occaſioned his precipitate retreat, and a wiſh to avoid my acknowledgments induced him to keep his journey a ſecret. My diſtreſs was infinite. The dilemma in which I had involved ſo kind, ſo generous a friend; the fatal conſequences which ſeemed rapidly approaching, and the precarious ſtate of Colonel Aubrey's health, united to perplex me. I lamented, with undeſcribable anguiſh, the moment when I ſuffered him to interfere, and reproached myſelf for revealing what had paſſed reſpecting Lord Linbourne. But repentance came too tardily when miſchief was triumphant; and the torture of my mind was doubly acute, while recollection bade me fear that it was irremediable.

I paſſed an evening of the moſt painful ſolicitude; Lord Linbourne's fever increaſed every hour, and before midnight he became delirious. This intelligence awoke a thouſand new and dreadful apprehenſions for the ſafety of Colonel Aubrey; and I was not ſo completely benumbed by the torpidity of a faſhionable atmoſphere as to reſt entirely at eaſe under the conviction

viction of having endangered the life of a fellow-creature. I ſent ſeveral meſſages to the ſurgeon who attended Lord Linbourne, for I had no other ſource of intelligence, the whole phalanx being engaged at Mrs. Caſino's ball; the anſwers were alarming; and my diſtreſs almoſt overwhelmed me.

At midnight I went in ſearch of Iſabella and Sir Sidney, who had both received cards from Mrs. Caſino: on inquiring at the York Hotel I found that they had accepted the invitation: I ſhuddered at their conduct, particularly when the waiter added that Lady Emily Delvin had called for them in her carriage. I could ſcarcely believe the aſſertion; I had yet to learn the manners and opinions of the new world—for ſuch to me was that race of mortals who, living only for themſelves, looked with an eye of apathy on all the breathing world around them.

I was completely bewildered; how to proceed, or what road to take in ſearch of Colonel Aubrey I knew not. The criſis was momentous; Lord Linbourne was approaching the dark verge of diſſolution, "with all his imperfections on his head;" and the deareſt friend of my heart, by his death, was menaced with the dreadful alternative of exile or a public trial. I curſed the hour when my evil genius directed my unguarded footſteps to the paths of diſſipation.——The whole night paſſed in inquires, and before dawn-light, I received intelligence that Lord Linbourne's ſituation was hopeleſs. I flew to Sir Sidney's lodgings, from whence I diſpatched a ſhort note expreſſive of my fears, and propoſing that we ſhould immediately ſet out by different roads, in ſearch of Colonel Aubrey. But how ſhall I deſcribe my conſternation, when the ſervant brought back a verbal meſſage, that Sir Sidney had, ſoon after midnight, quitted Bath with Lady Emily Delvin, and that Miſs Hanbury had alſo departed, but with whom

whom and for what purpoſe remained a profound ſecret.

Perplexed, diſtracted, and weary of the ſcene before me, I engaged a place in the ſtage-coach, and early in the morning ſet out for London. My inclinations knew no choice; my mind, fatigued by perpetual anxiety, ſeemed wholly enervated: yet I lamented the hour when I ſtrayed from the ſequeſtered vale of life, where the rank weeds of vice and folly are cruſhed by the ſober hand of reaſon and philanthropy; where honeſty is the ſafeguard of innocence, and man remains the friend of man, becauſe he knows not the refinement of duplicity.

Once more, Roſanna, deſtined to journey onward through the perilous wilderneſs of misfortune, I almoſt tremble while I make you my companion. I ſhall lead you amid dangers; you will meet many aſſailants, many a weary and perſecuted traveller: few will be the flowers that will decorate your path, and thoſe will either be wreſted from you by perſecution, or withered in the bud by the cold touch of apathy and pride. Yet, pure and gentle aſſociate! we will wander together; the leſſon which experience enables me to inculcate will ſerve as your future ſafeguard; and the pang which memory inflicts will, from time to time, receive the conſolation of ſympathy, the graceful ſigh of a feeling and unſophiſticated boſom.

CHAP. XXXVI.

ON my arrival in London, I ſtopped at an hotel at the weſt end of the town, where, it being then near midnight, I engaged a ſmall apartment, and, after a ſhort ſupper, retired to reſt. My fortitude was nearly exhauſted by exceſs of rumination; and my mind began to ſicken with diſguſt, while I reflected on the events which had preſſed rapidly forward, ſince my

my departure from Glenowen. The weight of mortal calamities rarely overpowers the ſoul, when intervals of hope and conſolation allow time for reaſon to ſurmount them; but continual ſorrow undermines the foundation of every bulwark which human imagination can build; and as the perpetual wave diminiſhes the ſandy ſhore, hourly encroaches, till reſiſtance is vain, and the imperious gulph overwhelms every object that oppoſes.

A ſtranger in the vaſt and buſy metropolis, ſcarcely half initiated in the cuſtoms of the world, I ſeemed as much alone as though I had been placed on the higheſt of my native mountains. The proſpect of ſociety preſented no guide to lead me through the perilous maze of life; and the being whoſe heart experiences no glowing congeniality of ſentiment, who knows not the ſacred ſympathy of friendſhip, finds an eternal ſolitude, wherever he is doomed to wander. I had little inclination to explore the arcana of refinement; the manners of the faſhionable world were ill-ſuited to the temper of my mind; and the conduct of my Bath aſſociates only augmented the diſguſt which was almoſt inherent to my nature.

The events of the laſt month appeared like illuſion. Iſabella's journey from Glenowen—her attachment to Sir Sidney Aubrey—his repeated and ſolemn aſſeverations reſpecting her innocence—his elopement with the vain and trifling Lady Emily—and Lord Linbourne's precarious ſituation—abſorbed my mind in a gloomy reverie till I was rouſed by a ſcuffle in the adjoining chamber. I liſtened, and heard a warm altercation: the expreſſions, "Hold him faſt"—"He ſhall not eſcape"—"Villains, do you mean to murder me?" convinced my mind that ſome horrible outrage was meditated. I tried the door—it was bolted—I wrenched it open, and, by the glimmering light of a lamp which was burning on the hearth, I perceived a decent looking man, half dreſſed, forcibly held

held by two ruffians, who were dragging him along the floor towards a private ſtaircaſe.

" For humanity's ſake interpoſe, or theſe raſcals will ſtrangle me," ſaid the ſtranger: his voice was ſcarcely articulate, owing to his having reſiſted the graſp of his aſſailants till his ſtrength was exhauſted. The fibres of my heart quivered with that emotion which never failed to wring them when I beheld a weaker object in the power of a ſtronger. To aid the wretch who was ſinking beneath the ſtroke of inhumanity was natural; to reſiſt unmerited perſecution, was one of thoſe impulſes which nature had from my infancy implanted in my breaſt. It was the firſt ſenſation I had been taught to experience, and will never fail to predominate over every ſelfiſh feeling, till the laſt throb of vitality expires within my boſom.

Without waiting to inveſtigate the origin of this extraordinary outrage, with one blow I laid the moſt powerful of the two at my feet; his head fell on the marble hearth, and he was rendered totally inſenſible. His cruel but daſtardly confederate threw up the ſaſh and loudly called the watch; the object of their perſecution eſcaped, and, in a few moments, I was made a priſoner.

Safely lodged in the watch-houſe, I now diſcovered that the ſtranger whom I had liberated had been arreſted for the ſum of five thouſand pounds; that the bailiff's ſkull was fractured by his fall, and that there appeared ſome alarming ſymptoms, which would require my commitment to the county priſon, as ſoon as I could be taken before a magiſtrate for that purpoſe.

I had ſcarcely been in the den of Erebus five minutes, when a group of watchmen brought in a new prize. Their captive was a young man of faſhionable appearance, intoxicated almoſt to inſenſibility, with his

his hair hanging round his ſhoulders, and his face ſtreaming with blood.

" Who have we here?" ſtammered the conſtable of the night—" and how comes it that he is in this ſuſpicious pickle? Let me ſee," continued the half-dozing ſcavenger of the law; " do I know his face? Is he an old offender?"

" Sport your glaſs-blinkers, old grizzle-pate," cried the inebriated priſoner, " and look ſteadily while I dazzle your optics with a brace of ſhiners."

" Impudent rogue!" exclaimed the man of peace; " if you don't mend your manners you ſhall be put in the black cellar. I ſhan't ſuffer the dignity of the long-robe to be inſulted with impunity."

" Look'ye, old ſtar-gazer," interrupted the priſoner, " I know a thing or two; you can't humbug me with your canting morality.—I'm up to all your quizzing, my dainty; and if you don't let me ſee day-light before I can count ten, I'll nab your old ſconce for you—ſo here's to begin."

" Hold him! hold the raſcal!" vociferated the man in office; I know him; he's a notorious vagabond—handcuff the ſaucy varlet."

" Not till I have winged this bat of antiquity;" cried the young man, at the ſame moment ſnatching a ſtaff from his feeble guard, and aiming it at the throne of equity.

" Hold, hold your hand," ſaid I, ſeizing his uplifted arm, which was almoſt powerleſs owing to his inebriety—" Would you oppoſe your ſtrength againſt age and debility? The conteſt would make you bluſh when returning reaſon enables you to reflect on its inequality."

" Sir, you're an honeſt fellow!" ſtammered the young hero of the night; " and I ſhall be proud to fight your battles, when I have diſhed the conſtable; but he muſt be done over before my honour will be ſatisfied; for I have long had an inclination to diſtinguiſh

guiſh myſelf in the field of warfare, and being armed with the law on my ſide, cannot poſſibly think of relinquiſhing the conteſt."

"You ſee," ſaid I, addreſſing the venerable circle, "this young man is extremely intoxicated, and wholly unconſcious of what he is doing—Let him have his liberty, and depend on his generoſity."

"O d—me! I take you," cried the priſoner, preſſing his finger on the ſide of his bleeding noſe, and with the other hand preſenting them half a ſcore of guineas—"Depend on my generoſity, and let me go."

The conſtable of the night, making a long neck to examine the bribe, and, putting on his ſpectacles with moſt conſequential gravity, replied, "Egad! I believe I am miſtaken! this is not the perſon I thought it was—why, 'tis my lord! I now recollect his face; we will talk the matter over, and try to ſettle things amicably; I am for peace and good-fellowſhip, and hate bloodſhed as much as I love juſtice! What indiſcretion has his lordſhip committed?—ſome youthful frolic, I dare be ſworn."

"Why, he knocked down a waiter, and threw an old woman out of the window," cried one of the watchmen.

"Well! and I ſuppoſe the waiter was a ſaucy varlet, and the old woman's time was come—Is there any thing of more conſequence againſt his lordſhip?"

"Yes, he broke my head with my lantern, and beat in the horn on one ſide," cried a ſecond watchman.

"Broke your lantern with your head? well, my lord muſt buy you a new horn, and all will be right again."

"It was my head—"

"Well, your head and your horn—it's all one.—A lord can very well pay for both; nothing more common

common. Be ſatisfied, and go your ways; the wiſeſt may be miſtaken—*I* was miſtaken."

"That's no rule," cried the watchman, ſtill holding up his ſhattered lantern. "Why, you made young Cinnamon, the grocer, of Shug-lane, pay twenty pound after keeping him two days in Bridewell, only for kicking up a bit of a duſt at the weekly hop."

"Quite a different caſe—the rogue was an old offender, and a menial ſubject, fit to make an example of; people of high ſtations won't do for examples."

"I don't ſee why a lord ſhould knock down an honeſt man, becauſe he is not his equal," muttered the diſcontented watchman.

"Lords and honeſt men are often very different things," replied the diſpenſer of juſtice; "therefore I will hear no more grumbling: my lord is ſenſible of his fault, *I* am ſatisfied, and that's ſufficient."

"D—n me if I'm ſenſible of any thing," cried the young peer: "ſo touch the gold drops——divide them among you—and I'll ſend my ſurgeon to mend the old woman's leg in the morning."

So ſaying, the gate was opened, and the valiant champion ſallied forth in ſearch of new adventures.

CHAP. XXXVII.

EVERY thing being once more quiet, I took my ſeat in an obſcure corner, and began to examine the variety of wretchedneſs around me. Every countenance exhibited marks of guilt or deſpondency; every tongue uttered either a prayer for liberty, or an execration, which proclaimed the moſt hardened depravity. Near my feet, on the ground, ſat a female, whoſe features intereſted me, and whoſe manner excited my curioſity. She appeared to be about ſix-

and-twenty years of age; her form was beautifully proportioned, but her face was impreſſed with the lines of premature decay, ſuch as affliction traces, before the hand of Time ſets its ſeal on the fragile works of Nature. I gazed on her with more than ordinary attention; her downcaſt eyes dropped frequent tears upon her boſom; her diſhevelled hair half veiled her cheek, when an artificial bloom ſerved to contraſt the pale and quivering lip, from which no murmur of complaint proceeded.

In contemplating this daughter of affliction, I almoſt loſt the ſenſe of my own ſituation. I put forth my hand to raiſe her; ſhe ſighed and burſt into an agony of tears. Every vein in my full heart throbbed while I beheld her. She wore a black domino, and a ſmall hat adorned with roſe-coloured feathers: every other part of her dreſs diſplayed the gaudy trappings of meretricious allurement. I ſighed, when I conſidered her as one of thoſe ill-fated beings, who become the votaries of vice, before their minds are fortified by the energies of reaſon.

I inquired the cauſe of her confinement. She informed me, in broken Engliſh, that, returning from the maſquerade, ſhe had been robbed by one of the guardians of the night, who, on her charging him with the theft, accuſed her of walking the ſtreets at an unſeaſonable hour, and delivering her over to one of his comrades, ſhe was brought by force to the place where I found her. There was an artleſs ſorrow in her tone, and a ſimplicity in her manner, that poured conviction into my heart.

"Is there no poſſibility of obtaining your releaſe?" ſaid I.

"Two guineas," anſwered ſhe, "would purchaſe my liberty."

I gave her the paltry ſum, and ſhe ſprung from the ground to thank me, when a thought occurred, that, by wrapping myſelf in her domino, I might

alſo

alſo eſcape from captivity. I inſtantly imparted the idea to my companion, and ſhe rejoiced in the probability of its ſucceſs. The two guineas were paid for her liberation. The Cerberus of the night, being occupied with a group of new viſitors, I ſlipped on my diſguiſe, and paſſed the threſhold without interruption.

As ſoon as I felt myſelf once more at liberty, I tied the domino in my handkerchief, and haſtened along the pavement with the utmoſt expedition. The dawn began to break, and the ſhops to open. The unfortunate female, by whoſe aſſiſtance I eſcaped, had given me her addreſs; and I repaired to her lodgings in the ſuburbs of Weſtminſter, to return the domino, and to learn more of her unhappy ſituation.

I found her in an attic chamber, where poverty ſpread a deep gloom to the eye of the philanthropiſt, and indolence, the common aſſociate of vice, exhibited a dreadful compound of wretchedneſs and diſorder. On a chimney-ſhelf ſtood a few odd tea-cups; a table, placed in the middle of the room, diſplayed a variety of coſmetics; half a mirror without a frame; an empty bottle which had contained ſpirits; a ſummons from the court of conſcience; the gaudy hat, which had adorned her head at the maſquerade, and a few halfpence, which the watchman had returned after robbing her of four guineas, the whole of her property. Theſe, together with one broken-backed chair, a tattered bed, a waſhing-tub, and a piece of painted gauze, fringed with tarniſhed ſilver, which had once been a robe, but now ſerved for a window-curtain, and which feebly repelled the air that entered at the ſhattered caſement, compoſed the furniture of the miſerable chamber.

On opening the door, my footſteps recoiled with an involuntary ſenſation, which ſeemed to blend the ſhuddering of horror with the tenderneſs of commiſeration.

ration. I beheld, at one glance, the epitome of every human calamity; for, want and depravity, idleneſs and ſorrow, proſtitution and death, ſeemed to ſpread their deſtructive ſpells over every object, and I had ſcarcely reſolution to enter the apartment. Is this the habitation of unprotected woman! thought I. Is this the laſt aſylum of thy credulous victim, ungrateful man? My breaſt throbbed with compaſſion, and I gazed around me for ſeveral minutes, without the power of uttering a ſyllable.

The unfortunate tenant of this ſky-encircled hell received me with a ſmile, that faintly ſtruggled with a deep bluſh which overſpread her countenance. It was the enſign of ſhame, and I bleſſed the conſcious power which ſtill reſiſted the encroachments of depravity. "Poor child of miſery!" ſaid I, "thou art not wholly deſtitute of feeling; compunction will yet penetrate thy heart; and the deſtroying fiend ſhall be diſappointed of his victim.

I ſeated myſelf at the foot of her narrow bed, and looked earneſtly at her. She was pale and emaciated. She had diveſted herſelf of the flaunting habiliments which had diſguiſed her form, and, wrapped in a long white dreſſing-gown, looked more intereſting than all the tinſel of prepoſterous faſhion could have made her.

A ragged ſervant girl, who ſtood labouring at the waſhing-tub, was her only companion. She was the emblem of poverty; lean, filthy, ſqualid, and abandoned. Every look, every word proclaimed the little imp an adept in licentiouſneſs; and though ſcarcely fifteen years had marked her progreſs towards iniquity, ſhe ſeemed to vaunt its enormities with the effrontery of a veteran profligate. After diſpatching her with a guinea to order breakfaſt from a neighbouring coffee-houſe, not without ſome heſitation, I addreſſed her diſconſolate miſtreſs. "Is this ſcene of wretchedneſs your choſen retreat?" ſaid I. "Have you no

friend, no kindred boſom to ſhelter you from a barbarous world?" She ſighed, and ſhook her head. I continued:—

"There is ſomething in your look and manner that ſeems to ſay, your earlier proſpects were leſs dreary. If you tread, by choice, the mazes of infamy, I can only lament your errors, and pity you: but if your miſguided imagination ſometimes wanders back to innocence; if your boſom, betrayed by falſhood and polluted by folly, ſtill ſighs for the deſerted haunts of virtue; my arm is ready to ſupport, and my hand to guide you."

"Whither can I go?' cried ſhe, ſighing. "Society will not receive a fugitive, who has violated every law of propriety. I have frequently eſſayed its paths; I have made many efforts; but in every ſcene, in every trial of reformation, I have found one enemy."

"Is it poſſible?" ſaid I. "Lives there a wretch, who would deſtroy the buds of renovating virtue, at the moment when they are ſtruggling amidſt the poiſonous weeds of vice? Who, and what was your enemy?"

"Woman!" replied the trembling penitent: "that cruel torturer of her own frail ſex, whoſe vaunted and faſtidious purity has made more hardened profligates than all the arts and machinations of the deſtroyer, man."

"Go on!" ſaid I; "unburden your full heart:—rail, rail againſt your enemy, and let every agoniſing thought lead you back to the abodes of peace."

"Few women err from innate depravity," continued ſhe. "We are generally the victims of credulity, affection, or that childiſh vanity which is a part of our exiſtence. But credulity ſoon awakes from her deluſive dream; affection ſickens by neglect and inſult; and vanity grows weary of her moſt brilliant achievements: the wanderer then ſighs for the calm

delights

delights of reaſon; and with trembling, timid footſteps re-treads the path which ſhe was tempted to abandon: there ſhe repoſes, peaceful and unknown: compunction purifies the boſom, which folly contaminated; and experience places a ſhield before the heart, which nature formed in the mould of ſenſibility. Then comes the buſy demon—calumny; the ſtory of her indiſcretion is buzzed abroad; while the envious and obdurate of her own ſex, the cold, the ugly, and the ignorant, unite in a terrific phalanx, by taunts and perſecutions to drive her back to ruin".

A torrent of tears interrupted her;—and the ſervant girl at that moment returning with the breakfaſt, the converſation for a time ſubſided.

CHAP. XXXVII'.

I WAS glad to find a pauſe in the ſtory of affliction. The truth, which marked every word ſhe uttered, rendered her an object of the tendereſt intereſt; and convinced me, that had ſhe been leſs lovely, and more kindly treated by the world, ſhe would have proved an ornament to ſociety. Though robbed of the fragile charm of chaſtity, ſhe ſtill poſſeſſed a mind, enlightened by ſorrowful experience, and graced with the moſt tranſcendent virtues. I roſe and walked ſlowly round her apartment, wiſhing to allow her agitated ſpirits an interval, which might give them new powers to repel the tortures of reflection. On the table lay a letter, with the ſeal broken: I thought I knew the hand-writing on the ſuperſcription, and looked earneſtly at it for ſome moments, puzzled by conjecture, and faſcinated by curioſity. My companion obſerved the fixed attention of my countenance, and the object which occaſioned it. The attendant imp being ordered to vaniſh, the

converſation was reſumed immediately on her departure.

" You are a ſtranger in this country," ſaid I, " and I doubly lament your diſtreſs, becauſe it caſts a ſtigma not only on the benevolence, but the hoſpitality of the nation."

" I cannot allow the charge," replied the unhappy ſufferer, while her cheek became faintly fluſhed; " I rather think that your country is profuſely generous to foreigners, while many worthy and enlightened natives are periſhing in poverty. Humanity is the characteriſtic of Britons; but even the nobleſt acts of liberality loſe their claim to applauſe, when they are indiſcriminately exemplified. There is more genuine benevolence in protecting and rewarding one man of genius and virtue, than in oſtentatiouſly ſupporting a ſcore of vagabonds, whoſe only claims are a light pair of heels, and a voice which counteracts its harmony by the inſolence of ingratitude. And yet, theſe exotics are cheriſhed in the hot-bed of faſhion, while modeſt merit retires to ſome ſolitary nook, and, too proud to court the ſmiles of undiſcerning patrons, expires, ſilent, unknown, and unlamented."

" Where haſt thou been educated, gentle moraliſt?" ſaid I, taking her hand, and looking earneſtly at her.

She bluſhed, and ſighed with an intereſting ſadneſs: —after a ſhort pauſe of recollection, ſhe replied, " In Erance. My father was highly diſtinguiſhed for mental perfections, and the education I received was at once my fortune and my deſtruction. At the death of my parents I was turned adrift on the mercileſs world: fate threw me into the vortex of diſſipation, and I was overwhelmed, before I was aware of the peril that ſurrounded me."

She pauſed to weep; ſhe ſobbed like an infant; her poor wan cheek was bathed with tears. I could have taken

taken her to my boſom with the pure affection of a brother. After an agoniſing conflict, ſhe continued :—

" It was my deſtiny at twelve years old to become the *protegeé* of a woman of rank the moſt profligate of her ſex ; then travelling on the continent—"

I ſtarted.—" Your name ?" ſaid I, eagerly.

" Julie de Beaumont is my real name ; that which I am known by is an aſſumed one."

" Merciful God !" exclaimed I. " The beautiful, the innocent Julie ! The *élève* of Lady Emily Delvin !"

" You know me then !" cried ſhe, riſing from her ſeat, and trembling convulſively. " Lives there yet a being who deigns to remember the unfortunate Julie ?"

" I did know thee once, unhappy victim !" ſaid I, with agitation that almoſt ſuppreſſed the power of utterance. " I was at Nice with my tutor, when he had a recontre with Lady Emily's lover, who now lies at the point of death."

She hid her face in my boſom, and, without making any reply, ſunk on the ground before me.

A new ſcene of anguiſh now burſt upon my imagination. I raiſed her fainting form, and, ſeating her beſide me, conjured her to compoſe her mind, and, to explain the cauſe of her affliction.

After a ſtrong effort of fortitude, ſhe proceeded in the developement of her misfortunes. Lord Linbourne had won her affections, betrayed her confidence, and abandoned her to miſery, in a country to whoſe language ſhe was then a ſtranger, and amongſt a race of women, whoſe greateſt ſtigma is that want of pity for their ſex's failings, which plunges weakneſs into criminality, and, by the cruelty of contempt, ſteels the mind againſt the precepts of reformation.

I remained the whole morning with the ill-fated Julie; and though I found, by her artleſs ſtory, that ſhe had been the dupe of Lord Linbourne's villainy, I plainly diſcovered that he was ſtill the object of her affections. The idea of his perilous ſituation (though he had only a few days before refuſed to lend her a ſmall ſum for the ſupport of life, under the preſſure of ſickneſs) wrung her heart to agony. The letter which lay on the table came from him. I was not miſtaken in my conjecture. She ſighed when ſhe recapitulated her own ſufferings, but ſhe ſhuddered with horror when ſhe anticipated his annihilation.

Julie de Beaumont was the victim of the gentleſt affections; but her mind was too feebly organized to admit of thoſe ſafeguards, pride and reſentment, which ſeldom fail to counteract the poiſons of ingratitude, or to heal the wounds inflicted by duplicity.

Evening advanced before I began to think of my ſituation. The few hours which I had paſſed with Julie de Beaumont, had produced a change in her mind that was gratifying to humanity. She had long been beat about by the tempeſt of affliction, and with joy beheld that pilot who pointed out the harbour where ſhe might repoſe with ſafety. I encouraged the weary wanderer with hopes of brighter proſpects; and after preſenting her a ſmall ſum for her removal to a more decent habitation, took my leave, with a promiſe to ſee her again in the courſe of a few days.

As the ſun began to ſink in the horizon, I ventured forth, in ſearch of a lodging for the night. After my rencontre in the hotel, and my eſcape from the watch-houſe, I did not think it prudent to viſit the Weſt end of the town by day-light. A total ſtranger in the metropolis, I knew not whither I was going till I found myſelf in Bond-ſtreet, where, at the window

window of a ſhop, I obſerved a paper on which was written, " Lodgings to let, with board for a ſingle gentleman, in a private family." I inquired into the particulars, and found that the apartments were to be obtained in a houſe of conſiderable reſpectability, and that the motive for taking a boarder was more for the ſake of ſociety than for any pecuniary advantage.

I was directed to a ſtreet in May-fair, and with a heavy heart I ſtrolled thither. On my arrival I found the houſe, though not very large, ſingularly elegant. I knocked at the door, and was immediately uſhered into a dining parlour by a man ſervant. The miſtreſs of the manſion was obliging and well-bred, and I was delighted with the thought of being admitted as one of her family. After naming the terms, which were extremely reaſonable, ſhe requeſted that I would refer her to ſome perſon of my acquaintance who could ſatisfy ſuch inquiries as ſhe ſhould think proper to make.

" You will forgive me, Sir," ſaid Mrs. Woodford; " but as I am honoured with the friendſhip of the firſt people in the kingdom, I am under the neceſſity of being particularly cautious whom I admit beneath my roof, and into the ſociety of my connections. Of courſe, you know many who will ſettle this little point of form; and a reference to any one perſon of faſhion will be ſufficient."

I was ſomewhat at a loſs how to arrange this matter of etiquette, without diſcovering my ſituation. The danger to which my raſh conduct had expoſed me, rendered it abſolutely neceſſary that, for a ſhort time, I ſhould change my name, and conceal my family connections. Taken by ſurpriſe, I knew not what to ſay, but with ſome heſitation anſwered, that I knew Lady Ethiop, Lord Linbourne, the Ducheſs of Riversford, and many others of equal rank and conſequence in the circles of diſtinction.

Mrs. Woodford ſmiled: "I am perfectly ſatisfied," ſaid ſhe; "and, without any further inquiry, ſhall be delighted to have you as an inmate of my family. Your good ſenſe will excuſe the inquiſitive delicacy of my queſtion; for the town is ſo full of deception, that too much caution cannot be obſerved in affairs of this nature."

I bowed, but made no reply; conſcious that I had no right to condemn hypocriſy, at the ſame moment that I meditated to deceive.

I informed Mrs. Woodford, that as I had only arrived in town a ſhort time, I was wholly unſettled in a lodging; that I wiſhed to be accommodated as ſoon as poſſible, meaning to devote many of my hours to ſtudy and retirement. She replied, that the apartments were ready for my reception, but that ſhe could only let them for one month, a former lodger having engaged them at the termination of that period. I agreed to the terms under the name of Montagu, and Mrs. Woodford promiſed that, before midnight, every thing ſhould be ready for my reception.

CHAP. XXXIX.

I STROLLED towards Brompton, deeply rapt in reflection, and almoſt indifferent with regard to my own deſtiny, till the cloſe of twilight, when, after taking ſome ſlight refreſhment, with ſlow and lingering ſteps I returned to my new lodgings. A thouſand ideas crowded on my mind during my evening walk; and every moment as I ruminated on the events of the paſt week, I became more and more careleſs of an exiſtence which ſeemed to promiſe nothing but diſappointment. The falſhood and folly of the world does more towards forming a perfect philoſopher than all the pedantry of ſcholaſtic knowledge obtained in the cell of an anchoret, or the gloom of a cloiſter.

cloiſter. Man may ruminate in the ſtill ſequeſtered ſcenes of life; but extenſive knowledge and proportionate diſguſt for the mazy miſeries of this ſublunary ſphere, can only be acquired and juſtly founded on an extenſive intercourſe with ſociety. The citizen of the world is the only true philoſopher: he examines without prejudice; he judges from experience.

My ruminations did not end till I knocked at the door of my new habitation. Mrs. Woodford was a widow of ſmall fortune; but, having a daughter whom ſhe wiſhed to render more independent than herſelf, and being fond of ſociety, ſhe generally let a part of her houſe during the winter months to perſons of reſpectability. She was a woman of a very amiable diſpoſition, ſingularly good-natured, and ſufficiently dim-ſighted to overlook the frailties of her friends; while, by the dignity of every virtue in her own perſon, ſhe ſet an example worthy of imitation.

Mrs. Woodford was what is commonly called a woman of the world; too highly born and too well educated to rank with the middling claſs of ſociety; and yet, being neither rich nor titled, condemned to go through all the drudgery of attending to the caprices of thoſe who condeſcended to countenance and protect her. She was obliged to make regular and daily viſits at the doors of her faſhionable friends; and, when admitted, to bring either a new ſelection of anecdotes, or a freſh tale of myſtery, to baniſh the *ennui* of a morning converſation. She was the ready *chaperone* of every miſs of the *haut ton*; the *chere amie* of every illuſtrious undecided female character in the circles of diſſipation; reſpectable as an aſſociate, and convenient as a companion; very obliging, very well bred, and very content, though very much degraded.

Mrs. Woodford's deceaſed huſband had been eminently diſtinguiſhed at the bar, and was reckoned one of the moſt eloquent pleaders of his time; but, like his accompliſhed help-mate, he doated on good company, aſſociated with nobles, emulated the ſplendours of high life, and evinced his lofty ſpirit by adopting the follies of the oſtentatious; till his expenſive domeſtic eſtabliſhment, luxurious table, and elegant equipages, abſorbed the profits of his profeſſion; inſomuch that when he died, only five thouſand pounds, and an annuity of four hundred, Mrs. Woodford's marriage-ſettlement, remained for the future ſupport of his wife and daughter.

The widow was lively, ſenſible, and buxom; the daughter lovely, gentle, and accompliſhed; ſhe had been educated in a convent at Liſle, and was, for the ſecond winter, the admiration of the faſhionable circles. Mrs. Woodford anticipated all the ſplendors of dignified parade; ſhe conſidered her charming Amelia as the future wondea of the courtly ſphere! Nothing leſs than the coronet of a ducheſs already encircled her brows with viſionary ermine, while her dreams of future greatneſs filled every preſent moment with unutterable rapture. Miſs Woodford was conſiderably patronized in the world of ſplendid deception; for, by the relations of her deceaſed father, ſome of whom were placed in the upper ranks of fortune, ſhe, on her return to England, had been preſented to what is uſually termed the very beſt ſociety.

Mrs. Woodford's love of nobility was inordinate; for to her eyes, the tinſel of a coronet had irreſiſtible charms, whatever the head might be which chance had ordained it to decorate; ſhe, by an unaccountable infatuation, diſcovered graces, even where the robe of nobility overſhadowed the vileſt diſtortions of nature; and the regular gradations from folly to criminality bore in her opinion the ſtamp of guilt,

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in proportion as the offender took precedence in the etiquette of a drawing-room. She was a perpetua title-hunter; a ſtudent of the moſt indefatigable order in the emblazoned pages of ancient and modern heraldry; not a lion *couchant* nor a griffin rampant, but was her familiar acquaintance; her paths of literary delight, a field ſable; and the proudeſt aſcent of her ambitious travels, a chevron towering amidſt the gaudy glow of variegated deformity. She could boaſt the friendſhip of more right-honourable diſhonourables than a firſt miniſter of ſtate, or a newly imported French courteſan. The bare idea of viſiting my lady, or being attended by my lord, was to her the moſt enviable of human enjoyments. The richly-emblazoned chariot of a ducheſs loitering at her door during a morning viſit, and exciting the envy of the vulgar, exhilarated her ſpirits almoſt to ecſtaſy; and a nod of condeſcenſion from a prince of the blood-royal never failed to agitate her brain with the fever of delirium. Yet, there was much to commend, even amidſt the weakneſs that degraded her: ſhe was friendly, mild-tempered, charitable, and ſincere; the laſt of theſe ineſtimable qualifications expoſed her to a thouſand dilemmas, and frequently hazarded her popularity in thoſe ſocieties in which ſhe was perpetually duped and delighted.

Mrs. Woodford, however, did not wholly confine her purſuits to the general tenor of faſhionable propenſities;—ſhe knew that there were ſuch things as mental acquirements; and her ſecondary wiſh was ſomewhat more laudable, though not leſs ambitious, than her firſt. It was a deſire to obtain the good opinion of the preſent generation, and to have her name handed down with diſtinction to poſterity: with this hope her doors were open to authors and men of talents of every deſcription; and the pride of her right-honourable connections was frequently humbled by a tacit compariſon between the adventitious

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gifts of fortune and the illuſtrious pre-eminence of native genius. Yet Mrs. Woodford perſevered in courting the wiſe as well as the lofty, becauſe ſhe knew that, in this enlightened æra, the pen is a weapon which mocks the vaunted lance of ancient chivalry; for while it laſhes vice and makes folly tremble, it gives to fame and virtue that wreath which will bloom to immortality.

In her early days Mrs. Woodford had felt an ungovernable inclination to wear the laurels of Parnaſſus. Her huſband, being an excellent claſſical ſcholar, and profuſely gifted with a torrent of eloquence, which perpetually excited the glow of emulation in her gentle boſom, ſhe, by his conſtant perſuaſion, and that of her good-natured friends, who hoped to witneſs the downfal of her ambition, at length reſolved to brave the ſhafts of criticiſm; and to appear before the awful tribunal of the public, as a candidate for literary honours. Intimately acquainted with ſeveral reviewers, both male and female, ſhe hoped, at leaſt, to ſtand acquitted, if not favoured with the diſtinctions of their auguſt aſſembly!—But woeful was her diſappointment! The honeyed cup of flattery, which had been preſented to her in the private circles of hoſpitality, was daſhed with the bitter gall of envy, when publicly demanded in the high court of, what is called, literary juſtice.

The ſacred veneration with which ſhe had been accuſtomed to behold the diſpenſers of the laurel wreath rendered her meekly ſubmiſſive, whenever they thought fit to give their private opinions of her early productions. An enigma, a *jeu d'eſprit*, a charade, or a ſentimental fragment, frequently found its way into the different magazines with a conſiderable ſhare of approbation—they were the mere ephemera of their day; and though they buzzed in the dreſſing-room of a faſhionable miſs, and diſplayed their graces at the toilettes of venerable coquettes, they

they gave no cauſe for alarm in the broad circle of literary contention; and, exciting little envy, they of courſe paſſed uncenſured through the ordeal of criticiſm.

Delighted with the proſpect of celebrity which opened to her view, ſhe reſolved ſeriouſly to invoke the ſupreme goddeſs, Fame! and to fall ignobly, or to emulate the loftieſt flights of her female contemporaries.

From the moment that ſhe became a formidable rival, the ſmooth and gentle tide of approbation turned, while the deep gulph of malevolence yawned widely to deſtroy her. She was not aware of the perils ſhe had to encounter. She knew many claſſical ſcholars, many liberal men, from whoſe knowledge and candour ſhe had to hope for every indulgence; that *ſuch men* ſhould preſide in the tribunal of literary judgment, every adventurer in the paths of fame will readily acknowledge; but there are uſes and abuſes in every office of authority; the defenceleſs muſt yield to the all-powerful; and it is too frequently the caſe that the moſt poliſhed works ſuffer the ſeverity of unjuſtifiable condemnation, merely to gratify the ſpleen of individuals, who are as far removed from the glowing impulſe of genius, as from the pure and gentle ſenſations of philanthropy.

You will ſay, From whence does this injuſtice proceed?—I will briefly anſwer—Reviewers are but mortals. There are ſuch beings as wives, ſiſters, and miſtreſſes: there are pretenders to literary honours, who cannot endure the ſuperiority which they envy; who entertain the mean and deſpicable imp, called Prejudice; and who, being inveſted with the ſupreme honours of criticiſm, wield the pen with as little mercy as the ſanguinary ſavage guides the blow of his death-inflicting tomahawk.

Let ſome of our modern diſpenſers of unlettered wrath, before they condemn a trembling author to ſhame,

ſhame, and ſometimes to deſpair, aſk their own ſapient heads, if they could produce ſuch books as their malice would conſign to oblivion. On trials by jury, the man who ſits in judgment on a fellow-creature, is bound by ſacred engagements to do juſtice: why then is the exiſtence of that fame which is, to many, dearer than vitality, to await the barbarous caprice of an *unknown* enemy! Is there no puniſhment due to the being who wantonly deſtroys another's hopes, and takes from talents, induſtry, and truth, the means of obtaining an honourable ſubſiſtence? What will draw forth the dawning ray of intellect, but emulation? Can the luſtre of mental perfection ſtruggle through gathering clouds, or reſiſt the perpetually freezing blaſts of a critical atmoſphere? Let it be remembered, that true genius is, of all things in nature, the moſt irritably alive to every attack which menaces a diminution of that fame which is the pride of its exiſtence. Let the candid reader recollect that *one* mean and daſtardly aſſailant can overſhadow the proſpects of a *legion*, whoſe mental powers would enlighten the world, and who, if properly taught to reſiſt the petty tyranny, would live in the annals of their country, when their calumniator's name was no longer remembered.

There is another ſpecies of danger which has increaſed, is increaſing, and ought to be diminiſhed: the inquiſitorial ſeverity of a phalanx, who, being themſelves unſucceſsful candidates for literary honours, watch, with the untiring induſtry of that green-eyed monſter Jealouſy, for an opportunity to depreciate thoſe talents which they never can aſpire to emulate. Theſe journeymen of Parnaſſus, after butchering the offspring of a poor helpleſs ſcribe, fatten on the wages of their barbarity, and ſteal the purer particles of other men's brains, while they condemn the maſs to complete annihilation. This is not all: —the political tendency of a work is, in theſe momentous

mentous times, of no ſmall importance. Some critics invariably abuſe one ſpecies of doctrine, while they as uniformly uphold and commend the other; while thoſe who are known to promote their different tenets are certain of protection, though their volumes were the receptacles for ſtolen goods, furbiſhed up from obſolete romances, blackletter fragments, ingenious forgeries, or the ſtale Salmagundi of circulating libraries.

Mrs. Woodford's firſt work of any importance—a Novel in one ſmall volume—was ſo interſperſed with virtuous precepts, ſo embelliſhed with liberal ſentiments, ſo correct in its moral tendency, and ſo ſevere upon the profligacy of the riſing generation, that few people would notice it; while the circulating libraries condemned it as dull unprofitable ſtuff, wholly unfit to entertain the majority of their readers. A few inquiſitive miſſes, indeed, exerted themſelves ſo far as to turn over the leaves, and to glean the wormwood of the nauſeous leſſon; while they ſcribbled their unlettered rage on the wide waſte of margin, and without the ſmalleſt touch of ſympathetic pity, conſigned the timid author to the laſh of puerile ridicule. Their ingenuity did not reſt here:—they made it their daily taſk to abuſe the arrogant moral-mender, and employed all the docile danglers of the *haut ton* to ridicule the petticoat pedant, till it was equally the faſhion to abuſe the work, and to reprobate its author.

Her ſecond effort (for genius is not to be intimidated by ignorance and folly) was a ſatirical Poem. Every body longed to ſee it! day after day the moſt popular newſpapers teemed with advertiſements, and expectation was raiſed on tip-toe, almoſt to agony. The proud, the glorious morn aroſe! the timid, trembling candidate for fame looked forward to a proſperous harveſt. But, alas! only a few copies were diſtributed, when the publiſher, being menaced with

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a proſecution, ſuppreſſed the ſale, and the well hot-preſſed pages were coolly condemned to an untimely exit:—nay more, the very perſon whom it was meant to ſatirize was permitted to review it; and its dying ſpeech was publiſhed, with all the acrimony of puny malice, before the poetical leſſon had received the final ſentence of the public.

Weary of that triumphant tyranny which deals out injuſtice where impartiality *ought* to hold the even ſcale, ſhe now eſſayed a leſs hazardous mode of travelling towards Parnaſſus; an Ode, written on a popular ſubject, was ſubmitted to the diſcerning eye of a lady, whoſe rank alone was ſufficient to make the world admire it. The precious *morceau* was received with great condeſcenſion; nay, ſo very great, that a promiſe was made to look it over in the courſe of the enſuing ſummer, and to recommend it to the whole circle of her acquaintance. The gentle patroneſs did not break her word: the ode *was* read; but it was uſhered into the *beau monde* as her *own* compoſition, and Mrs. Woodford, having imprudently deſtroyed the original, was obliged to wink at the poetical larceny, without a hope of retribution, or a poſſibility of puniſhing the exalted offender.

Her next production was a Romance of moſt terrific tendency!—all the horrible accompaniments of ghoſts, groans, graves, blood-ſtained hands, daggers, caverns, velvet canopies, and livid lightnings, were diſplayed in long-drawn cavalcade to frighten ſchool-girls, and to puzzle modern pedants. But the ill-fated author, having offended a Reviewer by inattention, or want of admiration for what he deemed his ſuperior judgment, her book of terrors! her ſoul-enchaining pages of ſupernatural, metaphyſical, hiſtorical, eventful wonders, was condemned, executed, cut up, haſhed, frittered, minced, and diſguiſed by a jaundiced mind, and a daring hand; while the plot was diſtorted, and deemed an heterogeneous maſs,

maſs, fit only to feed the gloating eyes of thoſe readers, who ſkim the pages of criticiſm to enjoy a fellow author's humiliation, or to ſcatter abroad the ſour cream of envy and malevolence: yet this kind and liberal friend dined at Mrs. Woodford's table, with the critique in his pocket, and condeſcended to receive her civilities at the very moment that he ridiculed her hoſpitality!

The work which followed—for ſhe was not yet diſmayed—was a Tragedy, called "Lucretia and Tarquin; or, The Triumphs of Chaſtity." The piece was brought forward in the month of June; the ſtory Roman, the dreſſes Spaniſh, and the ſcenery Venetian. Many of the ſituations were anticipated as too warm for the languid nerves of infant coquettes, while the more experienced mammas declared that they wanted novelty. The modern *petit maitre* condemned the fable as antediluvian; and the grey-headed libertine poſitively declined ſupporting a play, which could only be productive of unpleaſing reflections, while it preſented an example wholly out of nature. This was not the ſum total of objections:—The actors were diſſatisfied with the diſtribution of the characters. Every lady inſiſted on being the heroine, and no gentleman would undertake to be the hero. The manager was weary of the buſineſs; and his accompliſhed deputy, though graced with all the advantages of a fine perſon and a claſſical education, having once failed in a ſimilar character, walked over the boards with a degree of *ſang froid* that chilled the whole audience. Added to theſe perplexing events, the taſte of the town was hoſtile to works of real merit; and though the tragedy had much beauty of thought, with many ſituations of an intereſting nature, it was performed on the firſt night to a drowſy audience, on the ſecond to empty benches, and on the third was withdrawn, to await a reſurrection in a leſs Gothic form on the groaning ſhelves of

of a manager's lumber room. She printed the tragedy; but a ſapient hypercritic having the firſt ſcene of a play on the ſame ſubject, nearly half finiſhed, poor Mrs. Woodford's excellent blank verſe was denominated, " frothy bombaſt, a feeble outline, coloured beyond the limits of poetical licence, and fraught with improbabilities that ſet both nature and reaſon at defiance!"

Still the indefatigable Spirit of Genius hovered round the fountain of Helicon, and though its expanding wings had been froſt-nipped by diſappointment, its eye beamed with the luſtre of Hope; while the anticipating demon Envy urged her on to a new ſcene of humiliation.

The next ſerpent which offered the forbidden laurel to this child of Eve appeared in the airy form of a modern Comedy. But it was nearly fatal in its effects; and, by its unpalatable qualities, threatened to baniſh her for ever from the Paradiſe of faſhion. This ſylph of morality, though dreſſed in all the outward trappings of refined diſſipation, was Gothic enough to utter truths which offended the pride of elegant inſignificance; it was conſequently pre-condemned as ſoon as rehearſed, and completely damned before it could offer up a prayer for ſalvation. A principal actreſs read her part to a profligate hag of diſtinction; ſhe, fancying that every line preſented a mirror which reflected her own deformity, rouſed a neſt of ſympathiſing hornets, who, by every ſhuffling, unjuſtifiable, and extraordinary trick, (for many of them were adepts in odd tricks and ſhuffling,) by every violation of public decorum, interrupted its progreſs, intimidated the performers by anonymous letters, threatened the author with perſonal danger, talked of pulling the theatre about the ears of the manager, till, by ſweeping with the breath of envy and malevolence the wholeſome wormwood from the ſtage, they put a period to Mrs. Woodford's literary mania,

and

and added a new wreath of bells to the cap of ignorance and folly.

CHAP. XL.

I PASSED an hour in converſation with my new aſſociate; and before we parted I was acquainted with all her right honourable private anecdotes, from the generous indiſcretions of "the glaſs of faſhion," to the eccentric amours of him whoſe peccadillo follies are the ſubject of univerſal ridicule. She never condeſcended to mention an untitled acquaintance, and her voice ſeemed attuned by nature to ring the unintereſting changes of a court calendar. My thoughts nevertheleſs were inceſſantly wandering to diſtant objects; and the memory of happier moments embittered every hope of future conſolation.

Weary with the day's ſolicitude, and feveriſh for want of reſt, at length I retired to my chamber; but ſleep ſeemed deſtined to viſit me no more: I ruminated, cloſed my eyes, ſlumbered, ſtarted, and again quitting my pillow, with my pencil wrote the following ſtanzas:

The loathſome toad, whoſe mis'ry feeds
On noxious dews and baneful weeds,
  Diſguſts the ſtartled ſight;
Yet when the ſultry vapours low'r,
He drinks the poiſon, from each flow'r
  Shook by the wings of night.

Behold the dazzling ſpeckled ſnake,
Writhing amidſt the leafy brake,
  Gilt by the beams of day!
Mark, as the wond'ring victim's eyes
Fix on the beauteous orient dyes,
  The traitor ſtings his prey.

Trace but the moral, ſimply true,
There nature's varying pictures view,
  Whoſe outward forms deceive;
Where worth in loathſome garb we find,
While pride and vice, with pow'r combin'd,
  In ſplendid baſeneſs live!

The

The agonies of reflection increaſed with every moment, and before day-light I was almoſt delirious. Again I ſtarted from my bed, traverſed my chamber, and, by the moſt incoherent exclamations, alarmed the whole family. Mrs. Woodford's man-ſervant forced the door, and by perſuaſive intreaties endeavoured to tranquillize my ſpirits: but I obſtinately refuſed to re-enter my bed; and, having half-dreſſed myſelf, haſtily demanded pen, ink, and paper.

They were inſtantly brought. I wrote many unintelligible lines, and uttered the wildeſt language of a confirmed maniac. Still I was ſenſible of every thing around me; and though the paroxyſm of frenzy became ungovernable, the powers of obſervation were not wholly annihilated.

My ravings were in a ſhort time interrupted by the arrival of a phyſician, whom Mrs. Woodford had ſent for to my aſſiſtance. Doctor Pimpernel entered my chamber with a boiſterous tone and a thundering knock, which alarmed me into ſilence. At firſt I took him for an officer of juſtice, but by his pompous, though ever-varying jargon, I ſoon diſcovered that he was a diſciple of Eſculapius. After fixing his eyes on me for ſeveral minutes with oppreſſive inquiſitiveneſs, he exclaimed, "The fellow's mad! mad, by G—d! but I can ſet him to rights. What is he? Who is he? Whence came he? Where is he going? What are his politics? How do you call him?" Then turning towards Miſs Woodford, who was juſt entering the room, he continued, "Beautiful Amelia! how enchanting you look! Well, well: when did you ſee Lady Ethiop, and your elegant little friend Miſs Caſino? Divine creature! my whole ſoul is up in arms whenever I behold her! but ſhe is paſſing away like a reſplendent viſion on the edge of the amorous horizon!—Curſe the metaphor—it puts me in mind of that deſtructive compoſition which has manacled

manacled the human race with unforged fetters!—Come, give me a pen and ſome paper; time is precious: 'the times are out of joint.'—I have no time for any thing but for gazing on you, beautiful Amelia!"

Here he began to write a preſcription, when ſuddenly throwing down the pen, he continued:

"When did you ſee your noble couſin, Lord Kencarth? He is a brilliant ſtar, in the dark hemiſphere of modern nobility: but the ſun of reaſon is riſing rapidly;—it will flame;—it will burn;—it will blaze! When was this fellow taken ill? He'll die, by G—d! a fever is ſcorching him up to cinders: poor devil! is he in love? Cure him, Amelia, cure him." Again he wrote a word or two, and again renewed the diſcourſe with, "Wonderful news from the continent! I left the old Ducheſs of Bloomingdell in hyſterics. Well, no matter—ſhe has lived long enough: d—n old women—they are only fit to ſee phyſicians, and to propagate falſe politics."

"Pray finiſh the preſcription," cried Miſs Woodford; "Mr. Montagu is overwhelmed with fever." A third time the grey gooſe's quill was put in motion, the doctor rubbing his forehead, and at the ſame time gloating on Amelia—"Something to warm the blood, and animate the nervous ſyſtem—too cold by half—chilled—petrified—freezing, as the loftieſt pinnacle of mount Cenis! Miraculous! ſo near the ſunſhine of ſuch tranſcendent beauty!"

"You miſtake the caſe," cried Mrs. Woodford: "Mr. Montagu is in a high fever; he has been nearly delirious the whole night; feel his pulſe, and you will be convinced."

"Be quiet, old woman," anſwered the doctor, again rubbing his contracted brow. "The fooliſh fellow, I tell you, is in love; I know his caſe—have often felt it—ſee it at this moment on the tip of his noſe

noſe—in his right eye—on his forehead;—damme, on the very point of his chin. Well, you muſt cure him, Amelia: the ſublime eſſence of your odoriferous breath will do the buſineſs. Nothing like the balſamic ſmile of a beautiful woman! More efficacious than all the drugs in Chriſtendom; more ſkilful than all the bunglers of Warwick-lane. The breath of beauty would re-animate the heart of a dying anchoret! Nothing like it! I always recommend it in caſes of extreme danger; ſeldom find it fail, where the patient is gifted with the true eſſence of ſublime ſenſibility. Keep a liſt ready to fill up my preſcriptions, all colours, all ſizes, black, white, red, and yellow; French, Engliſh, Iriſh, and Italian: rare drugs; in fine perfection; the divine promoters of univerſal liberty! Well."

"What is the doctor talking about?" ſaid Amelia.

"Be quiet, be quiet," cried Doctor Pimpernel. "Aſk no queſtions, you little huſſey, but tell me, when did you ſee the pretty, plump, dimple chin? Too old, but deviliſh handſome! 'Tended her laſt winter in a nervous fever. Miſtook the caſe;—treated it like the dropſy;—was taken in by appearances:—mum for that. Got her through after all. Deviliſh ſnug!—Nothing ſaid about it, but what was buzzed by a few old women. I like little dimple-chin, becauſe ſhe was fond of my friend Jack Daudlecourt, who preſented me to his ſiſter, who introduced me to Lord John Readywit, who recommended me to his grandmother, who hopped off ſoon after and left him a thumping fortune. One good turn deſerves another. Old women ought to die. What ſay you, beautiful Amelia?"

The attention which I paid to this ſtrange farrago of incoherent nonſenſe produced that calm interval of taciturnity which cooled my brain, and recalled my powers of thinking; when the doctor, riſing abruptly,

and

and putting the half-finiſhed preſcription into his pocket, continued:—

" Cannot ſtay—muſt be at Highgate by nine, on a conſultation. Overwhelmed with practice;—dine every day with the firſt men in the kingdom;—walk arm in arm with nothing but nobles; always take the wall, and ſhove the blockheads into the kennel: a pack of vagabonds all together: no matter for that;—they give ſumptuous dinners! Recommend me to the divine creatures. Double profit.—Do a great deal of private buſineſs among women of faſhion: but none ſo handſome as you, beautiful Amelia! Well. Now let us ſee what is to be done." The doctor again felt my pulſe; rubbed his forehead—hemmed—ſhook his head—and exclaimed, " A pretty buſineſs this—up to an hundred and ſixty!—Flaming like Veſuvius! Ætna! Caucaſus! All your fault, Amelia! Cure him, cure him." Miſs Woodford turned towards the window, with a frown of indignation.

" Do you recommend ſleep to Mr. Montagu?" ſaid Mrs. Woodford.

" Sleep!" exclaimed the doctor, again forgetting my ſituation: " Have not ſlept all night. Supped at the Earl of Thiſtledown's, with a French Counteſs. The Earl—never well without me—feel his pulſe every day:—don't much like to touch him;—always think of *nemo me impune laceſſit*. Pity the poor little Counteſs!—Game up on the continent.—Never ſaw ſuch a divine creature! The Venus *de Medicis* a drab to her. Only ſeventeen—rather too old—have been in a fever ever ſince. Freſh as Hebe! Haughty as Juno! Beautiful as Love! Drinks like Bacchus! Smiles—like the vertical ſun-beams, ſhowering gold on the luſcious hills of Tuſcany! There's a ſimile! or rather a *Semele!* Wiſh I was her Jupiter. Well; now to buſineſs.

" Have you got the morning papers? Generally have thoſe that are worth reading by five o'clock.

Dabble

Dabble a bit in literature myſelf. Mind you don't blab, Mrs. Woodford: all old women love talking;—ſome pretend to write:—inſolent baggages!"

The doctor was trudging off, bludgeon in hand, when Miſs Woodford requeſted to know what I might eat.

"Any thing, nothing,—every thing, no matter what; if you will but ſhed the luſtre of thoſe divine eyes upon him! So ſaying, he thundered down the ſtairs, leaving me juſt in the ſame ſituation, and burning with fever, as I was when he entered my chamber.

"The doctor is a charming man!" cried Mrs. Woodford, "though he does talk a little wildly; but then, his vivacity is ſo pleaſant, and he is ſuch a favourite amongſt people of faſhion! Nobody knows the ſervices he has rendered to ſome of our very firſt nobility. Lady Amaranth idolizes him! Miſs Caſino conſults him on all occaſions: the Ducheſs of Riversford is never eaſy without him: Miſs Amoret declares, that he has been of eſſential ſervice to her in a very precarious ſtate of health; and the ſtill charming Lady Ethiop finds ſuch a change in her conſtitution by his aſſiſtance, that ſhe declares it is almoſt as miraculous as waſhing the Black-a-moor white. Never was there a man ſo univerſally beloved by the women!"

"Pardon me, Madam," interrupted Miſs Woodford, "if I beg leave to mention myſelf as an exception: Doctor Pimpernel is my averſion: his hypocriſy would, alone, teach me to deſpiſe him, even if his licentious converſation affordeed no plea for my abhorrence. He has often ſoothed your ear with fulſome praiſe, one moment; and the very next ridiculed the weakneſs of our ſex, for crediting his duplicity."

Mrs. Woodford ſeemed piqued at this unwelcome intelligence, and quitted the room abruptly. Amelia followed,

followed, and I remained with the ſervant, who conſented to leave me, on condition that I would tranquillize my mind, and endeavour to ſleep away its inquietude.

CHAP. XLI.

I PASSED the whole day in my chamber, burning with fever, and wearied with a combination of perplexing ideas. The uncertainty of Lord Linbourne's fate, and the ſolicitude which I felt to know what was become of my generous friend Colonel Aubrey, by turns agitated my brain: but Iſabella hung about my heart, and, in the wide circle of accumulating ſorrow, ſtill remained the central object of attraction. Sir Sidney's elopement with Lady Emily, had left her entirely unprotected, and I had more than half reſolved to reviſit Glenowen, in the hope of finding her; when pride contemned the meanneſs of the experiment, and put an end to the plan, before it was digeſted by reaſon. Wrapped in the viſionary gloom of melancholy, I poured forth the feelings of my heart in that language which was moſt congenial to its ſorrow:

Teach me love, ſince thy torments no precepts can cure,
Since reflection and reaſon deny me relief;
Oh! teach me thy ſcorn and thy wrongs to endure,
While the balm of reſentment ſhall ſolace my grief.

Let my ſighs never heave, let my tears never flow,
Let the ſmile of contempt the ſtern victor defy;
For the tear has a charm which no art can beſtow,
And the language of love is the ſoul-breathing ſigh.

Let me ſhun the proud deſpot who cauſes my care,
Leſt the torture I ſuffer ſhould feed her diſdain,
For my tyrant delights in the pang of deſpair,
And the ſound which ſhe loves is the deep groan of pain.

I will traverſe the deſert, climb mountains untrod,
Where reflection ſhall fadden with legions of woes
I will cool my ſcorch'd brain on the dew-moiſten'd ſod,
While around my torn boſom the loud tempeſt blows.

Yet the mild breath of morning ſhall bid the ſtorm fly,
And the ſun's glowing wreath ſhall encircle the ſteep,
But my boſom ſhall never forget the deep ſigh,
Nor my eyes loſe the viſion that prompts them to weep!

Then, O where ſhall I wander, in ſearch of repoſe,
Where explore that oblivion which calms the wrung breaſt.
Since the lover finds ſorrow wherever he goes,
And the world has, for paſſion, no pillow of reſt?

To the grave! where the tyrant is robb'd of his pow'r,
Where complainings ſhall ceaſe, for no anguiſh is there,
While the breathing deſtroyer ſhall live a ſhort hour,
Till the pang of remorſe ends the reign of deſpair.

I was interrupted by a meſſage from Mrs. Woodford, requeſting that I would take tea with a ſelect party of her friends, whom ſhe expected in the evening. Little diſpoſed to mingle in ſociety, I at firſt declined the invitation, but the requeſt was ſo earneſtly repeated by Miſs Woodford, that I promiſed, as ſoon as I could dreſs myſelf, to obey their ſummons.

When I entered the drawing-room, I found that I was too early for the faſhionable hour of meeting. It was ſcarcely eight o'clock, and the only perſon arrived was Mr. Optic; a character well known in the literary world, and no leſs diſtinguiſhed for talents than eſteemed for benevolence. He was earneſtly employed in writing a prologue for a widow's benefit; and, on my entering the room, did not obſerve me. Fearful of diſturbing his poetical reverie, I ſtole ſoftly towards the window; and ſtepping into the balcony, enjoyed the evening breezes but a few minutes, when a female voice ſolicited charity:

"I am poor and deſtitute of friends," cried the for'orn petitioner, "and have here an infant, who is rendered blind by the cruel experiments of a German quack-doctor."

Mr. Optic ſtarted from his poetical trance, and putting the prologue in his pocket, ruſhed into the balcony.

balcony. The beggar repeated her mournful ſtory, and, being deſired to enter the paſſage, Mr. Optic haſtily deſcended to receive her.

"There he goes!" cried Miſs Woodford, "the worthieſt of mortals: a man, who, with the ſhield of gaiety, covers a heart perpetually throbbing for the woes of his fellow-creatures: a man, who, with all the rattling loquacity of a mere mad cap, is never truly happy, but in performing acts of humanity; who, while he makes fools and knaves his enemies, ſecures the eſteem and admiration of every diſcerning mind. Let us watch him,' continued Miſs Woodford: "but tread ſoftly, I conjure you, for his benevolence will not endure the intruding eye of obſervation."

We ſtole to the firſt landing-place, from whence we contemplated Mr. Optic, with the infant on his knee, exploring thoſe orbs that were for ever veiled in darkneſs. We obſerved him wipe away a tear which his eye had dropped on the cheek of the little ſufferer; and heard him ſay, with a ſigh that proceeded from the heart, "Alas! poor innocent, thy ſtate is hopeleſs! All the efforts of mortal knowledge cannot pour one ray of light into thoſe dim and beamleſs ſockets." He then returned the infant to its mother, gave her his purſe, bade her exert all her fortitude to ſupport the preſſure of maternal ſorrow; and, gently cloſing the door after her, returned to the drawing-room.

We were now joined by the Duke of Heartwing, who entered the room growling at the abuſes of the police, in ſuffering vagrants to crowd the doors of the nobility. "I met," ſaid he, "a miſerable object, half ſtarved, and filthy, who, thruſting a blind brat in my face, nearly made me ſtumble under the wheels of my carriage. Such ſights ſhould be kept from this end of the town, and wholly confined to the obſcure regions of St. Giles's. I make it a rule never to en-

courage idleneſs, unleſs the objects are young and pleaſing to look on, and then I take care to find them employment."

"Your grace's diſcrimination is too well known to require a comment," ſaid Mr. Optic: "You have always a fair plea for your acts of generoſity; and your arms are ever open to the objects of your benevolence."

"You are ſevere, Mr. Optic," cried the duke; "and with half an eye I can diſcover your meaning: but as you are a poet, I muſt allow your imagination to wander; you deal in fiction."

"I ſpoke of your grace's generoſity, and benevolence, and ſo far I plead guilty," replied Mr. Optic, ſmiling.

The Duke drew his chair into the balcony to contemplate a pretty houſe-maid at an oppoſite window, and to avoid Doctor Pimpernel, who was then knocking with vehement impetuoſity at the ſtreet-door.

After a dozen bows to his grace, and a nod of "How do ye?' to Mr. Optic, the doctor advanced towards me with—"Well, my noble fellow! How are you? You took my preſcription? I ſee you did, you would have been food for worms if you hadn't, by G—d. Well, and how fares it with you? Fever gone—blood temperate—pulſes quiet—head cool—hey? Could not come before; was detained by a parcel of medical blockheads—all fools—know nothing of phyſic—Where is the divine Amelia?—Pretty jade—longed to kiſs her this morning, but was afraid of offending the old woman. D—n all mothers—only ſpoil ſport—Well!——How often did you take the draughts—ſaved your life, my noble fellow.—Where's Amelia?"

Here the doctor whiſpered ſomething to the Duke of Heartwing, and I ventured to edge in a word or two, by informing him, that I had not followed his

advice

advice for the beſt of all poſſible reaſons, becauſe he had never left me a preſcription.

" Not written a preſcription! hey! how——when—what—Let me ſee!—Let me ſee!—Well!

" You began one ſeveral times, but other objects intervening, the whole was not completed," ſaid I, gravely.

" I underſtand you," replied the doctor; " you are right—right, my noble fellow! No minding buſineſs when the paſſions are in rebellion; can never think of phyſic when Amelia is preſent. How long have you known her?—Why don't you marry her? Make haſte—ſhe is eighteen—three years too old—hate old women!—Got curſedly into faſhion! Well! Patience! patience! it cannot laſt long—the game will ſoon be up. The broad beams of human reaſon are expanding in one vaſt glow from Indus to the pole! Man was created to fly, to outſtrip the eagle! for, as my friend Doleful ſays—

' The *ſilver* moon ſhall light the hills to dance,
The *golden* ſun ſhall drink old ocean dry,
The *ſapphire* mountains ſhrink to vallies low,
The day be *black*, the midnight *welkin* glow,
Ere truth and reaſon ſhall be hurl'd from France,
And *Liberty* in chains a *captive* lie.'

" Sublime!——Nobody writes like Dole! Every word an epigram! every line a little world of philoſophy! Mark the point—mark the *hurling*—mark the *lie!* Truth in ev'ry iota! Lofty as Pindar! deep as Ariſtotle! ſarcaſtic as Junius! Beats Milton, Shakeſpeare, Virgil, and Horace, all to nothing! Well! do you recollect a famous couplet in Doleful's laſt popular compoſition?—

——' Turn to France and view,
Five million men in arms, in *red* and *blue:*
O! may ſuch godlike ſpirits ever be
The friends of *freedom* and of *liberty*!'

" There's

" There's fancy, variety, epithet, pathos, metaphor, allegory, and climax! Never talk of the old ſchool-miſtreſs, the turner of couplets, or the inſpired milk-woman—or Laura, or your Annas and Matildas, your Sapphos and Petrarchs—or your Mæviads, and your Bæviads!—Doleful is the very cream of poetry—rich, pure, flowing, ſweet!—The fountain of Helicon—the flowery top of Parnaſſus!—Clear as the Thames—various as the Rhine—wild as the Rhone—vaſt as the Nile—ſmooth as the Arno—and grand as the Danube! Well! how is your fever?—have you ſlept?—are your pulſes quiet?—is your head cool?—can you eat?—can you drink, my noble fellow?—Drink and drive care away. *A propos!*—Where is the divine little jade, the beautiful Amelia?"

Mr. Doleful was now uſhered in; he approached the circle with a timid bow, and, with a deep ſigh, took his ſeat in a corner of the room.

" Doleful, my boy!" cried the good-humoured Optic; " come, you muſt read ſome of your elegiac ſtanzas: we want ſomething to make us merry."

" Do, do," added the doctor; " they always teem with true patriotic fire! fine ſtuff—better by half than a ſcore of ſudorifics! Will ſweat the whole univerſe—clear the head, lighten the body, thin the blood, renovate the conſtitution. Begin, begin—' the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge!' Well."

Mr. Doleful unfolded a ſmall paper, and, with a low tremulous voice, began to read the following

SONNET

SONNET.

The *gauzy rack*, while round its purple ſide
  The *ſhuttle of the morn* ſhall weave ſweet flow'rs,
Shall bid its *cobweb* veil on zephyrs glide,
  While *goſſomary tears* gem ocean's bow'rs.
The plumy *poet of the glade* ſhall ſay,
  Sad are thy plainings to the *noon-tide moon*,
And dark and *ſilent* is thy *ebon* day,
  While Nature's ſongſters join the thrilling *tune*;
So in the *hideous torments* of deſpair,
  Thy *freezing* woe ſhall *melt* the liſt'ning grove,
And thou the *joys* of *hell* with dæmons ſhare,
  And curſe the *ſky-light lamps* that lead to love!
Till the CREATOR bluſh with ſhame to ſee,
How very, very keen, a LOVER's pangs MAY BE!

A dead ſilence followed. Mr. Optic, looking with a ſidelong glance at Doleful for ſeveral minutes, at length gravely aſked him, why he did not compoſe a dictionary of poetical epithets? "The novelty of the thing would make it ſell," ſaid he.

"Ah! novelty is the thing!" exclaimed the duke; "nothing like it."

Mr. Optic continued—"I do not remember ever having met with *ſky-light lamps* or *noon-tide moons* in Milton or Young, or even in the obſcure pages of Chaucer and Spenſer. This is certainly a new æra in poetry, and with a voluminous gloſſary, a work upon the ſubject would ſtand a chance of puzzling the *virtuoſi* of poſterity; at leaſt it would be ſure to eſcape the laſh of modern criticiſm, for the myſtery in which it is enveloped, would render the taſk too laborious for moderate capacities."

"That is the only reaſon why I admire the poetry of the preſent age," cried the duke: "I deteſt every thing that the multitude can partake of."

"And yet your grace will ſometimes quit the flowery eminence of faſhion, and rove towards the common," ſaid Mr. Optic gravely.

" His grace is a voluptuary!" interrupted the doctor: " the bleſſoms of ſuperlative delight grow beneath his very footſteps!" Then turning to Doleful, he whiſpered--- " Stupid old blockhead! but the game is almoſt up."

Doleful bowed a modeſt aſſent, and ſighed as he roſe from his ſeat to welcome Amelia.

" You are arrived too late, amiable Miſs Woodford," cried the doctor.---" The Engliſh Apollo has been reading one of his exquiſite and ſublime compoſitions. Have you nothing more about you?" continued he, addreſſing the poet---" nothing tender, ludicrous, amatory, patriotic, or familiar?"

" The firſt he wiſely reſerves as an emblem of modern reputation," cried Mr. Optic; " the laſt he conſiders as *your forte*," addreſſing the doctor; " the amatory and ludicrous compoſe the province of his grace; and the patriotic has long been the characteriſtic of every true Briton."

" I have lately attempted quite a new thing," cried Mr. Doleful;---" a poetical ſermon."

Here a loud laugh burſt from the whole circle.

" I hope there is a chorus," cried the duke. " D---me, if you can take orders, Mr. Poet, I'll make you my domeſtic chaplain."

" He had better bring it out at the theatre," ſaid Mr. Optic; " there every poet takes orders; and if religion will not ſave it from damnation, what will?"

Mr. Doleful ſighed deeply.

" Well, my boy," continued Mr. Optic, " did you ever find a man courageous enough to preach your tuneful leſſon of morality? or did you mean that it ſhould be ſung? was it enigmatical or theological? I ſhould ſuppoſe the former, from the uſual tendency of your writings."

" It was to have been preached by the curate of Ambervale," replied the poet; " but he, unfortunately,

nately, being engaged to dine with the biſhop at an early hour, and being ravenouſly hunger, after a general and pious faſt for a continuance of bloodſhed, my ſermon was cut ſhort in two; and almoſt as ſoon as it ſaw light, was condemned to die——"

"Without benefit of clergy!" interrupted Mr. Optic; "that was deviliſh hard indeed! But you may alter it into a pantomime; I dare ſay it will have equal merit in every ſituation."

"I had ſome idea of turning it into a *ballet*," ſaid Doleful.

"Why that would be placing it on a good footing with the ſpectators," replied Mr. Optic, "and would probably tickle their fancy to ſome tune. Perhaps it would ſerve for a finale to Mr. Pang's atheiſtical doctrines: and it is time that the abominable ſyſtem of unbelief ſhould be checked, leſt every moral virtue ſhould periſh by its influence."

"I have adviſed Doleful to publiſh by ſubſcription," ſaid the doctor.

"A lucky thought," interrupted Mrs. Woodford; "and I will exert my influence with all my right-honourable friends."

"Then no doubt he will have a noble liſt, "ſaid Mr. Optic; "and as talents will be wanting to the work, I will engage to ſet down the literati."

"That you do every day," cried Amelia laughing.

"Witty rogue!" exclaimed the doctor; "but what cannot beauty do?"

"Make old men wiſe," ſaid Mrs. Woodford.

His grace looked contemptuouſly.

"Or old women candid," added the doctor.

The duke half ſmiled—Mrs. Woodford frowned.

"One would imagine that you were an author, doctor, by your irritability," ſaid Mr. Optic; "you ſpeak with critical feeling: what ill-ſtarred reviewer

has preſumed to daſh the cup of phyſic with the gall of ſeverity?"

"I do not underſtand you," ſaid the doctor, rubbing his forehead; "and as for the reviewers, by the immortal gods! I ſet their malice at defiance! My works are beyond their comprehenſion! There is not a man in the kingdom that knows any thing about the matter beſides myſelf. I am the phœnix of phyſic! the only Being on the face of the earth who has really dived into the arcanum of medicine! I have done more in the experimental way than all the goſſips of our fraternity. Did you never read my book upon Barley-water?—Five volumes quarto! with notes medical, critical, botanical, and methodical!—The firſt work that ever was publiſhed!"

"Of the kind," ſaid Mr. Optic, gravely.

"Of any kind! by the Eternal Powers!" exclaimed the doctor: "I expect that it will run through forty editions. Lady Amaranth declares that it is the ſublime preſerver of youth! and ſhe has drank nothing but barley-water ſince my treatiſe was firſt publiſhed. Thoſe who wiſh to live long, ſhould live abſtemiouſly.—The divine grain, mixed with the celeſtial and limpid fluid, will make the bloom of beauty vegetate tor ever! Well!"

"Of courſe you follow the regimen which you ſo ſtrenuouſly recommend," ſaid Mr. Optic.

"Why," anſwered the doctor, rubbing his forehead, "I do not think that ſtarving exactly agrees with my conſtitution. There are ſpirits that want ſubduing, as there are others which ought to be raiſed."

"Agreed," ſaid Mr. Optic; "and both for the benefit of the conſtitution."

The doctor hemmed, and ſcowled at the remark. The duke exclaimed——"Bravo! by G—d, Mr. Optic, you are a man of ſound underſtanding, and I ho-

I honour your opinions. Let the doctor's noſtrums thin the breathing race, I recommend that ſyſtem which will add ſtrength and dignity to the whole circle of humanity!"

"I know nothing about humanity," ſaid the doctor angrily: "I am for that ſublime arrangement of things which will purify the body politic, and invigorate the ſyſtem of univerſal reformation."

"Not morally, I hope!" ſaid the duke.

"Only phyſically," cried Mr. Optic; "the doctor is too wiſe to commence a ſyſtem which the conduct of his whole life has ſet at defiance."

The party was now augmented by the arrival of Miſs Amoret, and her inſeparable friend Mrs. O'Liffy. Mr. Optic took his leave for a ſhort time to viſit a neglected author, whom his philanthropy had preſerved from periſhing. After making a memorandum to get Doleful a long liſt of ſubſcribers, he beſtowed on the trifling circle a ſigh of commiſeration! A zephyr, which had been contemplating a weeping Cupid on Miſs Amoret's fan, caught it as it alighted on the boſom of beauty, leſt it ſhould infuſe the ſting of reflection, and thereby deſtroy the zeſt of the evening's entertainment.

CHAP. XLII.

DURING ſupper, a ſervant uſhered in Mr. Gnat, the author and reviewer. At the ſound of his name an undeſcribable ſenſation ſeemed to thrill through every boſom. The duke reddened with indignation; the doctor grew pale; Miſs Amoret aſſumed a modeſt reſerve; and Mrs. O'Liffy, for once, ſoftened her voice into the mildneſs of good-breeding. The univerſal change of looks and manners was aſtoniſhing. Mr. Doleful was the only perſon who paid the critic the ſmalleſt attention on his entering the room, and the ſtillneſs which followed proved how little his preſence

preſence was deſired by all, excepting Mrs. Woodford—Mr. Doleful's civilities being mere baits to enſure a line of commendation for his next ſatirical novel.

Mr. Gnat conſcious of his powers to alarm, to irritate, and to ſting, whenever he condeſcended to mingle with unphiloſophical ſociety, took his ſeat with becoming dignity; and, after looking round the circle with a mixture of pity and contempt, ſelected Mr. Doleful as the only individual worthy of his notice. The doctor made many unſucceſsful efforts to attract the critic's eye; but his freezing reſerve checked the timid advances, and a ſilence of ſeveral minutes again prevailed. At length the man of pompous words ſummoned a *quantum ſufficit* of that powerful ſtimulus called Reſolution, and, with many "hems" and groteſque attitudes, thus addreſſed the penſive philoſopher:

"Sir!---Mr. Gnat:---I have long ſought for the honour of cultivating your acquaintance. The very diſtinguiſhed rank which you hold in the reſplendent ſphere of literature, places you ſo far above the common race of mortals, that you cannot be aſtoniſhed when I pronounce you the greateſt politician, writer, critic, and philoſopher of any paſt, preſent, or future century!---The ſublimity of your works, the depth of your metaphyſical knowledge, the claſſical refinement of your language, and the prophetic lore which ſurpaſſes all human comprehenſion, has long been felt by the ſchool of true inſpiration! and will never ceaſe to illumine the world, till the gorgeous ſun goes out like the ſnuff of a candle."

Mr. Gnat bowed, and endeavoured to look ſatisfied.

"Give him a little more," whiſpered Doleful; "he can bear it."

The doctor continued.

"Your

" Your works, Mr. Gnat, your grand and unequalled compoſitions! will live---by the immortal gods!---till this eternal orb ſhall periſh!---Your laſt book was more enlightened than Longinus! more profound than Ariſtotle!---Rouſſeau never wrote any thing like the immortal Gnat!"

" *Never!*" cried Mr. Optic, at that moment entering the room.

" It is the very quinteſſence of pure and metaphyſical writing!" added the doctor. " The fire of Junius, the fancy of Shakeſpeare, the reaſoning of Locke; every page contains a mine of knowledge!" —Then, turning towards Doleful, the doctor whiſpered, " What is the title? for I never read it."

" A Treatiſe on Things incomprehenſible; or, A metaphyſical Inquiry into the Manners and political Opinions of unknown Nations," replied Doleful, in a low voice.

The doctor nodded his thanks.

" Your incomprehenſible treatiſe, Mr. Gnat," ſaid he, " your exquiſite unknown opinions, will live!---By its ſublime and metaphyſical powers, it will live longer than any work in the language, except my diſſertation on Barley-water!'

Mr. Gnat burſt into a loud laugh, which conſiderably diſconcerted the doctor. Miſs Woodford, perceiving his chagrin, endeavoured to change the ſubject. " Have you ſeen Mr. Cynic's laſt new comedy?" ſaid ſhe, addreſſing Mr. Gnat.

" I have not."

" That is very extraordinary!" cried Mrs. Woodford. " I thought you entertained the higheſt veneration for his talents?"

" And therefore I do not wiſh to ſee his comedy," ſaid Mr. Gnat. " I ſhould be ſorry to change my opinion."

" Have you any new works in hand?" ſaid Mr. Doleful.

" Two."

" Two."

" Metaphyſical or philoſophical?"

" Both."

" The world grows wonderfully enlightened," exclaimed the doctor. " The ſphere of intellectual knowledge expands rapidly! 'Tis ſuch men as Mr. Gnat that are born to ſettle the equilibrium of the human brain, and to give new nerve to the centre of cogitation! He is, as it were, an inventor of a luminous creation!—a pendulum to the great time-piece of Nature!"

" Have a care, or you will ſpoil all," whiſpered Doleful.

" The world is ſufficiently enlightened already," cried the duke. " Plebeians have no buſineſs to think. Too much knowledge will annihilate ſubordination, and, in time, level all diſtinctions."

Mr. Gnat ſmiled: the doctor rubbed his forehead; and a pauſe of ſome minutes ſucceeded.

" Though I am an enemy to every ſtep that can produce a total overthrow of proper ſubordination," ſaid Mr. Optic, " I am delighted when I contemplate the triumph of talents!—Genius will always find its proper ſphere; and though unquiet and diſcontented ſpirits will ſcarcely believe it, every wiſe and every honeſt mind will contemn profligacy and idolize talents, even though the former ſtands on the higheſt eminence of rank, and the latter moves meekly in the humbleſt paths of fortune."

The duke hummed an opera air, and Mrs. Woodford half ſmiled, while her boſom confeſſed a divided adoration between mental and perſonal ſuperiority.

" Well, Mr. Gnat," cried Miſs Woodford, " how did you like Mr. Terence's laſt play? Did you not think it charming?"

" It was very well acted," replied the critic.

" Did you not diſcover many good ſituations?"

" Many

" Many—in every part of the theatre," anſwered Mr. Gnat.

" I obſerved ſeveral ladies extremely affected," ſaid Miſs Woodford.

" The principal actreſs in particular," cried Mr. Gnat; " but ſhe generally is affected."

" You are more ſevere than uſual," ſaid Mr. Optic.

The duke ſmiled.

" We all know that Mr. Optic is the excluſive idolater of Mrs. Siddons," ſaid Gnat.

" I confeſs the charge," interrupted Mr. Optic; " and proudly avow myſelf the admirer, not only of her unrivalled talents, but of the ineſtimable virtues of her heart!"

The juſt panegyric was acknowledged by the whole circle, one perſon only excepted.

" She is a fine woman," ſaid Gnat.

" Let us diſcuſs the ſubject of Mr. Terence's play," cried Miſs Woodford, addreſſing Mr. Gnat. " Did you not, in ſpite of critical ſeverity, feel the effects of the principal ſcenes?"

" Conſiderably," replied Mr. Gnat; " they ſet me to ſleep."

" Well, I muſt own," cried Miſs Amoret, " that Mr. Terence's works delight me exceedingly: the women touch my heart with the ſtrongeſt ſenſations of ſympathy."

" I dare ſay," obſerved the critic Gnat; " for they are generally forward young ladies."

Miſs Amoret, little pleaſed with this ſarcaſtic remark, which was ſomething more than an oblique reflection on her mind and manners, turning to her friend Mrs. O Liffy, exclaimed, " Merciful Heaven! what a rude, diſagreeable man!—I am ſure I have heard the duke ſay a thouſand times that Mr. Terence's heroines were all angels!"

" True,"

" True," cried Mr. Gnat; " for they are, in general, ideal beings."

" Don't you believe that there are ſuch things as angels?" inquired Miſs Woodford.

" I cannot doubt it in the preſent company," replied the critic.

" I declare," ſaid Mrs. O'Liffy, " that ſame Mr. Terence is an enchanting crater; for he makes nothing in writing half a dozen comedies every winter."

" Unqueſtionably," obſerved Mr. Gnat; " and he is not the only modern author who makes nothing of a comedy."

" I ſeldom go to the play but when his pieces are acted," ſaid Mrs. O Liffy; " and I could ſit to hear them fifty times over all in one, and never fail in every line to diſcover ſomething new."

" It would be fortunate for the author if he could, for once, borrow a little of your diſcernment," ſaid Mr. Gnat, with his uſual good-nature.

" Did you not laugh at ſome of the ſcenes?" cried Miſs Amoret.

" Very heartily—particularly at the pathetic ones," ſaid Gnat.

" He has another ready for rehearſal!" ſighed Mr. Doleful.

" A great many, I dare ſay," rejoined Mr. Gnat, fidgetting on his chair, and growing tired of every thing.

" I expect that the next will be as good as any of his others," cried the duke.

" No doubt!" was the laconic anſwer.

" You are ſcandalouſly faſtidious and much too ſplenetic to judge of any author's works," cried Mrs. Woodford. " Mr. Terence is a man of infinite genius—an able reformer of vitiated taſte—a juſt delineator of modern life—a painter of Nature; and,

as a judicious, but unprejudiced ſcholar obſerves, " a mender of hearts !"

" The beautiful Amelia would find him plenty of employment," cried Doctor Pimpernel; " for if he mends hearts as often as ſhe breaks them, his experience muſt be unbounded."

" He might find ſome opportunities to exerciſe his art among modern philoſophers," cried Amelia, with an arch ſmile, which blunted the ſeverity of ſarcaſm.

" There I cannot agree with you," ſaid Mr. Optic; " our modern philoſophers' hearts are, in general, paſt mending: they take ſo much pains to reform others, that they never think of ſelf-reproof till their diſeaſed imagination ſets even their own remedy at defiance."

" Blockheads !—all blockheads !" whiſpered the doctor, addreſſing Mr. Doleful. " Mere pretenders —political quacks: all froth and foam—nothing like ſtamina. They will not do when " Gods meet gods, and joſtle in the dark !"—Shew me a line in Terence's play like that !"

" It would be difficult !" ſaid Mr. Optic, who overheard the doctor's double-dealing.

" And yet Mr. Terence has a very conſiderable ſhare of claſſical knowledge," cried his grace, " conſidering he was educated in England."

" That is of little importance," replied Mr. Gnat. " One page of the new philoſophy is worth all the libraries of all the univerſities."

" And pray, Sir," cried the duke, looking earneſtly at the metaphyſical critic, " what is the new philoſophy ? '

" It requires a great deal of argument and diſcuſſion to explain the ſyſtem," ſaid Mr. Gnat, heſitating between every word he uttered. " The new philoſophy is——" Here he pauſed. " In ſhort, it is not the old philoſophy."

" Well !

" Well!—and I gueſſed as much!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Liffy.

" By Heaven! you are the moſt enlightened woman upon earth!" ſaid the doctor. " The *rara avis* of female wits! the honour of your ſex, and the glory of Hibernia!" Then, turning to Mr. Doleful, he added in a low voice, " Vulgar baggage!" But I hear ſhe is rich, and a great favourite with people of rank—particularly with the divine creatures!"

Mr. Optic renewed the ſubject of debate. " Certainly," ſaid he, " we have ſome living authors, who, with all the diſadvantages of a contracted education, produce works of infinite merit. I am a friend to the effuſions of genius, whether they proceed from a milkwoman's dairy, or the ſtall of a cobler! What was Shakeſpeare? The wild uncultivated child of Nature! unfettered by the ſhackles of ſcholaſtic labour; and, with the wings of inſpiration, ſoaring above every contemporary."

" I truſt you mean in the plebeian circles," ſaid his grace; " for, if I recollect rightly, he was not noble."

" He was of Heaven's nobility!" ſighed Mr. Doleful. Mr. Gnat ſmiled. " You poets are always ſoaring to the regions of fancy," ſaid he; " but I ſtill maintain, that a writer without a certain portion of metaphyſical knowledge can never ſoar beyond mediocrity. A really wild uncultivated genius is not in the nature of things."

" But it is a thing of nature, which mocks the drudgery of ſchools, and makes puny innovators ſicken with envy!" ſaid Mrs. Woodford. " Do you think that genius cannot warm the boſom of a ploughboy, or tread the paths of fame in a pair of black ſtockings? Shame! ſhame on ſuch deſpicable prejudices!"

" Theſe are the vagabonds who preſume to keep

us in awe!" muttered his grace, with a ſhrug of diſcontent.

"'Tis a pity that Mrs. Woodford does not write criticiſms," ſaid Mr. Gnat, with a tone of voice ſo ironical, that it could not be miſtaken. Mr. Doleful obſerved the bluſh which the ſarcaſm occaſioned, and changed the ſubject.

"What think you of Charlotte Smith's ſonnets?" cried he, addreſſing Amelia.

"I think them beautifully plaintive, and correctly harmonious," ſaid Miſs Woodford. "Indeed I admire all her works more or leſs, and ſome of them to enthuſiaſm; yet the pleaſure experienced by her readers muſt be greatly diminiſhed, by the reflection that ſo cultivated a mind ſhould feel the preſſure of real ſorrows, amidſt the rich and beautiful effuſions of imagination! Do you not commend *this* authoreſs?" continued Miſs Woodford, addreſſing Mr. Gnat.

"I never read trifles of that ſort," replied the hypercritic: we always review poetry from report, none of our ſociety being writers of verſe. Indeed we ſeldom read more than ten pages of any book that is not written by one of our literary aſſociation;—and then, the heads of the critique generally come from the author."

"I am glad to find that he never reads what he reviews: I have ſome chance of a good word in that caſe," ſaid the doctor, in a low tone, addreſſing Doleful.

"You have written a book then!" ſaid Mr. Optic:—I never heard of it."

"Nor I," ſaid Mrs. Woodford.

"Nor I," added Mr. Gnat.

"Nor I," ſaid Amelia.

"A book!" cried his grace: "damme, doctor, what is it about? Love or phyſic? Stick to *la belle paſſion*, my knight of the peſtle; it is more ſuited to your genius, and will gain you patrons, an hundred

to

to one more than the latter. We all like beauty, but who the devil likes phyſic?"

"Knight of the peſtle! By the immortal gods, this is unlucky!" exclaimed the doctor: then turning to Doleful, he continued: "Theſe titled vagabonds think they dare ſay any thing; but I know how to be revenged. He ſhall have my love; and by G—d he ſhall take my phyſic!"

"That is a matter of courſe," ſaid Mr. Optic.

Miſs Amoret giggled; Mrs. O Liffy looked ſolemn; Amelia bluſhed; when Doleful, perceiving the doctor's chagrin, and wiſhing to quiet the irritation which the duke's abſurd remark had occaſioned, ſtarted a new ſubject for converſation. "How did you like Mrs. Lyric's laſt production?" ſaid he, addreſſing Mr. Gnat.

"Why, I think ſhe writes too rapidly," replied the critic; "and in her laſt circle of velocity ſhe carried away a blue taper, a ruſty lock, a ghoſt, the wing of a caſtle, a foreſt, a moat, a ſhriek, a cheſt, and a ſhadow, from our invaluable collection: while by giving an air of probability to the moſt ſtriking incidents, ſhe greatly injured the future effect of our laborious myſtery.

"Do you think that an author cannot write rapidly, and at the ſame time well?" cried Mr. Doleful. "I never allow myſelf more than five minutes and two ſeconds, for a poem of four pages. I wrote my pantomimical opera in three hours."

"Juſt the period of its exiſtence!" ſaid Mr. Optic. "So ſhort a life ſcarcely deſerved damnation!"

Mr. Gnat forgot his natural gravity, and laughed aloud.

"But Mrs. Lyric is ſo proud, that ſhe diſdains our aſſiſtance," ſaid Mr. Gnat. "She ſcorns to become one of our diſciples, and to mingle in the refined ſyſtem of univerſal knowledge. We never commend

mend any books which we do not help to write. Mr. Cynic reviewed Mrs. Lyric's laſt work; he paſſes ſentence on all female offenders."

"I do not wonder at the number of executions then," ſaid Mr. Optic; "though I reprobate the malevolence which condemns the opening bloſſoms of genius. The preſs teems with dulneſs, and the univerſal rage for novel reading is unexampled: yet amidſt the maſs of deformity, I have ſeen many fair proofs of very diſtinguiſhed talents: and there certainly are women, whoſe books preſent types of good ſenſe, and whoſe title to applauſe will flouriſh amidſt the leaves of Parnaſſus!"

"Indeed!" cried Mrs. O'Liffy, "and I am proud to be one of the number; for I mane to trate the critics with an eſſay on Platoniſm; with ſome little nate remarks, to prove that the brogue is more ſofter than all the Italian on the other ſide the Shannon."

"For what purpoſe would you undertake ſo difficult a taſk?" inquired Mr. Gnat.

For the inſtruction of boarding-ſchool miſſes," replied Mrs. O'Liffy. "Miſs Amoret will aſſiſt me in the laborious undertaking, and ſhe will alſo write notes, amatory and explanatory, with couplets in the manner of Ovid; and ſome hints to modern lovers on the myſteries of ancient attachments."

"To what end?" cried Mr. Gnat, ſneeringly.

"The end of time," replied Mrs. O'Liffy; "for my leſſon will be read when the Engliſh language is forgotten: and a pretty bit of ſtuff it will be, I promiſe you!"

"Moſt probably," ſaid Mr. Gnat, looking at Doleful with ſomething like meaning.

"And Iriſh ſtuff is all the faſhion," added Mr. Optic.

"I ſhall be delighted to diſſeminate your excellent leſſons among the riſing generation," ſaid the doctor.

"There

" There can be no doubt, from the ſpecimen which you carry about you, but the brogue is more harmonious than any other accent, ancient or modern. Cannot you contrive to introduce my book on Barley-water? It would be of great utility, and is much wanted for the uſe of ſchools."

" Och!" interrupted Mrs. O'Liffy, " mine will be a work of very great weight, upon my conſcience."

" Pardon me," ſaid Mr. Gnat, " the weight will be on the conſcience of your reviewer." The kind circle laughed, and Mrs. O'Liffy, for once in her life, was completely diſconcerted.

The duke, not being accuſtomed to literary converſation, after inviting me to his houſe with great cordiality, moved off.

Doctor Pimpernel, looking at his watch, exclaimed, " Well—muſt go—want to call at the club to beſpeak hands for the new play, ' Topſy Turvy, or every Slave his own Maſter," written by a particular friend: heard it read; d—d nonſenſe; very like Shakeſpeare for all that. Well—you will all come—muſt ſupport it, becauſe the witty vagabond has ſo many noble connections among the dowagers; d—n dowagers—generally old women. *A-propos*, one, now lying at the point of death—muſt look in upon the rich old jade, before ſhe hops off. Come to the play—the right ſort—beneficial to the whole race of man! Men ſhould aſſert their rights—women grow ſaucy—muſt be taken down—only invented to amuſe the lords of the creation—no buſineſs to write. Arrogant huſſeys! Well!"

" What think you of the poiſſardes of Paris," ſaid Mr. Doleful.

" O! grand creatures!" replied the doctor; " fine jades! wonderful baggages! *A-propos*—mind to call on a little French girl, juſt imported by Mother Lenoir the milliner—muſtn't forget it—was deſired by

by the duke:—poor—and ſtingy—Well! Patience! cannot laſt long—thin as a farthing ruſh-light—quite burnt out. The game almoſt up; for, the world is now whirling on the pivet of reaſon, and ſcattering the clouds of ſuperſtition to the ſurrounding chaos of undefinable ſpace. Mind, Doleful, that you immortalize that idea in your next poem. The world—the world—what is the world?"

"A great accident!" ſighed Mr. Doleful.

"Let us diſcuſs the point philoſophically," ſaid Mr. Gnat.

"Or phyſically," cried the doctor.

"Or poetically," interrupted Mr. Doleful; for what is it but a grand fiction, an air-born bubble—a balloon—a vaſt whirligig—a tennis-ball, for the capacious hand of nature?"

"Good! good! ſublime! wonderful! great! grand!" exclaimed the doctor; "the very electric gas of human underſtanding; beats Rouſſeau—Bolingbroke;—beats all imagination: for man was born to dive—to jump—to ſoar—to fly! to grapple with the ſtars! to pull the planets from their ſpheres! Well; you'll come to the play;—don't forget it, beautiful Amelia!"

Here the doctor's exit put a period to the critical, philoſophical, phyſical, poetical diſcuſſion; and I returned to my chamber, with my head throbbing, and my pulſes beating more violently than ever; and my mind completely diſguſted with the ſyſtem of *modern criticiſm*.

CHAP. XLIII.

FATIGUED by the perpetual buzz of the evening, I ſunk to ſleep till near ſun-riſe, when awaking, I quitted my bed, and having haſtily dreſſed myſelf, deſcended to the ſtreet. The early time of morning afforded me hopes of taking the benefit of the air and exerciſe

exercise without much danger of being seen. The hour was inviting; the Green-Park was sprinkled with a slight shower which had fallen at dawn-light, and I resolved to refresh myself with a walk till breakfast.

I strolled towards the grove which nearly encircles the Ranger's Lodge, and rapt in melancholy musing scarcely knew whither I was going, when I observed a woman's hat lying on the margin of a piece of water which was not far distant. I flew to the spot, and perceived a folded paper also, on which were written these words——

'*Je mourrai! ce n'est point desespoir; c'est certitude que j'ai épuisé mes maux; que leur terme est arrivé! Il faut donc que je parte**.'

Again I examined the hat, and with painful perturbation recollected that it was the same which had adorned the head of the unhappy Julie. Convinced in my own mind that she had put a period to her miseries, I stood for several minutes overwhelmed with amazement; I felt the blood curdle at my heart, and had not strength to move, nor power to call assistance. The day increased in brightness; the din of business awakened me from the stupor of affliction! every thing around me was gay, animated, enchanting! Again I turned to contemplate the still water, and shuddered with new horrors, when I thought on the unfortunate being who could find no other resting-place. The lowing cattle were grazing near my path, the birds were singing on the branches of the over-hanging trees; yet the terrors of hell seemed to encompass me, and I even envied the rash Julie her cold and silent pillow. Again I looked wildly round, and, observing two centinels approaching, snatched up the

* Werther, Seconde Partie.

hat,

hat, with the written farewel to earthly perſecution, and was haſtening towards the gate, when they ſeized me, conducted me to the guard-houſe, and from thence to a juſtice of the peace, where, to my infinite aſtoniſhment, I was accuſed of murder.

The witneſs againſt me was a ſervant girl, who ſwore that ſhe ſaw me, from a window in Piccadilly, ſtruggling for ſome time with a female, who made violent reſiſtance; that, terrified by the ſingularity of the ſcene, ſhe had alarmed the family, and during her abſence from the window, the female had diſappeared, leaving me alone on the margin of the water; ſhe then appriſed the centinels, and I was ſeized accordingly.

This tale bore ſuch ſtrong marks of plauſibility, and I had ſo little to ſay in my defence, that I was conſidered as guilty, before I had time to examine the event. My pockets were ſearched, and the card with Mademoiſelle de Beaumont's aſſumed addreſs corroborated the accuſation beyond a ſhadow of doubt. I had only one ſtep to take—to be patient till time ſhould elucidate the myſtery and confirm my innocence.

The hat was brought into court, and I was queſtioned to whom it belonged—I replied—"To Mademoiſelle de Beaumont." The centinel had loſt the written paper; the unhappy Julie had quitted her lodgings, and I began to think my ſituation perilous in the extreme. Before I had time to deviſe means for my defence, a new perplexity ſprung up to oppoſe my emancipation—the conſtable, from whoſe clutches I had eſcaped in the watch-houſe, recognized my perſon, and I was immediately committed, on an eſcape-warrant, to a priſon in Clerkenwell.

Oh! Roſanna! how did my heart bound with joy! how did my veins throb with ſatisfaction, when I was informed that the perſon whom I had reſcued

from the iron fingers of the law, was my generous, but unfortunate patron, Mr. Randolph.

I did not deny the reſcue, but pleaded not guilty of the murder. The ſpirit of innocence ſuſtained my reſolution, and the dread of puniſhment cauſed no emotion in my boſom. Though I ſcorned the miſery of toiling beneath a patron's deſpotiſm; though I would neither hire myſelf out to countenance vice, nor accept a deſpicable bribe to wink at enormity, I was not willing to appear wholly unknown. Withour ſoliciting the ſmalleſt favour, I wrote a few lines to the Duke of Heartwing: his marked civilities towards me at Mrs. Woodford's, authorized the hope that, in ſo diſtreſſing a dilemma, he would not refuſe to acknowledge me. I repreſented my caſe, as that of a man who was wrongfully accuſed of a crime at which humanity ſhuddered. My meſſenger, after waiting three hours in the duke's antichamber, brought me back the verbal and laconic anſwer, that his grace knew no ſuch perſon.

Having little to hope from exalted benevolence, I was not ſo much chagrined as may be imagined by this abrupt and indelicate denial. I knew the duke to be ſelfiſh and oſtentatious, and therefore I rather anticipated a refuſal than ſoothed my mind with the idea of protection. I had heard many anecdotes, in which avarice had ſtruggled with pride, and caprice overpowered the pleadings of humanity; but conviction at once decided my opinion, and on my mind marked the generoſity of his grace in indelible characters.

I then penned an application to Mr. Gnat: but he, ever on the wing, was no where to be found. I diſpatched another letter to Mr. Doleful—his exceſſive ſenſibility and enthuſiaſtic love of freedom could not bear to witneſs my captivity. Doctor Pimpernel was fearful that his being known to viſit a perſon in my

my predicament, would injure him in his profeſſion; his philanthropy could not ſupport the idea of beholding oppreſſed innocence: and, though "the broad beams of human reaſon were expanding from Indus to the pole," I was condemned to linger in a loathſome priſon without a ſingle ray to comfort my afflictions. You will wonder at my making no trial of Mr Optic's humanity; but I had not reſolution to obtrude my complaints on that fountain of benevolence which was rlready divided into a thouſand parts, and each devoted to the throbbings of ſympathy. It was to thoſe who ſeldom experienced the touch of ſenſibility that I applied for protection; I could not preſs an additional pang on a boſom which felt too forcibly the miſeries of the human race to experience many moments of tranquillity.

Stung to the heart by the cold denial of unfeeling minds, I almoſt began to deſpair; yet the Muſe had never failed to viſit me under the preſſure of calamity; and though her ſolace was blended with melancholy, as the laſt and only reſource, I thus claimed her [illegible]:—

Ah! cold NEGLECT! more chilling far
  Than Zembla's blaſt or Scytnia's ſnow!
Sure, born beneath a luckleſs ſtar
Is he, who, after ev'ry pain
Has wrung his boſom's central vein,
  To fill his bitter cup of woe,
    Is deſtin'd thee to know!

The ſmiles of fame, the pride of truth,
  All that can gift the glowing mind,
The nobleſt energies of youth,
Wit, valour, genius, ſcience, taſte!
A form by all that's lovely grac'd,
  A ſoul where virtue dwells enſhrin'd,
    A prey to thee we find!

The ſpring of life looks freſh and gay,
  The flow'rs of fancy bud around!
We think that ev'ry morn is May;

While hope and rapture fill the breaſt,
We hold reflection's lore a jeſt,
Nor own that ſorrow's ſhaft can wound,
Till cold NEGLECT is found.

Ah! then, how ſad the world appears,
How falſe, how idle are the gay!
Morn only breaks to witneſs tears,
And ev'ning cloſes, but to ſhew
That darkneſs mimics human woe,
And life's beſt ſcene a ſummer day,
That ſhines and fades away!

Some dread diſeaſe, and others woe,
Some viſionary torments ſee;
Some ſhrink unpitied love to know,
Some writhe beneath oppreſſion's fangs,
And ſome with jealous hopeleſs pangs:
But whatſo'er my fate may be,
Oh, keep NEGLECT from me!

E'en, after death, let mem'ry's hand,
Directed by the moon-light ray,
Weave o'er my grave a cypreſs band,
And bind the ſod with curious care,
And ſcatter flow'rets freſh and fair,
And oft the ſacred tribute pay,
To keep neglect away!

CHAP. XLIV.

ON the evening of the ſame day, I was informed that a lady wiſhed to ſpeak with me; and, on my conſenting to ſee her, Mrs. Woodford entered my apartment. Her aſtoniſhment was only to be equalled by her kindneſs; ſhe offered to bail me, and to find a friend who would join in the ſurety—ſhe named Mr. Optic as certain to ſtep forward in the cauſe of humanity; and with diſguſt informed me that the perſons to whom I had written for conſolation, though they refuſed to grant my requeſt, had blazoned my diſgrace over one half the metropolis.

Mrs. Woodford's viſit cheared my ſinking ſpirits; for ſympathy comes ſweetly to the ſoul in the hour of

of perſecution; and in proportion as I deſpiſed the neglect of baſe and little minds, I learned how to appreciate the value of her kindneſs. I wanted no pecuniary aid; but, of this important circumſtance the kind philanthropiſts were wholly ignorant.—Mrs. Woodford offered to lend me any ſum that might procure the advantages of a legal defence, and, by repeated aſſurances of attention, overwhelmed my heart with gratitude that was unbounded.

I paſſed a weary and melancholy night; I retraced the paths of life which I had trodden, and my tortured memory preſented on every ſide the thorns of perſecution. Yet my proud heart would have periſhed rather than have unburdened its griefs to Lady Aubrey, or have ſued for pity from the capricious Iſabella.

How different, Roſanna! was my narrow gloomy cell from the wild woods and breezy mountains of Glenowen!—Of Glenowen?—I muſt think of my native haunts no more! I muſt chaſe from my wandering imagination every viſion of paſt happineſs!

Again every inquiry was made after Julie de Beaumont, but no tidings of her could be obtained in any quarter. Two days paſſed in dreadful uncertainty, when on the third evening I was conſoled by a viſit from Amelia. She entered the room trembling and agitated; ſhe could but feebly articulate—"Forgive—excuſe this ſtrange, this intruding viſit; my motive is to offer you the pureſt wiſhes of friendſhip and eſteem—accept them—I conjure you to accept them."

I knelt, and taking her hand with the tendereſt reſpect, thanked her for her generous conduct—"How?" ſaid I, "oh, tell me how I ſhall prove my gratitude?—how ſhall I repay ſuch ſweet benevolence?" She bluſhed, and with a look of mild reproof withdrew her hand; I dreaded to offend her, and intreated her to make every allowance for a being

almoſt bewildered by ſorrow. A ſilence of ſeveral minutes ſucceeded; at length, with ſome heſitation, and an agitated voice, ſhe again addreſſed me—

"The motive of my viſit you will know hereafter; but for the preſent, I conjure you not to queſtion me. Suffice it that your ſituation excites a pang which penetrates my heart; I know you—and——"

"You know me, Miſs Woodford?" interrupted I, with amazement—"Impoſſible!"

"Your name is Ainsforth," ſaid ſhe; "Walſingham Ainsforth.—Take comfort to your boſom, and all will yet be well."

I ſtood like a ſtatue, petrified by conſternation. The turnkey of the priſon at this moment informed me that all ſtrangers muſt depart for the night, and Miſs Woodford reluctantly took her leave, with a promiſe to renew her viſit on the firſt opportunity.

Amelia renewed her viſit on the following morning, and by the gentleſt manners extracted half the poiſon from the ſting of perſecution. She paſſed the whole day with me, and by her converſation rendered exiſtence at leaſt ſupportable. I conjured her to leave me.—I repreſented in the ſtrongeſt language the ſlander and diſgrace which malignity would heap upon her, for her too tender ſolicitude. She bluſhed, wept, and attempted to juſtify her zeal by the eloquent language of benevolence; but confuſion interrupted her powers of articulation, and betrayed ſenſations which my ſelf-love trembled to interpret.

Amelia's marked attentions ſoothed while they alarmed me. I knew that perfection falls not to the lot of man, and I felt that of all men living I had the leaſt right to boaſt it.

Oh,

Oh, Roſanna! would Reaſon but make an effort to counteract human vanity, how many, by flying from the ſiren Pleaſure, would defeat the machinations of that reſtleſs demon, who triumphs in deſtroying.

Miſs Woodford was amiable, lovely, and accompliſhed.—I could have loved her ſincerely, tenderly; but the image of Iſabella was placed by deſtiny as a centinel before my heart, forbidding every other object to find acceſs even for a moment. Such is the perverſe nature of our ſex, that the voice of affection only ſerves to ſicken or to chill our boſoms, while the tyrant who flies, and leaves the arrow of diſdain implanted in our hearts, holds an undivided ſway, and, by every inſtance of contempt, adds a new link to the chain which enthrals us.

Miſs Woodford had brought with her ſeveral books, in hopes that I might find ſome amuſement during thoſe dreary hours when the horrors of captivity find an alleviation from an intercourſe with ſociety. The Minſtrel of the inſpired Beattie—the intereſting and improving leſſons of Pratt—the claſſical works of Murphy—the ſweetly ſoothing effuſions of Charlotte Smith—and that fund of humour and character, the Evelina of Miſs Burney, formed the collection of her choice. "I bring you," ſaid ſhe, "the works of living authors; for I am old-faſhioned enough to allow praiſe before the marble of a ſepulchre blunts the ſhafts of envy and detraction.

> For oft where high the tree of genius ſprings,
> The pale fiend hovers with her mildew wings,
> Shades the rich foliage from the ſoft'ring ray,
> And marks each leaf for premature decay;
> Dims the warm glow that decorates the fruit,
> And ſtrikes her lightning glances to the root;
> Strips the rent fragments of each latent bloom,
> Nor leaves one branch to deck the Poet's tomb."

We were again interrupted by the hour of ſhutting the priſon. Miſs Woodford departed, and I had juſt opened one of the books which ſhe had brought me, when the turnkey entered my apartment, vociferating——" How fares it vith you, young maſter? Come, come, leave your books, and endeavour to raiſe your ſperits; von hour's mirth is vorth a month of reading. Don't be faint-hearted, my maſter--times vill mend; ve grow viſer every day; and I have nooſe to tell you.'

" Good news, I hope," ſaid I, laying down my book, and liſtening earneſtly.

" Vy, you're found out, that's all," replied the turnkey; " you're blown; there's no queering the law---ve gentlemen in office arn't to be done over."

" Speak intelligibly, for Heaven's ſake," ſaid I; " for I do not comprehend you."

" Vy, talking is dry vork, young maſter," replied the turnkey; " and unprofitable vords are apt to ſtick in von's throat, as ven may ſay. Ve gentlemen of the law meaſures our breath by the length of our cuſtomer's pocket—good vords arn't to be had for nothing."

I underſtood the hint, and deſired him to fetch a bottle of his beſt port.

" Vy, as to vine," ſays he, holding his hat ſuſpended over one eye, " ours is but a ſort of viſh-vaſh old ſtuff made of the neweſt materials, and imported duty free from the neighbourwood of the metropolis. I'm up to their rigg, my young maſter; I doesn't chooſe to drink ſloe poiſon; it does vell enough for ſome of our viſitors, whoſe full pockets and empty heads are carculated to patternize new inwenſions. If 'twasn't for ſuch like, vy your mountebags vou'dnt ride about in their coaches, and fill the churchyards vith cuſtomers, and all the vile ſtare honeſt men out of countenance."

" True,"

" True," ſaid I; " but you are an obſerver, I find."

" 'Tis part of my trade, maſter, to keep a good look out, and every man makes obſervations now-a-days," ſaid the turnkey. " Then, I examines the nooſepapers, and I vatches the vorld as it goes: ah, maſter! the more von ſees, the leſs von likes: vy ve have a bit of a club here in the wicinity of the priſon, and it vou'd make your hair ſtand an end, vas you but to hear how ve talks politics! Ve gives them a vord of a ſort, now and then, I promiſe you; and ve have ſome knowing horroters among us that ſettles things in a giffey."

" I dare ſay," anſwered I.

" But ve arn't all wagabonds, maſter: ve have the big and the little; gentlemen of every deſcription, from Dookes and Lords, down to ſhoeblacks and tinkers; though the loweſt don't alvays do the dirtieſt vork, maſter; and ve don't much like to place no great dependance on your high flyers; for they be werry much given to lying; and ve ſometimes thinks that they plays a rum game, and vants to be a peg too high for us: but ve are up to their goſſip, and vatches them like links; ve makes light of em, as von may ſay;—Lords are but men, maſter."

" So I think, my honeſt friend," ſaid I.

" And yet," continued the turnkey, " ve have ſome viſe heads among us, I promiſe you; for vit does'nt always belong to great folks, nor viſdom to rich vons: ve begins to know a thing or two, and to walue our rights and our priweleges, as vell as our betters But this is dry vork, maſter."

" And if you don't take care, may ſtand a chance to choke you," ſaid I. " What will you take to waſh it down?"

" Vy, a drop of the right ſort, if you have no objections, maſter; vat ſay you to a pint of brandy?"

" With all my heart," anſwered I, " if you will

help me to drink it: and as my ſpirits are counterfeit, I truſt that yours will be genuine.

"As pure as gold, and as clear as my eye," replied the turnkey, darting out of the room, and leaving me to reflect on his political knowledge and purity of dialect. In a few minutes he returned, with a flaming decanter, a large bowl, ſome ſugar, and a ſmall mug of water; and taking the only chair in the apartment, he began to mingle the ingredients with more delight than moderation. "Rare ſtuff, maſter!" cried the turnkey, ſwallowing a large glaſs of brandy, which in colour and taſte reſembled liquid fire.

"Where do you get your ſpirits?" ſaid I.

"I ſmuggles," replied the turnkey. "All good things are got by ſly vays as times go. Nothing thrives that's fair and above-board; 'tis as mild as mother's milk, and as clear as amber:—beats all the vine in the univerſe:—and that's the vay with all things now-a-days; the ſtrong beats the veak;—vat ſays you, maſter?" A ſecond glaſs of pure liquor waſhed down the remark.

"I ſay nothing," anſwered I, ſmiling.

"Vy that's the vay to be on the right ſide: the leſs that's ſaid the better, as things goes, maſter. I do not vant for any thing, thank God; and vy ſhould I be vailing and veeping like a ſniweller. I have got a triſle of a genteel competency, and keeps the mill going, that helps on, from hand to mouth, as von may ſay."

"You are in trade then?" ſaid I.

"No, I ain't up to trade:—I han't reſolution to be twice "Whereas," and then to ſhew my noſe above my betters."

"How then do you profit by your induſtry?"

"I dabbles."

"I do not comprehend you," ſaid I.

"I nabs

" I nabs the bulls, and am down upon the bears, and figures away in the ſtocks. I knows a thing or two :—beſides, I gets tipped now and then, for vatching the patriots."

" But do you reconcile that to your conſcience?" ſaid I.

" Vy look'e, maſter, I only imitates my betters: they vatches, and they takes bribes," replied the turnkey: " and as for conſcience, vy it is only ſaleable at the general election;—there von gets a good price to be ſure; but that don't come often." A third glaſs gave a pauſe to our diſcourſe. " I loves to do things like a gentleman," cried my companion, gaſping for breath. " I knows the importance of my ſtation: I am an officer in his Majeſty's ſervice, God bleſs him! and never forgets vat belongs to my carreter."

" An officer in his Majeſty's ſervice!" repeated I, with ſome aſtoniſhment.

" Yes; I ſarves the public, and vatches the people, at the ſame time; and as his Majeſty is the lawmaker, vy of courſe I am in his ſarvice, ven I performs my duty."

" The people make the laws, my honeſt friend," ſaid I. " The legiſlative body, their repreſentatives, form the glorious pillars that ſupport the throne."

" Lord love your ſilly noddle!" cried the turnkey. " 'Tis at court, as 'tis in love;—kiſſing goes by favour. Vy vat ſhould I be, if I cou'dn't palawer a bit, ven I finds a flat that is to be done over? Look at the great houſe in Veſtminſter: don't they ſettle every thing by the gift of the gab!"

" You ſpeak freely," ſaid I.

" Becauſe I'm a free ſubject, and loves my king; and vou'dn't wrong him of a ſtraw to be made Lord Chief Juſtice." Then, taking another glaſs, he continued, " Pure ſtuff, maſter; I gets it over by means of.

of a friend, who has as ſnug a boat as ever croſſed the Goodwins: and only, that I mayn't do as I likes, and ſhould fight ſhy of the penalty, I vou'd ſet up a varehouſe myſelf, and ſupply my friends vith ſperits of my own importance."

"You have an excellent ſtock," ſaid I, "which nature has given you, and which, with proper correction, will not be amenable to the laws."

The turnkey's vanity grew ſtrong as his articulation became weak, and he was juſt falling aſleep, when the clock ſtruck one.

"There goes the little-von," ſaid he, ſtarting up, and taking another draught, "and I muſt go to our club: ve expects a great debate to-night, and I ſhall be vanted to give my wote. I alvays goes for two reaſons, to vatch and to promote enflamation."

"Information you mean," ſaid I.

The tippling politician, overwhelmed with ſtupor, ſunk into a profound ſleep. The key of the room was on the inſide: his ſnoring prevented the poſſibility of any ſlight noiſe being heard:—the moment was propitious, and I paſſed the threſhold uninterrupted.

After locking my lynx in his own den, I proceeded down a long dark paſſage with trembling agitation. Every breeze that whiſpered alarmed me, and I ſcarcely knew what I was doing. In my hurry to eſcape, I had forgot to take a light, and was proceeding, without the leaſt knowledge of the avenues of the priſon, in total darkneſs, when I perceived a moon-beam entering at an iron-grate, which ſerved to pour a narrow ſtream of light and air into the ground floor of the building. The bar, which divided this little aperture, was corroded with ruſt, and the wood-work, which compoſed the frame, being ſoftened by the humidity of the ſituation, on applying all my ſtrength, the whole gave way. My joy

joy was exceſſive, for I was too far diſtant from my ſnoring turnkey, to admit the poſſibility of his hearing me.

CHAP. XLV.

I FOUND myſelf in a ſmall court, encompaſſed by lofty walls, and guarded by a railing of iron planted in every direction. The clearneſs of the night afforded me an opportunity of contemplating the ſituation, and I found it no leſs terrible than that from which I had eſcaped. After ſtanding like a ſtatue that was petrified, during ſeveral minutes, the moonbeams, by removing the ſhadow from one ſide of the court, diſcovered a ſmall caſement-window: my heart bounded with hope, and I liſtened to hear if the apartment to which it belonged was inhabited.

All was ſilent as death, both within the houſe and the priſon. At leaſt I knew that the turnkey was yet ſleeping, and my reſolution was not wholly exhauſted. Time flew rapidly till the break of day; when, ſtill fixing my eyes on the caſement-window, I perceived a human form, with the face towards me. The light was not ſufficiently clear for me to diſcover the features, but by the dreſs I could faintly diſtinguiſh that it was a female.

"If an atom of pity warms your heart," ſaid I earneſtly, "aſſiſt me in eſcaping from theſe infernal regions. I am innocent of any crime, and will reward you liberally."

No anſwer was returned: my heart beat with a mixture of anxiety and hope; the woman retired from the window, and I was again reduced to deſpair.

Not daring to call aloud, leſt I ſhould alarm the priſon, I waited with agoniſing impatience, ſtill fixing my eyes on the little caſement, when in a moment, to my infinite joy, I ſaw a ſheet deſcend, to the

the corner of which was faſtened a ſecond, and that attached firmly to a ſtrong iron bar which divided the window. The wall was built with rugged ſtone; and, my ſituation being deſperate, I did not ſtay to examine the difficulty of aſcending. Reſolution gave new ſtrength to every ſinew; and, the conſciouſneſs that the only alternative was miſery, enabled me to ſurmount all impediments. In a few minutes I reached the window, and pulled the linen-ladder after me, when a new obſtacle preſented itſelf; the iron bar was immoveable, and the ſpace on each ſide ſo narrow, that it was wholly impoſſible for me to enter the chamber. Again the female approached the caſement. Oh God! my heart ſhivers while I recollect the ſenſation of that moment! It was Julie de Beaumont.

"You ſnatched me from confinement, generous Walſingham!" ſaid ſhe, taking my hand and kiſſing it, "and Heaven has permitted me in return to be your preſerver."

I could make no anſwer; the aſtoniſhment, the joy, the terror that ſeized upon my heart, almoſt overpowered me, and I ſeated myſelf on the low parapet, ſcarcely conſcious where I was, or what I did. She conjured me to find a more ſecure place, leſt I ſhould be ſeen from the priſon. Again I aroſe; but my head was ſo giddy that I was near falling from the houſe-top, when Julie, ſtretching forth her arm, pulled me back, and ſaved me.

"Conceal yourſelf," ſaid ſhe, "behind the ſlanting roof of this apartment till the different lodgers quit their chambers. On the other ſide the houſe, there are ſeveral garret windows which are not ſo ſtrongly barricaded; at one of them moſt likely you may enter. Here it is impoſſible to give you hope; for this bar is ſo connected with the beam which croſſes the roof, that there is no chance of removing it without ſhattering the whole fabric."

I now

I now inquired what lodgers occupied the different chambers. She had been but one night in the houſe, and briefly informed me that the only perſons ſhe had ſeen were a ſick gentleman with three children, and a methodiſt with his wife, who were the proprietors of the habitation. I followed her advice, and crept round the point of the roof till I came near another window. The caſement having no curtain, I plainly perceived every thing that paſſed in the apartment.

At a table, which was ſcattered over with looſe papers, ſat an elderly man, deeply engaged in writing ſomething which ſeemed to intereſt his feelings. A little boy was kindling a ſmall fire, and two younger children were ſleeping on a bed near the window. Several panes of glaſs being ſhattered, I ſeated myſelf near the jutting ſides of the penthouſe which covered the garret caſement, and reſolved patiently to wait my deſtiny.

I ſoon diſcovered that the tenant of this lofty apartment was an author, and that the work, on which he then employed his melancholy hours, was a Tragedy. Several paſſages, which he read aloud, convinced me that his talents were of no inferior order; his appearance and ſituation affected me ſtrongly, and, by comparing his fate with my own, I received a ſort of painful conſolation, which, while it relieved my heart, attached it to his intereſt.

I remained ſome time in my airy concealment, when I began to loſe every hope of the author's quitting his chamber by the ſound of his door, which was locked and bolted every time his little ſon went out or returned with ſuch neceſſaries as were wanted for the day's ſubſiſtence. I was on the point of diſcovering myſelf, when a knock at the room door arreſted my ſteps. The little boy cautiouſly opened it, and a man entered, dreſt in a ſhabby ſuit of black, with ſhort lank hair, and a countenance demurely ſanctified. During a brief altercation I diſcovered that

that the viſitor was the landlord, who came to menace the ill-fated author with an immediate ſeizure of his effects, unleſs he was paid a demand as far beyond the finances of his tenant, as he was inferior to his debtor in mental qualifications.

A warm debate enſued. The poet pleaded inability to pay, and the landlord urged the juſtice of his demand. "I have a work now nearly finiſhed," ſaid the ſon of the Muſes. "A bookſeller has promiſed to give me five guineas for it when completed, and I will then pay you, at leaſt a part of your demand."

"You owe me ten," cried the hard-hearted creditor; "and how ſhall I get the remainder in caſe you keep your word, which I much queſtion? for poets are but liars, and propagators of profane opinions. They are not curbed in their wicked propenſities by the fear of hell, or the menaces of Heaven! Why are all poets poor? why are all poets ragged? why are all poets miſerable?—Becauſe they are full of ſin! the dealers of the devil's cards! the makers of diabolical books, of lies, and wickedneſs!"

"Yet give me another week," ſaid the poor poet. "Conſider my infants; if you drive them into the ſtreet they muſt periſh!"

"The Lord will protect *them*," cried the ſanctified perſecutor. "But *I* muſt be *paid!* I will no longer harbour the builder-up of thoſe ſteps that lead down to the dark dwellings of Lucifer. Burn your wicked books!—your lying books!—your wanton books!—your profane books of the devil's own inventing!—your Tragedies, and your Comedies, and your Parodies, and your Monodies; and all the abominable finery of Satan's library! But the Prince of Darkneſs will ſoon unfold the leaves of your abominations: he will ſew you up in ſheets of ſulphur; he will hot-preſs you in his flaming workſhop; he will bind you with hot iron. You will be read; but not read by the wicked!—not read by the idle!—not read by the wanton!

wanton!—You will be red by the great oven of Belzebub!"

"I intreat you to be patient," ſaid the dejected author. "Conſider that mercy is the firſt of Chriſtian virtues!—that to comfort the forlorn, to ſhelter the unhappy, to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, is the glory of humanity."

"How ſhall I be paid?" cried the pious dun. "Where ſhall I get my money?—I cannot ſtay preaching to you, waſting my words, and holding forth in the regions of abomination, while our poor flock is waiting in the fields under the broad blue canopy of Heaven for my approach. I cannot ſtay to hear your ſqualling brats crying for the adulterated bread of ſin, while my children of grace, groaning in the true ſpirit of godlineſs, are longing for my preſence!"

He was departing, when the poet caught his arm —"Only twelve hours!" ſaid he, "I entreat, I conjure you to give me only twelve hours, and I will ſee what can be done."

At this moment the landlord's better-half, if quantity may be allowed to take place of quality, ruſhed into the chamber, with "Turn the vagabonds out: the bailiff is below; ſeize their goods; don't ſtand parleying here while your congregation is waiting for you. I'll ſtay and ſee things done as they ſhould be. Theſe are not times for honeſt folks to feed a parcel of ſtarving imps with the bread of holineſs. Such vagrants as theſe only turn our labours in the field of ſalvation into ridicule, ſow the weeds of controverſy among the upright, and teach the lambs of our paſture to think for themſelves inſtead of liſtening to us, who walk in the true path of religion."

"For pity's ſake," ſaid the poet, "do not urge me on to deſperation!—Reflect, that religion's pureſt attribute is humanity; that the hand of true benevolence

lence will never be raiſed towards the throne of Mercy, without receiving the reward it merits."

"None of your wicked and profane canting!" cried the landlord. "The canter ſhall canter down the broad road of perdition!—he ſhall go full gallop!—he ſhall tumble off, and he ſhall be deſtroyed!"

The landlord departed, and his wife having given the ſignal, in a few moments the bailiff ruſhed in, while the unhappy family, the poor poet and his half-famiſhed children, were conſigned to deſpair. I could no longer reſiſt the impulſe of my heart, but, leaping in at the window, occaſioned a new ſcene of conſternation.

CHAP. XLVI.

THE Landlady's ſhrieks brought Mademoiſelle de Beaumont to the apartment, and the group preſented a variety which would have afforded an excellent ſubject for the pencil of Hogarth.

My appearance placed me above the ſuſpicion of being a robber, and it was inſtantly concluded that I was a concealed gallant of their new inmate. The ſanctified dame, whoſe power in the great ſcene of events was infinite, turning all the ſtrong artillery of abuſe againſt the trembling Julie, diverted the tide of ſuſpicion from me, and thereby enſured my ſafety. I informed the deputy of the law that if he would adjourn with me to the next coffee-houſe, I would ſettle the buſineſs. A guinea, neatly ſlipped into his hand, purchaſed acquieſcence, and, taking an haſty leave of the aſtoniſhed poet, I quitted the apartment.

We entered a public-houſe in the neighbourhood; the landlord was ſent for. I waited with anxious impatience for his arrival, and dreaded every moment the loſs of my own liberty. At length he came; having abruptly quitted his roſtrum, and left his gaping multitude under the pretext of ſudden indiſpoſition.

ſition. Not conſcious that I had heard his morning debate with Mr. M'Arthur—for ſuch was the name of the reduced and neglected poet—he put on the placid maſk of ſolemnity, and, ſtealing into an obſcure parlour, bowed with the humility of a true diſciple.

"It grieves me ſorely!" ſaid he ſighing; "it grieves me mightily, that my lodger has been troubled by the hand of perſecution!—The Lord knows that my heart is open to the unhappy; that my hand is ever ſtretched forth to raiſe the afflicted! But my wife is given to wrath!—She is one of the haſty!—ſhe has a brawling tongue, and peace dwells not with her!—She wants money to pay for the bread of our induſtry, and ſhe will take no denial. We conſume not our money in feaſting, nor in guzzling, nor in wine-bibbing; not in gaudy apparel. We live ſoberly and holily! We mortify the fleſh, and we purify the ſpirit!"

"How much does Mr. M'Arthur owe you?" ſaid I.

"He owes me fifteen pounds," replied the landlord; modeſtly adding five ſince the demand in the morning.

I put my hand into my waiſtcoat to ſearch for my pocket-book, when, to my infinite conſternation, I found that it was gone. Whether I had loſt it in the priſon, in the apartment of wretchedneſs, going along the ſtreet, or in paſſing the outward room of the public-houſe, which was thronged with gueſts, I knew not. Only three guineas remained, which were in my purſe; and I was now involved in a ſituation more perplexing than ever.

With the moſt awkward embarraſſment I unfolded my ſituation, and offered to give any ſecurity in my power for Mr. M'Arthur's releaſe from his hard-hearted creditor. Nothing would do but the money, or a draft upon ſome perſon of known property and reputation.

reputation. Time was precious; every hour preſented danger, and I was bewildered almoſt to frenzy, when Mademoiſelle de Beaumont, who had watched me from the window of Mr. M'Arthur's apartment, came running into the room with a countenance of joy. "The debt is diſcharged," exclaimed ſhe. "The moſt liberal, the worthieſt of men, has given the ſum to Mr. M'Arthur, and he is now embracing his little family overwhelmed with tears of rapture!"

"To whom did Heaven grant the ſupreme gratification of ſuch a benevolent action?" ſaid I; "and why, amidſt all my ſorrows, am I deprived of one bliſsful moment, which would have more than overpaid them?"

"Ah!" cried Julie, burſting into tears, "he is the miniſtering angel of benevolence! He ſnatched me from the confines of the grave! He beheld me, ſtruggling with my adverſe fate; meditating the laſt act of frenzied deſperation; and, by forcing me from the fatal ſpot, preſerved a life thas ſhall be devoted to gratitude."

We all haſtened back to Mr. M'Arthur's chamber, where we found the father, ſilently indulging the ſenſations of his full and throbbing heart; while his children were weeping tears of joy, and fondly hanging round their benefactor, in whoſe features I inſtantly recognized—the rattling—punning—laughing Optic!

He ſtarted from his ſeat, and ſhaking my hand, interrupted the words I was going to utter, in praiſe of his noble philanthropy, with, "Ha! Mr. Montagu! how fares it with you in this world of dulneſs and depravity? Yet why ſhould I aſk you this queſtion? You are the aſſociate of genius and virtue!" A look of regard, directed towards Mr. M'Arthur, marked the meaning of his words, and was inſtantly

ſtantly repaid by a modeſt bow of acknowledgment.

" Your kindneſs will overwhelm me," ſaid the poet; " your benevolent actions know no bounds!'

" True," replied Mr. Optic, " they lead to my own gratification, which is indeed boundleſs." Then, turning towards me, he continued, " What brought you to this apartment? This is highly honourable to your taſte, and proves, beyond contradiction, that your propenſities are lofty."

" That I ſoared is unqueſtionable," anſwered I; " but I was aided by a pitying ſpirit." A glance which ſignified caution, checked my tongue, and reminded me of my perilous ſituation.

A new ſcene of viciſſitude at this inſtant attracted our attention. The ſanctified landlord, inſtead of receiving the money extorted from Mr. M'Arthur, was, by the ſame bailiff, arreſted for treble the ſum. The writ had been ſome days in his pocket, at the ſuit of the publican, to whoſe houſe we had adjourned, for liquors; to the uſe of which the puritanical landlord, and the meek wife of his boſom, were inordinately addicted. The concluding ſcene was therefore more than commonly ſtriking, and like a ſprightly epilogue to a deep and ſoul-tearing tragedy, ſent the ſpectators away in tolerable ſpirits, with the reflection, that much moral good ſometimes ſprings from the ſource of apparent evil.

After taking leave of Mr. M'Arthur and his friend Optic, I quitted the houſe, as much at a loſs which road to take as though I had at that moment landed on a deſert iſland. I ſtrolled about the ſtreets till evening, and, then, after a ſtruggle betwixt gratitude and deſpondency, reſolved to throw myſelf once more on the candour and hoſpitality of Mrs. Woodford.

She received me with the moſt impreſſive kindneſs. I told her all that had happened, except the material circumſtance

circumſtance of my complete bankruptcy. Still I aſſumed the name of Montagu, and waited impatiently for an interview with Miſs Woodford, which might enable her to explain the myſtery by which ſhe had diſcovered my real ſituation. Mademoiſelle de Beaumont having promiſed, by her appearance in the court of juſtice, to exonerate me from the charge of murder, the only circumſtance remaining againſt me was the reſcue of Mr. Randolph: but that event ſeemed irremediable; I was too poor to pay the debt, and too proud to expoſe my name to the cenſure which would follow detection, or to the penalty which the law would inflict for a violation of propriety. The predicament in which I was involved ſeemed to preclude every hope of adjuſtment; Mrs. Woodford, however, aſſured me, that her houſe ſhould be my aſylum; and I agreed to keep my retreat wholly private, by concealing myſelf in the apartments on the ſecond floor, till I could obtain ſome tidings of Colonel Aubrey and the family of Glenowen.

On the evening of my return to Mrs. Woodford's I wrote letters to Lady Aubrey, to Mr. Hanbury, and to Bath, without mentioning what had paſſed ſince my arrival in London, or the place of my abode. I requeſted them to direct their anſwers to the Mount Coffee-houſe in Groſvenor-ſtreet, and to let me know whether or not Colonel Aubrey had ſailed for Gibraltar. By the newſpapers of the day, I found that "Lord Linbourne ſtill languiſhed beyond the faineſt hope of recovery;" that "his antagoniſt," without mentioning his name, "had ſuddenly departed, as was ſuppoſed, for the continent." To this intelligence was added another paragraph to the following effect:

"A certain Lady of faſhionable notoriety, who "eloped from Bath with a young Welſh Baronet, "found that her beauty could not counteract the de-

"pravity

" pravity of her conduct ; for the juvenile enamo-
" rato took his leave, after travelling only a few
" miles, leaving the Lady " to think on what was
" paſt, and ſigh alone."

This intelligence rather vexed than pleaſed me. The idea that Sir Sidney Aubrey had relinquiſhed Iſabella was too delightful to admit of my envying his ſucceſs with Lady Emily Delvin.

I had ſcarcely time to conclude the paragraph, when an advertiſement met my eye that overwhelmed me with chagrin. It contained a deſcription of my perſon, with my real name ; related the reſcue of Mr. Randolph, and offered five hundred pounds reward to any perſon who would apprehend and convey me to a juſtice of the peace. I now diſcovered the ſource from which Miſs Woodford had obtained her intelligence, and my mortification was infinite ; for the idea of being detected in a falſehood was, to me, the moſt terrible of all humiliations.

I remained ſeveral days in my concealment, receiving no viſitors, except Mrs. Woodford, her amiable daughter, and Mr. Optic ; on whoſe honour and humanity we confidently relied, from a thorough conviction that, with all the apparent vivacity of his nature, his mind and heart were amply ſtored with the moſt ineſtimable qualities ! He paſſed many evenings with me, and by his friendly counſel conſoled my afflictions. He united with me in commiſerating the frailty of human nature, and in the juſt opinion that a love of virtue, ſpringing from ſentiments of inſtinctive reaſon, as beneficial to mankind and ſociety in general, was the true baſis of religion ; the foundation of every moral good, and the firſt diſtinction which man could evince in this ſcene of perpetual viciſſitude.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVII.

THERE was a beautiful ſincerity in Miſs Woodford's mind, and an unaffected ſimplicity in her manners, that invited confidence and ſecured eſteem. She was wholly unconſcious of guile, and therefore implicitly relied on the rectitude of others. Poliſhed by a foreign education, ſhe diſclaimed the conceited formality of modern faſtidiouſneſs; at the ſame time that a correct judgment, joined to extreme delicacy of ſentiment, kept her mind wholly uncontaminated by the vices and deceptions of faſhionable ſociety. To theſe attractions Nature had given a perſon beautifully commanding! tall, fair, finely formed, with light auburn hair, and eyes beaming with ſenſibility that beſpoke the pureſt and moſt gentle affections. She had yet a ſtronger claim to intereſt my feelings; a claim, not more ſingular than dangerous! She reſembled, fatally; ſtrikingly reſembled Iſabella.

Her attentions were unremitting: ſhe procured books from the library of her couſin Lady Kencarth, and we generally paſſed many hours of the day in reading the beſt authors. I had been accuſtomed to ſtudy, when Iſabella was my companion: the recollection of paſt ſcenes inceſſantly occurred: and, driven as I was from every hope; perſecuted by fortune; exiled from my native home; with an heart no leſs proud than ſuſceptible; the ſoothing voice, the ſympathizing ſighs, and the generous ſolicitude which Miſs Woodford diſplayed, afforded me the only conſolation I was capable of receiving.

The poſt returned, but it brought no letters either from Bath or Glenowen. My inquietude augmented daily, and my poverty preſented a proſpect replete with horrors. I could not bear to ſubſiſt on Mrs. Woodford's bounty, and I was not at liberty to make

any

any experiment, whereby I might obtain the means of life. My health began to decline; a perpetual fever preyed upon my ſpirits; my mind, ſtruggling betwixt pride and ſenſibility, became indolent, and I could entertain no thought with tolerable ſatisfaction but that of annihilation. Yes, Roſanna! I ſhudder while I write the words—ſelf-annihilation!

This dreadful propenſity poſſeſſed my imagination inceſſantly. It was the ſubject of my daily thoughts, my nightly dreams. I longed, I panted for repoſe, while I felt a ſilent monitor within, reprobating the only act by which I could obtain it. The evident ſolicitude which Amelia evinced, tended rather to augment than to diminiſh my fatal propenſity. Every kind and gentle word reminded me of Iſabella; that Iſabella, whoſe dawning beauties charmed me; that mild endearing angel! whoſe preſence had enlivened the ſolitude of my early days, and filled my mind with hopes fatal and illuſive!

Hour after hour, as my heart became ſoftened by ſorrow, as a portion of its fortitude waſted, Amelia's kindneſs ſeemed to ſupply the vacuum, till ſhe became in ſome meaſure a part of my exiſtence. I knew that I was miſerable; but I was no leſs ſenſible that, without her ſociety, I ſhould be ſtill many degrees more wretched; and ſharing but a ſmall portion of worldly conſolation, I was doubly grateful, while I reflected, that almoſt the whole of what I did experience originated in her generous ſolicitude.

I had in confidence unfolded to Amelia the leading events of my diſaſtrous life; only concealing the names of thoſe who were the prominent figures in the dark and mournful hiſtory. Often did ſhe condemn the capricious conduct which diſgraced Iſabella, and the volatile libertiniſm which contaminated the noble generous mind of Sir Sidney. The ſordid heart

of Lady Aubrey was the theme of perpetual abhorrence; and the gallant veteran, who had become my voluntary patron, frequently claimed a tear of enthuſiaſtic admiration: yet the whole group was known to her merely as individuals; their names, rank, and ſituation I cautiouſly concealed. There was a fatality in every thing I undertook; and I was, by the moſt untoward events, added to a reſerve of conduct which was wholly unnatural to my feelings, deſtined to carry on the lengthening tale of ſorrow, till the cloſing ſcene ſhall conſign me and my misfortunes to the oblivion of the grave.

I had been the inmate of Mrs. Woodford's hoſpitable manſion near three weeks, when ſhe received a letter from her former lodger, acquainting her that he ſhould be in London in ten or twelve days at fartheſt, and requeſting that the apartments which he uſually occupied, might be ready for his reception. The letter was read before Amelia and myſelf; ſhe trembled, grew pale, and, to conceal her diſtreſs, abruptly quitted the room. Her conduct ſurpriſed me. I endeavoured in vain to account for agitation ſo marked and ſudden. Mrs. Woodford paid little attention to Amelia's diſtreſs; and ſhortly after leaving me, I entered into a train of reflections on the ſubject. I ſhuddered to interpret the ſymptoms of inquietude, while vanity whiſpered—for vanity is more or leſs the inmate of every boſom—yes, Roſanna, it whiſpered with the ſtrong emphaſis of nature ——Amelia loves you!

Whatever is gratifying to ſelf-love we moſt readily believe. For the firſt time I dreaded to meet Miſs Woodford; I doubted my own fortitude; I examined my heart; I beheld its lacerated fibres, wounded by jealouſy, neglected by ſcorn! I recollected Amelia's ſtrong reſemblance to Iſabella; I ſhrunk—I trembled! I would have flown—but whither could I go? My ſituation was perilous and perplexing. At this moment

ment Amelia entered the apartment—I would have paſſed her, and eſcaped, but ſhe caught my arm, and gently detained me: "Whither are you flying?" ſaid ſhe, with a tone that pierced my heart; "I have brought ſome books, and wiſh you to read with me. We ſhall not paſs many days more together."

As ſhe ſpoke her voice became tremulous, and a convulſive movement about her lip diſcovered the perturbation of her boſom.

She placed chairs near a window, and leading me towards one of them, I took my ſeat without the power to reſiſt. "How often ſhall I ſit in this dear corner, Walſingham?" ſaid ſhe; "and how ſincerely ſhall I lament that hours of happineſs are ſeldom ordained to be laſting!"

I made no reply—my heart beat high with gratitude: I opened the book—it was a French edition of Eſtelle. Again ſhe interrupted me—

"In a few weeks—perhaps days—O God! what ſhall I be?"

"Happy, I truſt," ſaid I, not daring to encounter her eyes, or to aſk an explanation of her conduct.

"Miſerable!" exclaimed Amelia.

"Heaven forbid!" ſaid I, cloſing the book, and looking fearfully towards her: ſhe bluſhed—became more agitated—and, riſing haſtily, retired to the other window. After remaining there for ſeveral minutes—while I continued in a bewildering reverie—ſhe again returned; and, with a beautiful ſmile of ſelf-reproof, which had alſo ſomething in it of conſcious exculpation, ſhe exclaimed—"What a fool am I!"

Though I dreaded the power of her affection, I was piqued at the very ſhadow of her treating it with levity. She took the volume from my hand, and, opening it, read the following paſſage—

"Fuis, malheureux! fuis, il en eſt tems encore. Dans un inſtant tu ne le pourras plus. C'eſt ici que

l'amour t'attend pour te ſoumettre à ſon empire. Que je te plains! tu ne le connais pas ce redoutable amour! Ah! puiſſes-tu ne le connoître jamais! puiſſes-tu ne jamais ſentir les maux que cauſe l'abſence, les pleurs que fait verſer la crainte, les tourmens de la jalouſie, et les chagrins ſans raiſon, et les torts que l'on ne veut pas croire! Iſidore! mon chere Iſidore! je ſuis moi-même un triſte exemple des malheueux que fait l'amour! Tremble de devenir encore plus à plaindre que moi!—tremble---"

As ſhe concluded theſe words, ſhe burſt into an agony of tears, and throwing the volume on the ground, ruſhed out of the apartment.

"Is it ſo?" exclaimed I. "It muſt be ſo! my prophetic heart did not deceive me.—Amelia, the gentle, the angelic Amelia, loves the forlorn, the wretched Walſingham!"

The joy of that moment was ſudden and electric! I, who had been rejected, trifled with, deſpiſed, forgotten! in the midſt of poverty and diſgrace! hopeleſs, and meditating the moſt terrible of all deciſions, found a generous amiable woman, who loved me—who dared avow that love! I was bewildered with contending conflicts.—Reſentment for paſt injuries, pride, ſenſibility, revenge, ruſhed into my heart, and almoſt deptived me of reaſon. I retired to my chamber, made excuſes for not appearing during the remainder of the evening, and paſſed the night ſleepleſs, bewildered, wild, afflicted, and yet gratified. Yes, Roſanna, ſupremely, exquiſitely gratified! to know that in this reſtleſs ſphere of perſecution, one gentle, feeling boſom throbbed with affection for the ill-fated Walſingham!

When hidden fears the boſom tear,
And love no longer cheats the breaſt:
Hope comes to break the ſpells of care,
And give that tortured boſom Reſt!

The

The world looks gay! the ſhadows paſt,
All nature ſmiles, by Fancy dreſt;
But ſoon the day of bliſs o'ercaſt,
Will prove how ſhort a lover's Reſt!

The gentle breeze that o'er the main
Scarce ſeems to move the halcyon's neſt,
Soon yields to Winter's potent reign,
And ſtorms ſucceed the tranſient Reſt!

Then let the wretch whom pleaſure flies,
Ne'er think that rapture's ſons are bleſt;
For Apathy alone ſupplies
The ſweet, the envied balm of REST!

CHAP. XLVIII.

ON the following day Miſs Woodford ſeemed to be leſs agitated, and converſed with me in a tone of voice more determined than I had ever before witneſſed; ſhe appeared to be perfectly miſtreſs of herſelf, and to have reſolved on ſome event which had rendered her mind entirely decided. I was little pleaſed with her evident placidity: the dawning ray of conſolation which beamed through her eyes, when ſuffuſed with tears of ſenſibility, ſeemed wholly to vaniſh when they encountered mine with the ſober dignity of returning reaſon. I wondered at the change; I was piqued at it, becauſe I fancied that I was again the dupe of my own ſelf-love, and the make-game of a capricious girl. The day paſſed in ſullen chagrin on my part, and diſtant politeneſs on hers. Mrs. Woodford regretted our approaching ſeparation, and Amelia ſmiled whenever it was mentioned. I was at a loſs to interpret the meaning of ſuch extraordinary conduct, and waited impatiently for the hour of elucidation.

On the following day Mrs. Woodford being engaged with ſome faſhionable morning viſitors, I availed myſelf of the opportunity, and quitted my apartment in ſearch of Amelia.—I found her in her muſic-room

with her master, and requested that they would allow me the gratification of augmenting their party; she only replied by a bow of acquiescence, and the morning's studies went on without interruption. She sung and touched the harp most enchantingly. The day's practice being finished, her master took his leave; she rose, and would have departed also; but I detained her; she did not so far flatter me as to fear a private interview; the self-collected serenity of her countenance convinced me that I was to her an object of perfect indifference.

"I congratulate you, Miss Woodford," said I, bowing coldly and respectfully; "I most sincerely congratulate you on the sudden and commanding severity of your conduct. The soft sensibility, the beautiful confusion of your manner, when last I had the happiness of seeing you unobserved by maternal eyes, rendered you too dangerous an object for me to contemplate with safety to my repose. You are now the proud, the fashionable Miss Woodford; as such I can respect, I can admire you."

"I desire no more," said Amelia," with some hesitation; "for I seldom permit my hopes to lead me beyond the probability of success. You are the devoted lover of an unknown object; and Heaven forbid that I should inflict a jealous pang on any heart that is worthy of your affections."

The formal and placid manner with which she pronounced these chilling words mortified, and at the same time irritated my feelings. She watched my countenance with a fixed and steady gaze. I made no reply —She again addressed me.

"Your friendship, your esteem I may still accept, without violating my engagements to a worthy being who claims that heart, which, had I the power to bestow it, should be———" She paused.

"Do not hesitate, Amelia; pronounce the word," said I, "whether it be hostile to my hopes, or decisive

of

of my fate—I am prepared for either."

"Then," ſaid ſhe, changing colour, and advancing towards the door, "had this fooliſh feeling heart been mine to give, you would have been its maſter—but in a few, a very few days, I ſhall be——"

"What?" cried I, eagerly.

"The wife of another!" replied Miſs Woodford, ſighing: "the huſband of my mother's choice will claim my hand; but my days will be devoted to miſery! From this hour we muſt only meet in ſociety. I cannot, without violating the propriety of virtue, allow you another interview of this nature. I knew not that your affections were engaged—I fancied, indeed I hoped, that they were not. As it is, I muſt learn to bear my adverſe fortune—to look forward with reſignation—and to forget you!" She was going.

"Yet ſtay, Amelia," ſaid I, "ſtay only a moment, and hear my laſt acknowledgments. Your kindneſs, your generoſity will overwhelm me. Your virtues deſerve a better fate than that which would await you as my wife—Honour me with your friendſhip, your eſteem—"

"I comprehend you, Walſingham," ſaid Miſs Woodford, burſting into tears; "you are ſufficiently explicit. Inflict not a new pang of humiliation—I do not deſerve to ſuffer—We muſt part for ever!"

She tore herſelf from my trembling hand, which had not power to detain her, and ruſhed out of the apartment.

At dinner I only found Mrs. Woodford.—Amelia, wiſhing to avoid meeting me, was abſent on a viſit to Lady Kencarth. The day appeared inſufferably tedious, till we were relieved by the pleaſantry and wit of my friend Optic. Miſs Woodford, late in the evening, ſent a meſſage to inform her mother that ſhe ſhould accompany Lady Kencarth to the opera, and from thence to a ſupper at the Ducheſs of Riversford's,

which would detain her till a very late hour; I therefore reſigned all hopes of ſeeing or converſing with her, at leaſt for that night.

In the courſe of the evening we were abruptly broke in upon by Doctor Pimpernel.—He entered the drawing-room before I was aware of his approach, and it was then too late to avoid him. My cold and ceremonious greeting convinced him of the contempt in which I held his neglect of me in the moment of calamity, and for a ſhort time checked his natural flow of boiſterous loquacity. But on Mrs. Woodford's quitting the room, the torrent which had gradually augmented by conſtrained ſilence, broke forth with redoubled fury: the firſt ſymtom of his recovery from the confuſion of conſcious unworthineſs, was his inquiries after Amelia. "She is in love with you, my noble fellow—by G—d, ſhe is!" exclaimed the doctor; "and you muſt have her."

"I underſtand that Miſs Woodford's hand is already engaged," ſaid I.

"So much the better," cried the doctor; "you will have the greater chance of ſucceſs. Beſides, ſhe is going to marry a fellow, who was deſtined by nature to wear the badge of nobility: His brows were meant to exhibit the honours of his family."

"But has the girl's innocence no claim to the conſideration of an honourable mind?" ſaid Mr. Optic.

"Every claim," replied the doctor; "and therefore Mr. Montagu will do well to take it out of ſuch precarious keeping."

"You mean that he ſhould rob her of her repoſe, in order to prove his regard for its ſafety, then! This is ſtrange doctrine!" cried Mr. Optic; "but the preſcriptions of all thoſe who profeſs to mend the conſtitution, are generally experimental."

"There is nothing like it!" ſaid the doctor. "What is the bread ſun of intellectual light! but an experimental circle of new and extenſive knowledge? The effulgent lamp of liberty---"

"Chears

" Chears with its rays the moſt unworthy objects," ſaid I, " while unprotected innocence is ſuffered to languiſh in a priſon."

The doctor was diſconcerted; he hemmed, coughed, and rubbed his forehead, but made no anſwer.

" Yet," continued I, fixing my eyes on his countenance, " there are men who, while they are undermining the peace of unoffending intimates, preach the language of univerſal benevolence! who, while perſecuted virtue trembles at the arrogance of vice, uphold the profligate and ſtigmatize the innocent! Men who, the promoters of licentious oppreſſion, the enemies of domeſtic happineſs, are the brawlers for philanthropy, and at the ſame moment the deſtroyers of every ſocial comfort.'

" I believe it, I believe it, my noble fellow!" cried the doctor. " What a fund of knowledge you poſſeſs! I have long made ſimilar obſervations, and lament that ſuch men ſhould be permitted to diſgrace the ſcenes of humanized ſociety. But, as my book ſays, " The whole maſs muſt be purified before the " head will recover its original ſanity—the fountain " cannot flow clear while the ſource is muddy." Read my voluminous work—my world of information—my Barley-water panacea—my immortal recipe for degenerated humanity! But it cannot laſt long; intellect begins to ſet things right! Virtue will electrify—it will awaken the torpedo—it will take its proper ſphere—it will mount like phlogiſticated air—it will prove the inevitable and tremendous *piacularis* of the great catalogue of diſaſters which have too long diſgraced the wide theatre of the univerſe! Doleful and I know how things are! we think like men—we anticipate like prophets—we reaſon like philoſophers! *A propos!*—Mind, Doleful, that you notice my book in your next patriotic poem. By the tranſcendent powers of ſublime harmony, you are the only poet that ever lived in this or any other country!

Excepting my Barley-water work, your laſt production is the pureſt, the moſt enlightened in our language."

The ſapient philoſopher was ſtopped ſhort in his incomprehenſible rhapſody by the return of Mrs. Woodford. The converſation changed, and I retired to my apartment little ſatisfied with the events of the preceding twelve hours.

CHAP. XLIX.

MY mind being much depreſſed on the following morning, I declined going down to breakfaſt. Mrs. Woodford, fearing that my abſence proceeded from indiſpoſition, made me a viſit of inquiry, and expreſſed her concern in language ſo friendly, that my ſpirits experienced a momentary renovation; I ſtill requeſted that ſhe would excuſe me at dinner, and remained in my chamber, wholly ſubdued by melancholy reflections.

The period rapidly rdvanced when I ſhould be obliged to ſeek a new aſylum. Almoſt exhauſted by the perpetual inquietude of my ſituation, I began to think that even the moſt dreadful certainty was preferable to the hopes and fears of an undecided fate. I was ſo accuſtomed to inceſſant changes of ſorrow, that any fixed plan of miſery would have been a kind of termination far more deſirable than a variety of wretchedneſs. I could have reconciled my mind to any one event, however terrible; but the varying griefs, the daily, the hourly encroachments of ſorrow, the hydra-headed perſecuting calamities that inceſſantly roſe up, eternally expoſing my fortitude to new trials, had wearied me into deſpair, and was at length become unſupportable.

With regard to Miſs Woodford I was no leſs perplexed, than I was with the inauſpicious proſpect of my fortune. I could have loved her, had I not known

known Iſabella; and yet, having known her, Amelia, by reminding me of her lovelineſs, could not be an object of indifference to my heart: I could have paſſed all my hours in contemplating the one, merely becauſe ſhe reſembled the other; but the inſtant that imagination whiſpered ſomething more than eſteem, ſomething that attached by ſtronger bonds than common admiration, love preſented the original idol to my faſcinated fancy, and reproved my apoſtacy at the ſame moment that it confirmed my deſpair.

I was grieved to find that Miſs Woodford would ſhortly be torn from my ſociety.—She was the only ſolace I could find, alone as I was, even amidſt multitudes of men: her abſence would leave a vacuum, which time would not have power to ſupply. I had endured the torture of unboſoming my long-treaſured griefs; I had found in her a kind and ſympathizing ſpirit; ſhe gave me ſigh for ſigh; ſhe ſeemed to feel more intereſted every moment, as I proceeded in the dark account of ſorrow. I felt certain, that nothing in this ſcene of ſublunary anguiſh could ever again induce me to retrace the progreſs of my weary journey.

Roſanna! how little did I know my deſtiny!—how far was my imagination removed from that hope which might have preſented a gentle and compaſſionating angel, like yourſelf!

In the evening Mrs. Woodford made me a ſecond viſit, and propoſed that I ſhould accompany her and Amelia to a maſquerade in Portland-place. "I have tickets," ſaid ſhe; "and as your diſguiſe will prevent the poſſibility of your being diſcovered, you muſt not refuſe to be our *chaperon*."

I made many excuſes, pleaded indiſpoſition, and ſtill a more powerful objection, a diſlike to every ſpecies of diſſipated amuſement. Mrs. Woodford rallied me on the pedantic faſtidiouſneſs of my refuſal, promiſed to return early, and aſſured me that the

the houſe would be thronged with the firſt people in the courtly circles.

" The fair hoſteſs," ſaid ſhe, " is the very model of elegance; the high prieſteſs of taſte, and the arbitreſs of all our faſhionable amuſements. You will meet half the nobility in the kingdom; your imagination cannot form an idea of the ſplendour and delight which will gratify your eyes, and exhilarate your ſpirits."

Amelia ſaid but little; yet one intreating glance of hers almoſt decided my reſolution; when Mrs. Woodford continued—

" You muſt go; indeed you muſt. All the world will be there, to laugh at poor Lady Emily Delvin, whom Mrs. Heartwell has invited for no other purpoſe."

" I will attend you," ſaid I.

The hope of hearing what was become of Iſabella determined me inſtantly to accept the invitation. Dominos were provided for Mrs. Woodford and myſelf; but my heart throbbed with agony when Amelia preſented herſelf in the ſimple habit of a Welſh peaſant girl—a ſpecies of diſguiſe in which I had often ſeen Iſabella, when ſhe entered into the ſpirit of the village *fêtes* near Glenowen, and which always rendered her more beautiful than the moſt ſtudied adornments of faſhion could have done. As ſhe came into the room I ſtarted as though I had ſeen a ſpectre.—The ſhort jacket, half concealing her boſom, and the large black hat, adorned with a wild bouquet of flowers, which ſhaded her countenance, throwing her features into ſhadow, concealed every diſſimilarity, and ſhe was the exact counterpart of Iſabella.

I gazed like an idiot—Miſs Woodford ſmiled—She knew that I was born in Wales; and, with bewitching attention, aſſured me that ſhe wore the Cambrian habit in compliment to me.—I had not

power

power to thank her, my whole ſoul was abſorbed in contemplating the perfect reſemblance of that divinity whoſe faſcinations were yet unbroken; and who, notwithſtanding all her follies, was ſtill the ſupreme idol of my heart's warmeſt affections.

Before midnight we repaired to Mrs. Heartwell's —the rooms were crowded; the lively hoſteſs indefatigable in the taſk of pleaſing—and the company animated by the ſplendour of ſurrounding objects. Mrs. Woodford was ſoon recognized by many of her right-honourable connections, and the lovely Amelia was frequently committed to my charge, while her mother joined in the elegant clatter of refined nonſenſe. The indifference with which Miſs Woodford mingled in the brilliant circle, confirmed the exalted opinion which I before entertained of her underſtanding; and we ſeated ourſelves on a ſofa to contemplate the motley group before us.

We had not been there many minutes, when a maſk, taking his place beſide us, looked earneſtly at Miſs Woodford, and with a ſigh of admiration exclaimed—"Nymph of the mountains! more lovely than Hebe! more chaſte than Diana! what ſtrange faſcination could have brought thee to this ſcene of ſplendid animation? Haſt thou no ſiſter wood-nymph, no guardian genii of thy native ſolitude to guide thy wandering footſteps through the mazes of diſſipation?'

Miſs Woodford anſwered—"Yes; the power of love, which brought me hither, has conſigned my truant footſteps to the care of Virtue!"

"The power of Virtue has long been annihilated in theſe enchanting regions," replied the maſk. "Here only pleaſure reigns, mocking the dull and freezing chains of chaſtity.'

This libertine remark was accompanied with a gentle preſſure of the hand, while Miſs Woodford roſe abruptly from her ſeat to break the converſation.

A ſe-

A ſecond maſk now joined us; and, after gazing ſtedfaſtly at me for ſeveral minutes, the unknown viſitor exclaimed—"Gods! were ſuch women formed to bleſs plebeian arms?"

I felt the ſarcaſtic perſonality, and could ſcarcely command my tongue.—The maſk continued—

"Shall innocence and beauty be condemned to the degrading embraces of imputed vice?"

My blood boiled with indignation.—Amelia conjured me, in a whiſper, not to notice the implied inſult—"It is only an effort of impertinent curioſity," ſaid ſhe; "and by diſcovering who you are, ſome empty fool will be gratified, while you expoſe yourſelf to every ſpecies of peril.'

The maſk continued to follow us, and was ſhortly after joined by the other domino, who had addreſſed Miſs Woodford while ſitting on the ſofa.—A female alſo augmented our group, and with moſt exalted effrontery ſeizing my arm, entered into familiar converſation. I had obſerved her, and the two original perſecutors, in cloſe converſation on our entering the room; I therefore concluded that they were known to each other.

"Pretty nymph of Cambria's miſty hills!" cried the lady; "what will thy abſent ſhepherd ſay, when he hears of thy inconſtancy? when he is told that his innocent and blooming maid beſtows her favours on a vulgar lover? Where is the plighted faith of ruſtic paſſion? where the meek delicacy of uncontaminated manners? There is a little bird perched on a lofty tree not far from hence who will tell all."

"And upon my conſcience," cried a maſk in the character of Silence, "when all is tould there is nothing at all to tell. I have been praching morality to half the company, and nobody underſtands the maning of my doctrines, except a young Welſhman, who, by his dialect, was born on the continent.

There

There is nothing ſo vulgar and ridiculous as betraying one's country by the manes of one's tongue".

This maſk I now diſcovered to be Mrs. O Liffy; but the mention ſhe made of 'a young Welſhman born on the Continent,' rouſed my heart to the moſt violent palpitation; for hope flattered me with the idea that it might be Sir Sidney Aubrey.

"Where did you leave the young Welſhman?" ſaid I—"How is he dreſt? what party does he come with?"

"Ah now! be azey!' cried Mrs. O'Liffy. "The lad has a little ſmart doxey of his own—as pretty a girl as ever tripped over the ſwate bogs of Ireland! and you want to be after making miſchief, I warrant you! ar'n't you content with one dear crater, but you muſt be monopolizing all the world, leaving the reſt of the creation to live alone in ſolitude?"

Still I entreated her to ſatisfy my inquiries, and ſtill ſhe refuſed. Perceiving no chance of obtaining information from Mrs. O'Liffy, I reſolved to purſue my own reſearches. I wandered amidſt the mazy groups, examined every pair of bright eyes, that, like ſtars, gleamed through their ſable curtain, but in vain.—Nothing was to be found like Iſabella. Miſs Woodford, mortified by my inattention, propoſed quitting the rooms. "I need not draw you from the point of attraction," ſaid ſhe with a tone of reproach; "one of Mrs. Heartwell's ſervants will call me a chair, and I can return, alone, if my mother wiſhes to remain here longer.

"Pardon me, I conjure you to pardon me," ſaid I. "My inattention will ſcarcely admit of an excuſe—but you are all goodneſs! The perſon whom I wiſh to diſcover, is a dear friend; one from whom I have been too long eſtranged, and whoſe welfare deeply intereſts me. I knew not of her being in town."

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" I underſtood that the perſon was a man!' ſaid Amelia, with evident ſurpriſe. I had not the power to deceive her. I ſcorned the idea of uttering a falſehood upon ſo intereſting a ſubject, and therefore inſtantly replied, " No, Amelia; the object of my inquietude is a woman:—her! to whom I gave my heart before I had examined the ſentiments of that boſom, in which I depoſited all my hopes of terreſtrial happineſs."

" I will return home," ſaid Miſs Woodford, taking my arm, and trembling. " Pray conduct me to my chair, and make my excuſes to my mother. I will not interrupt a purſuit that promiſes you ſo much delight. I will leave you to ſeek the happy mortal, whoſe power can draw you from the ſociety of friendſhip! She will be your future conſolation!—your companion! She is not the promiſed wife of another; and you will find with her that felicity which I have not the power to beſtow." Her faultering voice convinced me that had her maſk been withdrawn, I ſhould have ſunk to the earth with ſhame, for having extorted a tear of reproof from thoſe eyes which had ſo often beamed with friendſhip and affection, for a wretch unworthy of her notice.

" I will attend you home," ſaid I. " The juſt reproach which you have involuntarily uttered, has confirmed my deciſion. I will not draw upon my heart the pang of conſcious ingratitude."

" Then I command you, if you value my eſteem, to ſtay," cried Miſs Woodford. " I diſdain that proffered ſacrifice, which is the offspring of gratitude alone. You might be grateful to the moſt indifferent object, where you fancied that your heart retained a ſenſe of obligation I ſhall depart alone. This is our laſt interview, unkind, ungracious Walſingham!"

As ſhe concluded theſe words ſhe broke from me, and ruſhed towards the door;—I followed. She hurried down the ſtairs, and deſired one of Mrs. Heart-

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well's ſervants to call a chair. I ſtill attended her when a group which followed us thronged the hall—and a voice ſtruck my ear with an electric force that almoſt deprived me of my ſenſes; it was the voice of Iſabella!

I quitted Miſs Woodford's hand, and ruſhed among the crowd. The maſks had conſiderably augmented, and all was buſtle and confuſion. The number of black dominos nearly preſented a ſombre ſimilarity, which levelled all forms and features to one gloomy maſs of inſipidity. The only characters that met my eyes, were a Lady, in the robe, and with the attendant doves, of Venus; Lady Fubſy in the character of Zephyrus; little Caſino as Diana; Mrs. Winkwell as a blue-eyed nun; Lady Ethiop as Deſdemona; a Melpomene, laughing convulſively at the ſcene of confuſion; and a Thalia, weeping for the loſs of a portrait ſet with brilliants, which had been ſnatched from her boſom by a maſk in the character of Juſtice; while a coxcomb, dreſt as an Anchoret, was whiſpering ſoft rapturous nonſenſe in her ear, and conſoling her with the celebrated but unappropriate lines,

" On her white breaſt a ſparkling *croſs* ſhe wore,
" Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore."

This ſilly remark was drowned in the inceſſant gabble of Mrs. O'Liffy, in the character of Silence; while Lady Fubſy, with a voice more like Boreas than Zephyrus, vociferated—" Take care! you will break my wings." The Venus now loſt her doves; Miſs Caſino began to be heartily tired of her diſguiſe; the blue-eyed Winkwell ſtole off with a handſome black friar; and the icy Anchoret returned to the rooms with his weeping Thalia, to arrange a delicious *tête à tête* for the enſuing evening.

A chair was brought into the hall; and, juſt as Amelia was haſtening towards it, I obſerved a lady ſtepping

ſtepping into a carriage at the door, dreſſed in a black gauze robe, ſpangled with ſilver. A gentleman in a domino followed. They ſeated themſelves; and as the coach drew rapidly from the portico, I perceived (the lady unmaſking) the features of Miſs Hanbury. The impulſe of the moment wholly ſubdued the powers of recollection and the decorum of *bien ſéance*, while, bruſhing by Lady Fubſy, and awkwardly tearing off one of her tranſparent wings, I ruſhed amidſt the crowd. I was haſtening to the portico, but the unzephyrlike hand of the angry Lady Fubſy forcibly held me, with, "Sir, Sir, you have got my wing."

"Do not detain me!" ſaid I, ſcarcely knowing what I uttered; "I am flying in purſuit of a Lady—"

"Not with my wing, by Heavens!" cried Lady Fubſy, interrupting me, and ſtill graſping my arm. The whole circle laughed. I diſengaged the ſilver pinion which had been entangled in the ſerpentine trimmings of my domino, and darted into the ſtreet. A coach, which was ſtill hemmed in by the ſtoppage of carriages, inſtantly met my eye: it was of the ſame colour as that in which I had ſeen Iſabella. I opened the door, and without ceremony entered. But how ſhall I deſcribe my aſtoniſhment, when I found myſelf ſeated oppoſite to Mr. Winkwell and Miſs Caſino! The young lady, inſtantly placing her maſk before her face, ſhrieked. The inconſtant huſband demanded my name, and the cauſe of ſuch an outrage. I made a brief apology, and quitting the coach as ſuddenly as I had entered it, again darted along the ranks of noiſe and confuſion. After peeping at leaſt into a dozen carriages, and finding nearly as many old acquaintances with new faces,—none of whom wiſhed to be recognized,—I haſtened back in ſearch of Miſs Woodford. She was not to be found. I began to loſe all patience, when a maſk addreſſed me:—

"Dear Knight-errant," ſaid the fair forlorn, "will

you

you ſee me to my carriage? I am really in diſtreſs for a *Ciceroné*; and, unleſs you will have the gallantry to aid me, I ſhall be immolated by the abominable *canaille!*"

Almoſt unconſcious of what I was doing, I took her hand, and her chariot door being opened by a pair of attendant cupids, ſhe inſtantly ſtepped in: "Permit me to ſet you down?" ſaid the ſoft ſiren; "you muſt not leave me ſo, *preux chevalier!* I have yet to evince my gratitude, my admiration!"—Her voice was tuned to the dulcet tones of love; ſhe preſſed my hand;—I was half reſolved to accept her invitation, when ſtooping forward, and whiſpering a deciſive challenge, her outward maſk fell off, and I diſcovered the Cytherean goddeſs to be no other than Lady Amaranth. Terrified and amazed, I made a precipitate retreat; and ſcrambling under the carriages, eſcaped the horrors that menaced me. At this moment a chairman was knocked down by the pole of a chariot; and I perceived two maſks, with three ſervants in richly laced liveries, lifting Miſs Woodford (who had fainted with the apprehenſion that her chairman was killed) into a *vis-a-vis*, near the ſcene of diſaſter. I darted towards her: one of the domeſtics, by order of his maſter, ſeized me by the collar. I ſtruck him;—he fell;—a crowd collected; and in the buſy interregnum, the *vis-a-vis* daſhed through the line of carriages with that dignified impetuoſity and refined inattention, which ſtoops not to regard the ſafety of a terrified multitude!

CHAP. L.

HAVING obtained information to whom the carriage belonged, I flew towards the manſion of the noble owner; and without heſitation demanded to ſpeak with Miſs Woodford. The ſervants denied knowing any ſuch perſon; and the man who had ſeized

ſeized me by the collar inſtantly called the watch. I darted through the veſtibule, and abruptly entered a parlour, where I found Amelia in the moſt extreme agitation, attended by his Grace of Heartwing and Doctor Pimpernel. She flew towards me. "Oh, Walſingham!" ſaid ſhe, "how groſsly have I been inſulted" The Duke would have wreſted her from my hold, but I whirled him from me, and he fell. The doctor aſſerted the purity of his intentions; and aſſumed the merit of having ſnatched Amelia from imminent danger: ſwore he had ſaved her life; and blamed my impetuoſity, which miſconſtrued the whole adventure.

I led Miſs Woodford along the hall, amidſt the inſolent ſneers and abuſive reproaches of the well-tutored domeſtics. That was not the moment to chaſtiſe impertinence, or to expoſe my precious charge to a new ſcene of danger. We haſtened into the ſtreet, dreſt as we were,—and were proceeding towards home, when two of the Duke's ſervants followed, and began to huſtle me. Miſs Woodford eſcaped and ran: I encountered my aſſailants, ti l the watch coming up, they thought fit to retreat. My rage and indignation were not to be deſcribed. I followed Amelia; and to my infinite joy, found her ſafe with Mrs. Woodford.

Conſcious that the Duke would never forget my having counteracted his plan; and that the Doctor would be equally mindful of the wholeſome reproof of the preceding evening; I found that it required ſome ingenuity to evade the machinations which their malice would put in practice againſt me. Mrs. Woodford was overwhelmed with conſternation! She could not have thought that "a man of his Grace's rank would have acted ſo unworthily;" and ſhe never would have believed, "that a man ſo idolized by the women as the Doctor, would enter into a plot for the deſtruction of innocence:" but ſhe found

found, that experience itſelf might be deceived; and that one old woman has ſometimes not only the contrivance to outwit another; but the power to expoſe duplicity, and to lay open profligate deſigns to the deteſtation of every indignant obſerver.

Early in the morning Miſs Woodford made a viſit to Mrs. O'Liffy: a fatal viſit! the reſult of which will appear hereafter. During their converſation Mrs. O'Liffy diſcovered a ſecret of no ſmall importance: nothing leſs than a plot framed by Doctor Pimpernel to apprehend me, from the deſcription of ſuch a perſon in the newſpapers; and to make the domeſtic, with whom I had the rencontre in Portland-place, the receiver of the reward, as a recompence for the blow which, in my own defence, I had inflicted. Miſs Woodford concealed her alarm from Mrs. O'Liffy, and haſtened home to appriſe me of my danger.

My conſternation was not more extreme than my reſentment. The plan appeared to me ſo daſtardly and vindictive, that I inſtantly wrote a challenge to the pupil of Eſculapius, demanding immediate ſatisfaction, and deſiring him to name the place and weapons. The note was diſpatched, and I waited with angry impatience till the meſſenger returned with a brief anſwer, that "the law ſhould very ſpeedily ſettle the buſineſs." Vexed, alarmed, and inſulted, in the fury of my diſappointment, I penned a letter to the Duke of Heartwing, informing him, that his conduct was not to be tolerated, and demanding that apology which ſhould alone ſatisfy my wounded honour. My epiſtle was broke open, read, and then returned by the inſolent ſervant, with the old verbal meſſage, that "his Grace knew no ſuch perſon."

Amelia conjured me to ſuſpend the hour of adjuſtment with my potent adverſaries, and to ſecure my own immediate ſafety. Mrs. Woodford was ſent for early in the morning to viſit Lady Kencarth, who was ſuddenly taken ill at her villa near Windſor, and, with

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an aching heart, I took my leave of Amelia; once more deſtined to wander along the thorny path of hopeleſs affliction.

Previous to my departure I wrote a few lines to Mrs. Woodford, expreſſing my warm ſenſe of gratitude for her kindneſs; and promiſing that, as ſoon as Fortune ſhould favour me with the fainteſt ſmile, I would repay her generoſity, and return to thank her.

The weighty load of obligation, which Mrs. Woodford's liberal conduct had heaped upon my mind, augmented my ſufferings, and the manner in which I had been neceſſitated to quit her hoſpitable manſion, filled my breaſt with ſhame and compunction. Yet I had no alternative but diſgrace, miſery, and the loſs of character: for ſuch is the unfeeling deciſion of the world, that privation of liberty is deemed a ſtigma; while it is, in fact, the hard-dealing wretch who robs a fellow-creature of that valuable birth-right, who is diſgraced; and who deſerves to have his name blotted for ever from the records of humanity. Indeed, it has too long been the ſcandal of a nation which prides itſelf on the reputation of benevolence, that a vindictive extortioner ſhould have the power to tear a wretched but induſtrious ſufferer from his helpleſs family, and, to gratify a malevolent, ſordid revenge, deprive him of every hope, even of exiſtence, under the ſanction of the law, and with the plauſible pretext of unſullied equity.

But I ſhall expoſe thoſe cauſes and effects of ruin and perſecution in a future chapter. Experience enables me to paint their plauſibilities, and their capabilities, their glaring extortions and inſolent menaces, with feeling and exactitude.

With a mind irritated by the arrogance of pride, and the mean evaſion of duplicity, I haſtened to obtain counſel and conſolation from my worthy friend Mr. Optic. I found him engaged with a bookſeller, and bargaining for Mr. M'Arthur's tragedy. The li-

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beral diſpenſer of literature offered fifty guineas for that ſame compoſition which a brother of the trade had rated as low as five. His generous propoſal was accompanied by a promiſe to preſent the work to a relation, who was nearly connected with one of the London theatres, and to demand no ſhare whatever in the profits of the piece, except what might ariſe from the ſale of the copy. This fortunate event cheered the ſinking heart of the oppreſſed votary of Melpomene, who ſat with graceful diffidence in a corner of the room, while Mr. Optic performed the liberal taſk of friendſhip

As ſoon as the bargain was concluded, I embraced the firſt moment to aſcertain my former knowledge of Mr. M'Arthur, and, to my infinite aſtoniſhmeut, found that he was the ſame whom I had in my childhood met at Nice:—the generous diſintereſted friend of Mr. Hanbury; the liberal, honeſt preceptor of the profligate Lord Linbourne; the more than father of his early youth, the guardian of his fortune—though the unſucceſsful tutor of his mind and morals.

From Mr. M'Arthur I found that the Viſcount, as ſoon as he entered the world of ſplendour, in order to prove his friendſhip, had preſented his tutor with that old-faſhioned, but ineſtimable treaſure, an innocent and artleſs wife. The young and blooming bride was a diſtant relation of his lordſhip's, and great advantages, as well as much domeſtic felicity, ſeemed the probable reſult of their union. Four years they lived happily, though not ſplendidly. Mrs. M'Arthur was as lovely as ſhe was exemplary in all the decorous arrangements of ſocial life: but the deluſive dream of happineſs was not eternal. The wily patron, by every artful ſtratagem, by every ſubtle machination of villany and fraud, pilfered the tutor's only treaſure; undermined the affections of his wife, ſeduced, abandoned, and conſigned her to irremediable ſorrow, affording the world a new ſubject for converſation, (the zeſt of paſſion being

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no longer excited by the buſy tongue of calumny,) by eloping with the lovely *protegée* of Lady Emily Delvin—the unfortunate Julie! Mrs. M'Arthur ſoon after died of a broken heart. Her huſband, having indignantly relinquiſhed the pecuniary emoluments ariſing from a ſituation obtained through the intereſt of his noble pupil, and being diſinherited by his father, a Scottiſh baronet, for adhering to the political tenets of the Viſcount, was ſhortly after conſigned to the gloomy horrors of a priſon. His principal creditor was an attorney, who had undertaken to ſue for a divorce, which death concluded before the law could pronounce its deciſion.

From that period, Mr. M'Arthur had ſtruggled againſt poverty and oppreſſion till his fortitude was exhauſted, and at laſt nearly overwhelmed; when one of his literary efforts falling into the hands of Mr. Optic, he diſcovered ſuch ſtrong *traits* of genius about it, that he reſolved never to reſt till he had made himſelf acquainted with the author. After many weeks of unremitting inquiry, he traced the neglected recluſe to that obſcure garret where I had found him, and where, on the third day of their acquaintance, an opportunity preſented itſelf for the diſplay of that philanthropy, which warmed and dignified the boſom of the liberal and humane Optic.

Reſolving to baniſh ſorrow, we paſſed a ſocial evening. Mr. Optic's ſpirits were exhilarated by the hope of Mr. M'Arthur's further ſucceſſes in the world of literature; and, by promiſing to write a prologue for his tragedy, he gave the dejected author every reaſon to anticipate a warm and brilliant reception from the public.

I fixed my reſting-place for that night at the houſe at Mr. Optic. The woe-exhauſted poet was already an inmate of the hoſpitable dwelling: the evening paſſed ſwiftly; and rational converſation, enlivened by wit, quieted the furious ſever of my morning's ſenſations, till I almoſt forgot the injuries I had experienced.

END OF VOL. I.